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JUNE 1984 $3.00

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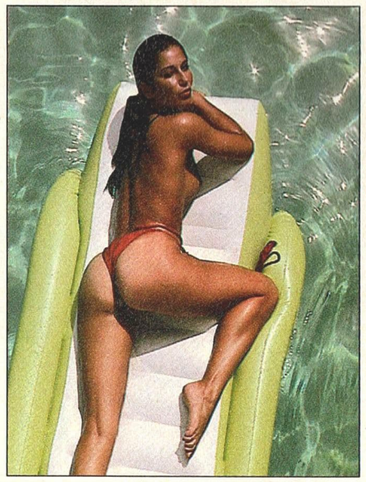

This month's cover features Teddie Treacher who was photographed by Suze Randall with a Nikon 35mm camera, a Nikkor 105 lens, and a Tiffen 81A filter. For more information on the camera equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 24.

PENTHOUSE (ISSN 0090-2020), U.S. Volume 15, Number 10.

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Published monthly in the United States and simultaneously in Canada by Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Tel. (212) 496-6100. Printed in U.S.A. Distributed in U.S.A., Canada, U.S. territorial possessions, and the world by Curtis Circulation Company, 21 Henderson Drive, West Caldwell, N.J. 07006. Second-class postage paid New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: send address changes to Penthouse Magazine, 80 Newbridge Road, Bergenfield, N.J. 07621. Tel. 1-800-247-5470 (Iowa: 1-800-532-1272). Editorial offices as above. Publisher disclaims all responsibility to return unsolicited editorial matter and all rights in portions published vest in publisher. Letters to Penthouse Magazine or its editors are assumed intended for publication and republication in whole or in part and may therefore be used for such purposes. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publishers. Any similarity between persons or places mentioned in the fiction or semifiction and real places or persons living or dead is coincidental. **Subscriptions:** U.S., AFO—$30 one year; Canada—$40 one year; and elsewhere—$40 one year. Single copies $3 in U.S. and AFO ($3.50 December and January issues), $3.50 in Canada.
Advertising Offices: *New York:* Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965, Tel. (212) 496-6100; *Midwest:* Penthouse, 303 East Wacker Drive, Suite 1012, Chicago, Ill. 60601, Tel. (312) 565-0466; *Washington, D.C.:* Penthouse, 1707 H St., NW, Suite 807, Washington, D.C. 20006; *West Coast:* Penthouse, 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024, Tel. (213) 824-9831; *London:* 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB. Tel. 01-385-6181. Penthouse, the Penthouse keys, Pet of the Month, and Pet of the Year are trademarks of Penthouse International, Ltd., N.Y.
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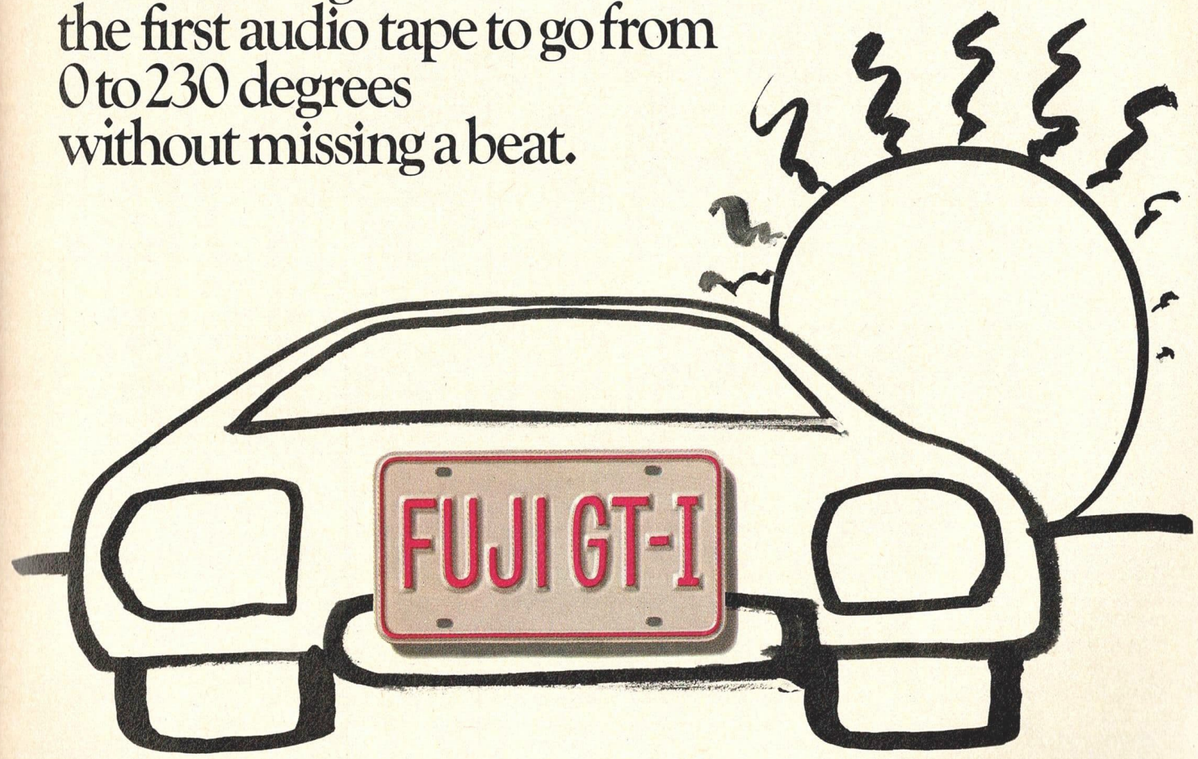

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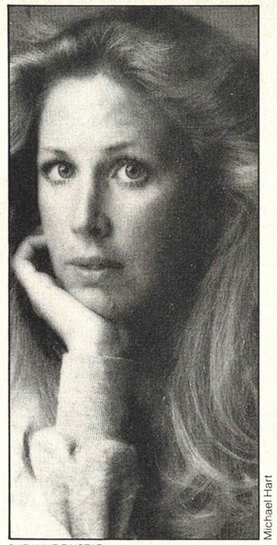

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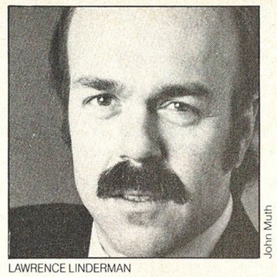

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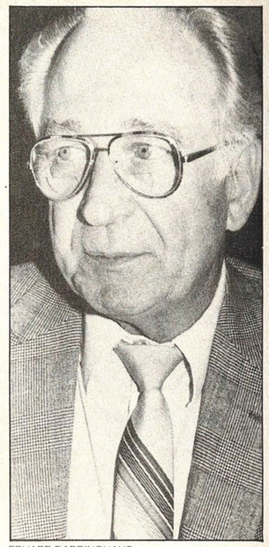

ERHARD DABRINGHAUS

MARJORIE ROSEN

Pat Hill

REYNOLDS DODSON

HOUSECALL

Klaus Barbie, the infamous "Butcher of Lyons," was a loathsome Nazi war criminal, responsible for thousands of murders and other atrocities. Last year, a shocked public learned that he had also been an employee of the United States of America. **Erhard Dabringhaus**, the man who stunned the world when he broke the story last year, tells of his own role in this shameful episode in "Klaus Barbie Worked For Me" (page 54)—the first of an exclusive two-part condensation of his long-awaited book, *Klaus Barbie,* to be published by Acropolis Books. Dabringhaus informed his superiors almost immediately that Barbie was a notorious war criminal, but they chose to ignore him—even to the point of aiding Barbie's escape to Latin America. After Dabringhaus's bombshell revelation, the U.S. government sent an apology to France stating "justice delayed is justice denied." But Dabringhaus charges that the Barbie cover-up continues to this day and predicts that Barbie's trial in France this summer will produce even more details about the shocking extent of U.S.-Nazi collaboration after World War II.

He was certainly no criminal, but the notoriously reclusive billionaire Howard Hughes was as secretive and mysterious a public figure as any the world has known in the twentieth century. Although he died eight years ago, the Hughes saga continues—thanks in great part to the outrageous spectacle of would-be heirs scrambling to obtain even a small part of his incredible fortune. In "Send in the Clowns" (page 74), an excerpt from her forthcoming Texas Monthly Press book, *Heir Not Apparent,* **Suzanne Finstad** describes some of the more hilarious attempts of these designing, if not deluded, treasure hunters. The legendary Hughes himself would no doubt have enjoyed seeing a Texas courtroom play a scene from *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest,* as one story more bizarre than the last unfolds. Finstad concludes her account with the stranger-than-life story of Terry Moore, a onetime glamorous movie star, who may actually have married Hughes in a strange secret ceremony aboard his yacht in international waters.

Our interview this month is with a man who is almost as legendary and controversial as Howard Hughes—**Wayne Newton**, one of the highest paid and hardest working cabaret performers in history, who seems to appear in newspaper headlines almost as often as he performs on Las Vegas stages. In an exclusive conversation with **Lawrence Linderman** (page 100), Newton candidly discusses why he has been accused of ties to organized crime, his feud with Johnny Carson and NBC, how the Kennedys turned Newton's July 4 concert into a political fire storm, and finally, his own, very personal and moving account of the last days of Elvis Presley.

The overwhelming response to our "Losing It in the Eighties" questionnaire, published in these pages last spring, has provided new insights into sexuality during this supposedly superliberated decade. Now, in "The First Time" (page 70), **Marjorie Rosen** analyzes and excerpts readers' descriptions of what it's like to lose one's virginity these days. "Clearly," she writes, "times have changed.... But the casting off of virginity remains a milestone event. Confusing, exciting, terrifying, it's also emblematic of a passage into adulthood, an act of rebellion, an exploration of physical lust, and a gesture of love." The hapless hero of "Urban Renewal" (page 124), an excerpt from **Reynolds Dodson**'s new Doubleday novel, is certainly no virgin, but you'll find that his very funny and increasingly frantic attempt to connect with the right girl at the right time parallels some of the more poignant reader stories recounted by Marjorie Rosen.

Timing can certainly be all-important, and **Michael Korda**, who has spent a lifetime observing rich and powerful people as well as achieving his own great success as a best-selling writer and editor, tells us how "Seizing the Moment" can be as vital to one's personal and professional life as talent and hard work (page 116). "We are told," Korda says, "probably correctly, that opportunity knocks only once—but not everybody hears the knock. Not everybody, to put it bluntly, is *listening*." Drawing upon his own experiences, as well as those of other successful people, Korda shows how, "in achieving success, it is very often the small things that matter, the ability to firmly place yourself in position to take advantage of the circumstances." We are proud to announce that starting with our September anniversary issue, Korda will become a regular contributor to *Penthouse* with a new column all about how to make it—and *keep* it—the continuing saga of corporate America.

We're also happy to present in this issue the debut of an exciting new column (page 42). The impact of the video revolution is changing all our lives, and this monthly column, to be written by such experts as **Hans Fantel**, the *New York Times*'s electronics columnist, will help you understand what's new and important in home video equipment, as well as previewing the latest video tapes and discs. And on page 130, *Stereo Review* writer **Craig Stark** discusses the latest developments in compact discs—whose impact on home listening will be as revolutionary as video recorders have been to home viewing.

There's nothing especially revolutionary about our gorgeous profusion of June Pets, but we're sure you'll want to stand up and cheer anyway. As usual ... visual values of timeless beauty and incomparable quality.

PENTHOUSE®

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Founded March 1965

BOB GUCCIONE

editor & publisher

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD.

(U.S. edition)

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EDITORIAL OFFICES

New York: 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965, Tel. (212) 496-6100, Telex no. 237128. *West Coast:* 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024, Tel. (213) 824-9831. *London:* Sightline Publications, Ltd., 141/143 Drury Lane, London WC2, England. Tel. 01-397-6342, Telex no. 24676

FOREIGN EDITIONS

Sen. VP/Foreign Editions: John Evans; *Australia:* Penthouse Editorial Services Pty. Limited, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062; *Brazil:* Grafipar, Rua Jordania 411, Curitiba; *Germany:* Redaktion PH, Wope Verlags Ag, Postfach CH8021, Zurich, Switzerland; *Japan:* Kodansha, Ltd. 2-12-21 Otowa, Bunkyo-Ku, Tokyo 112; *Spain:* Editorial Formentera, Rocafort 104, Barcelona; *United Kingdom:* Sightline Publications, Ltd., 141/143 Drury Lane, London WC 2, England

JUNE

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

SING TO ME, BARBRA!

Last Saturday morning I had the most fulfilling experience of my life. I slept late, as I usually do on weekends, and awoke with an outrageous hard-on. It was just a piss hard-on, so I went to the john to relieve myself.

As I stood over the toilet waiting for the stiffness to subside, my favorite fantasy came to mind. All of a sudden, my cock got even harder and turned beet red. I had drunk a lot of beer the night before and was hurting to take a piss! But I couldn't—this hard-on was huge. Realizing it was a lost cause, I took a seat and began to masturbate to my wonderful fantasy—which is Barbra Streisand singing to my cock.

She not only serenades me, she also sucks me down her throat and sings "The Way We Were." I just love that lady. I think she's the classiest woman ever to grace this earth. Anyway, in between verses she takes a breath and gives me a slow suck. Incredible!

As I pictured this solo, I stroked my schlong and finally shot my wad down her throat (actually, all over my stomach and thighs). Not long after, I started pissing—what a relief! It was a once-in-a-lifetime experience.—*Name and address withheld*

PERFECT RECEPTION

I am a typical American armchair jock. Last Saturday I felt I deserved a clearer TV picture to view the exciting football playoffs than what the old rabbit ears on my set could provide. Being a bit old-fashioned, I had decided against a satellite dish and cable systems, and consequently, I found myself on my rooftop assembling and installing a new antenna. For my earnestness, though, I was provided with a picture I never thought possible!

From my rooftop I got a clear view into the bedroom of my neighbor's 18-year-old daughter! This sweet teen is the typical California golden girl—tall, lean, and long-legged with blond hair, radiant skin, and a shapely figure with tits and ass that stretch the very limits of the tight T-shirts and skimpy shorts she wears.

To my delight, she walked into her room wearing only a robe and a towel wrapped around her head—obviously fresh out of the shower. She didn't notice me at first and unwrapped the towel, allowing her hair to tumble over her shoulders. While combing her hair, however, she saw me atop my roof and ran over to her window. "Damn!" I thought disappointedly. "She'll close her curtains and that'll be the end of my fun."

Instead, she opened the window and called out to me. Initiating a scene I'd only known in my fantasies. I decided to look up from my work and pretend that I couldn't determine where her voice was coming from. She called again and directed me to her window. I squinted and peered and said that I really couldn't make her out because the sunlight created a mirrorlike reflection off her window. She didn't believe me, but I continued my charade as we chatted.

Soon I returned to my work and she resumed combing her hair, shooting occasional glances toward me to be certain that I could not see her. Once convinced, to my elation, she doffed her robe, revealing her perfectly shaped, freely hanging tits. She turned, baring her round, firm ass, and my knees buckled when she stretched out onto her bed. It took all the strength I could muster to hold onto the antenna without toppling over!

She spread her pussy lips wide, revealing a bright flash of pink, and buried her fingers deep inside her cunt. In no time she was moving rhythmically while one hand jiggled in her snatch and another hand caressed her tits.

I stood mesmerized while she writhed and quickly came to orgasm. She relaxed, stretched, dressed, and left her bedroom. I rolled my eyeballs back into their sockets, raised my jaw—which had dropped to my knees—and stopped jacking off the TV antenna.—*Name and address withheld*

SUCKED BY A SHADOW

Last July my wife, Anne, decided to throw a shower at our house for one of the girls in her office who was soon getting married. Not at all thrilled with having to sit around with a gaggle of gossiping women, I decided to retreat to the safety of my friendly neighborhood bar.

Since Anne's friends weren't due to arrive until seven o'clock, we decided to chance a quickie at about five o'clock, which would leave just enough time for her to do the final setting up for the party and for me to shower and beat a hasty retreat. Our short twist of the sheets ended with her coming twice and me once. Wasting no time afterward, Anne started the preparations for the party, and I headed for the bathroom to take a shower. Since we're practically newlyweds ourselves, we do all sorts of crazy things for each other. For example, a few weeks ago Anne made a small slit in the shower curtain at my crotch level and said that if I ever wanted some head while showering, I should

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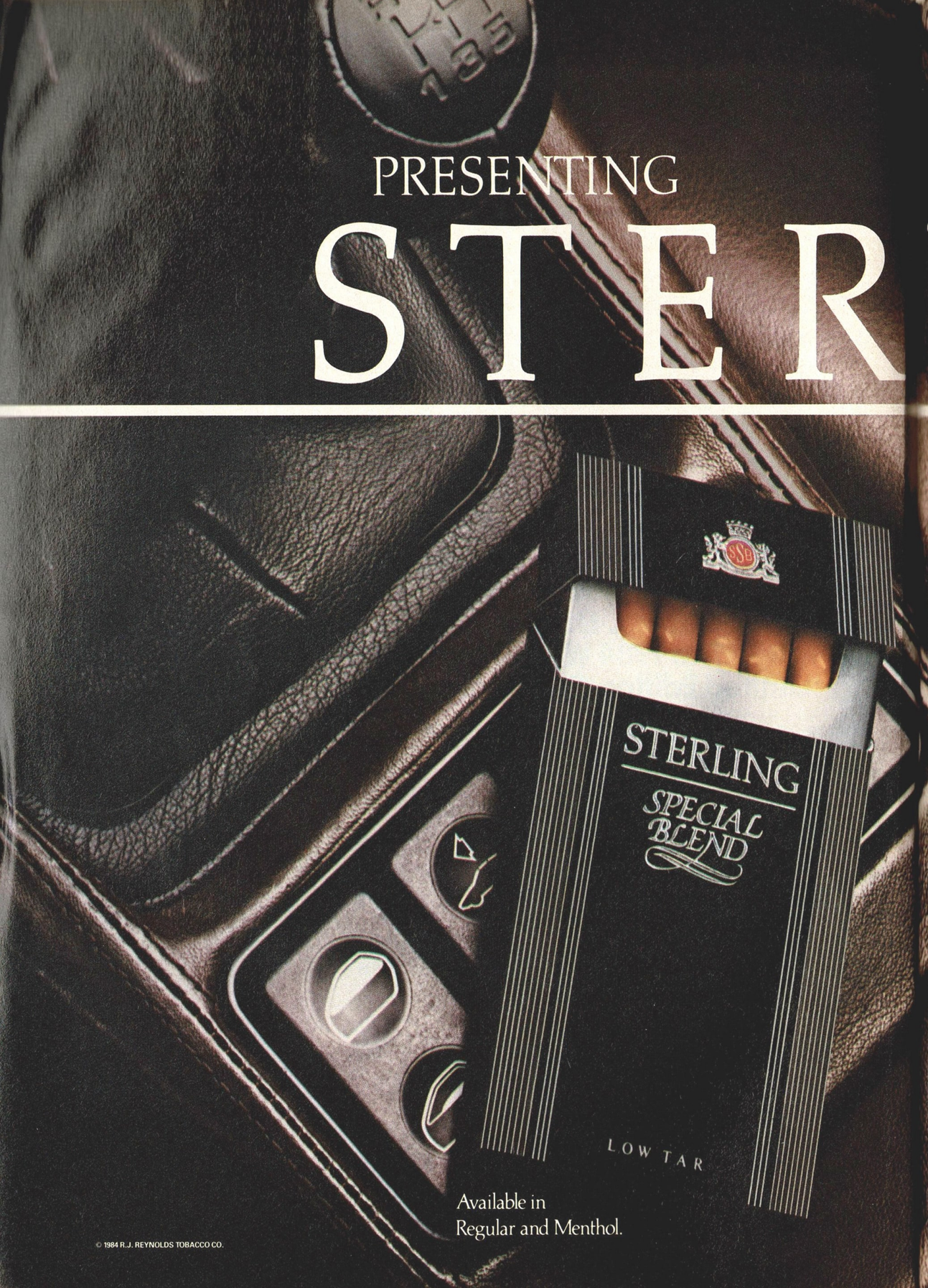

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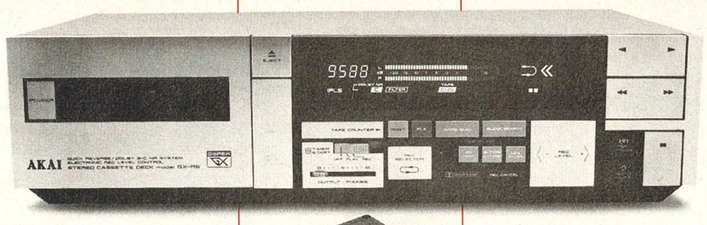

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just give a whistle, and voilà—instant satisfaction. The only thing I had to do was poke my ol' pecker through and she'd be there.

Anyway, it was about six o'clock, so I figured I had plenty of time. As I was vigorously soaping myself up, I started to think about the above-mentioned roll in the sack, and then my cock began to rise. I soaped my cock and balls and was slowly stroking myself when I heard the bathroom door open and saw Anne come in. The curtain is an opaque blue, and I could make out her form in front of the full-length mirror where she was combing her hair. Still a bit horny, I slipped my semi-erect cock through the slit and whistled lightly. A few seconds ticked by when, all of the sudden, I felt her long, slender fingers wrap lightly around my throbbing shaft, stroking back and forth, pulling my foreskin back to expose my sensitive tip. My cock quickly grew to its full length and began to pulsate in her palm. The sensation of the steaming-hot water flowing down my belly to my balls, accompanied by her cool hand on my cock, only made me more rigid. She continued stroking back and forth until I moaned softly and began to shiver, despite the heat of the fiery shower. She took my reaction as a signal to continue and dropped to her knees. Her face was close enough for me to feel her warm breath on me, but I could not see anything but her shadow. She used her long fingernails to lightly scrape the underside of my shaft while her other hand pumped up and down its veiny length. After a couple dozen strokes or so, she squeezed once lightly and pulled on it as if she were milking it. A drop of pre-come must have appeared, for I heard a faint moan from her side of the curtain, and all of a sudden, I felt her slightly rough tongue flick at the slit. I damn near jumped out of the shower stall! I felt like jumping her right then and there, but time did not allow. I was content with her fabulous mouth-fuck.

The tip of her tongue did tiny pirouettes on the tip of my cock while her fingers continued their steady stroking. I then heard another quiet moan from her warm, wet mouth. My hips snapped forward involuntarily and all seven inches of my cock disappeared deep inside her throat. She began to pump me into her face while her hands worked on what would not fit into her mouth. She moved forward until my hard shaft was down near her tonsils, then back, as her teeth lightly scraped their way back to the tip. She fucked me this way for what seemed to be an eternity, until she sensed I was close to shooting off. She then popped my cock out into the cool air, and I almost screamed with frustration at having lost the wonderful sensation. My hips began to buck, trying to find that warm hole again, but she laid my throbbing tool against her cheek and allowed me to thrust against her neck and throat. My movements slowed and she again took command by lifting my rod up so that the underside was against her lips, with the tip pointing straight up toward her face. She used her lips on the spot where the shaft meets the V of the sensitive bottom side, while her nose rubbed against the slit as if she were trying to sniff me into coming. I was ready to tear my way through the curtain to get the bitch, but my legs were like iron posts, unable to move.

When I had calmed down somewhat, she started to lick the head in a circular motion while lightly stroking the shaft with her fist. She pulled my cock straight down until it was pointing directly at her face and blew on it softly. I couldn't take much more of this, so I slid my hand down to my ass and soaped my hole and slowly slid a finger inside. Anne loves to do this when we fuck; she says it makes me longer and harder. My ass hole felt like a steel band around my finger. The feeling was intense, almost unbearable. I slowly stroked it in and out, matching the movements of her hand. She sensed my time was near and pressed her tongue flat against the underside of my rod and began to speed up her hand motion.

The first spasm hit me and a slight moan came from her as the jet of hot come fired deep into the back of her throat. Her grip on my cock tightened and she stroked faster and faster as stream after stream of hot jism sprayed her lips and tongue. I heard slurping sounds mixed with moans as she fought to swallow and breathe at the same time.

The last thing I remember was my finger slipping free from my ass, and my back hitting the shower wall as I fell back. I heard the door click shut as she left, and I somehow managed to finish my shower and leave.

When I returned home a few hours later, I mentioned to Anne how incredibly satisfied I felt and hoped we could do it again. To my surprise, she gave me a funny look and said that she had been out in the backyard setting up the barbecue and had not been the culprit. It seems that a couple of her friends had shown up early to help her set up. To this day we don't know who she was.—*Name and address withheld*

TEAM SPORTS

You never know what's going to happen in a college town. Saturday I watched the annual college football game on television with the guys at my favorite tavern. After the game was over, I decided to stop at the store for a pack of cigarettes. The cashier was a pretty young blonde, a coed I'm sure, and so stacked that she couldn't get the zipper of her uniform all the way up. I don't think I've ever seen a girl (who wasn't overweight) with tits as huge as hers.

She noticed me looking and kind of blushed, but she also smiled. I smiled back and figured that that was the end of it. But when I got home I happened to glance at the receipt from the store and saw an

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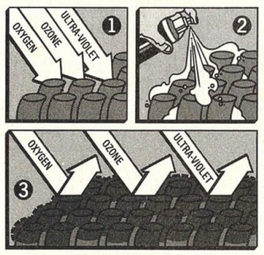

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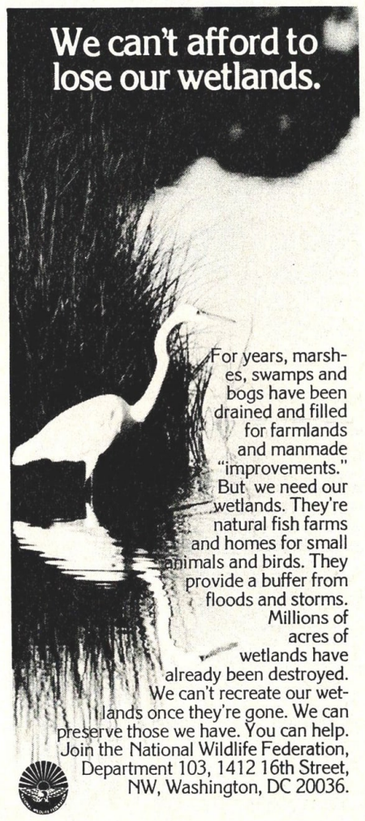


extra set of numbers written on the bottom. I was a bit bewildered. I waited a couple of hours and dialed the number. A girl answered. I stammered around a bit, and finally explained that a number had been written on the bottom of my grocery receipt. "I know," said the voice on the other end of the phone, "I wrote it down for you."

"Is this some kind of a joke?" I asked.

"No," she said.

"How do I know?" I asked.

"Well, I've got jugs the size of basketballs and they're hanging out, waiting for you to see 'em. Then she gave me an address. Needless to say, I hurried over there as fast as I could. When I arrived at the apartment building, I dashed up the stairs and knocked on the door.

"Come in," a voice said. I opened it and the first thing I saw was the white ass of a woman down on all fours and the checkout gal standing beside her. The blonde had on a one-piece purple swimsuit that stretched tightly over her giant tits. I stepped inside and closed the door.

The bare-assed woman was kneeling on the coffee table in the center of the room. Her hands were flat on the floor, and her butt was high in the air. Tied in this position, she couldn't move her hands or she would lose support and fall forward. She also couldn't keep her legs together, which afforded me a good view of her hairy snatch and her dark little ass hole.

The blonde finally spoke. "You don't have to stay, but if you do, you play by my rules. You have to do exactly what I tell you." She then waited for a reply, but I couldn't speak. "Okay, here's the deal. I'm for State and this bitch is for U of I. We had a bet. She lost. Okay, so far?"

I nodded. The woman on the table was a brunette, deeply tanned except for white bikini lines. "From now on I'll refer to you as 'Cock.' Take off your clothes, Cock." I did as I was told and stripped as quickly as I could.

"Get in front of her," demanded the blonde. I walked around the table and stood in front of the brunette. Her tits hung down over the side of the table and swung slowly back and forth. She wore thin, rimless glasses, and she looked over them at me. The blonde came over and joined us, and I got to see a little cleavage as she bent over to talk to the bound brunette. "This is Cock, sweetums. He's going to play our little game," she said.

Then she went into the other room, leaving me stark naked in front of this girl I had never seen before. I smiled and shrugged. She just looked at me over her glasses. The blonde returned, carrying a large box and wearing a long thin dildo strapped between her legs. She opened the box, held it in front of the brunette's face, and said, "Fuck U of I. Come on. Say it."

The brunette finally whispered, "Fuck U of I." The blonde laughed and pushed the box into her face. It clung there for a minute and then dropped off. There must have been some kind of cake or pie in it because the brunette's face was covered with brown-and-gold goop. The blonde wiped some of it away with the dildo and then held the tool in front of the brunette's mouth. "I have a cock," she said. "Suck my cock, bitch. Lick it clean."

The brunette hesitantly stuck out her tongue and licked a dab of the cream off. Soon she had the dildo cleaned off thoroughly. Finally the blonde stood up. "Come here, Cock," she said. I did as I was told. "Turn around."

Somehow I knew what was coming. I felt Blondie's hands on my ass cheeks and a rod probing my anus. It slid in only a half-inch or so and then she withdrew. When I turned around the brunette was cleaning the dildo off with her tongue again.

When she finished, Blondie stood up. "Suck Cock," she told her. "Suck him good. Make him come in your face." I moved over to the bound woman and held my hard-on in front of her. She raised her head and gulped me into her mouth, sucking me all the way into her. Some of the cream from her face stuck to my pubic hair as she moved her head back and forth. As her tongue played with the head of my cock, I started to rock back and forth, in and out of her.

The blonde knelt beside the brunette and caught one of her dangling tits. The brunette winced and bit down on my cock while the blonde attached some sort of nipple clip to her. She did the same with her other tit and then moved behind the girl's bare ass. She smiled at me and waved as the brunette continued to suck my cock. Blondie took her dildo in her hand and rubbed it along the crack of the girl's ass. The brunette shivered. Blondie did this a few more times before taking aim and plunging the long rod into the brunette's ass hole. She bit down hard on my cock and I think I screamed along with her. Her eyes bugged out of her head as Blondie dug the dildo deeper into her rectum. From my point of view, it looked like Blondie had gotten it in so far that her hips touched the brunette's ass cheeks, but that couldn't be—the thing was just too long.

"Keep sucking him. Make him come." I was deep in the brunette's mouth, Blondie was up her ass as we both rocked forward and back. Tears rolled down the brunette's messy face, and I began to feel sorry for her. She began to run her tongue over my knob again.

"Can't she make you come, Cock?" Blondie cooed from the rear side of the woman. "That doesn't surprise me, she's from U of I." She bumped her hips vigorously, and the brunette bit down on my cock again. "I bet I can make you come—all over her face."

She started to rub her hands over her chest as she pushed the dildo in and out of the brunette's ass hole. "Jack off, Cock," Blondie said, rubbing her tits faster and faster. She hooked her thumb in the strap of her swimsuit and worked her way out of it. I could see the milky whiteness of one giant tit beginning to appear. "Jack off in her face."

I pulled my cock out of her mouth and began rubbing my hand up its length, which was wet with saliva. Blondie unstrapped the other side of her suit and slowly let it down. Finally gravity took over and the purple fabric fell away, leaving Blondie's two huge tits swaying over the brunette's bare behind. I worked my cock harder as Blondie fondled her huge tits and rocked in the brunette's ass. In no time at all I shot blob after blob of jism into the brunette's face. Finally, my cock shriveled in my hand and the brunette lowered her head.

Blondie unhooked herself from the dildo and left in it the girl's ass. Then she walked over to me, gave me a quick kiss, handed me my clothes, and said, "Get dressed, get out of here, and don't ever come back."

I did as I was told, but I know I'm going to meet one of those girls around someday. I just know it. But what the hell am I going to say?—*Name and address withheld*

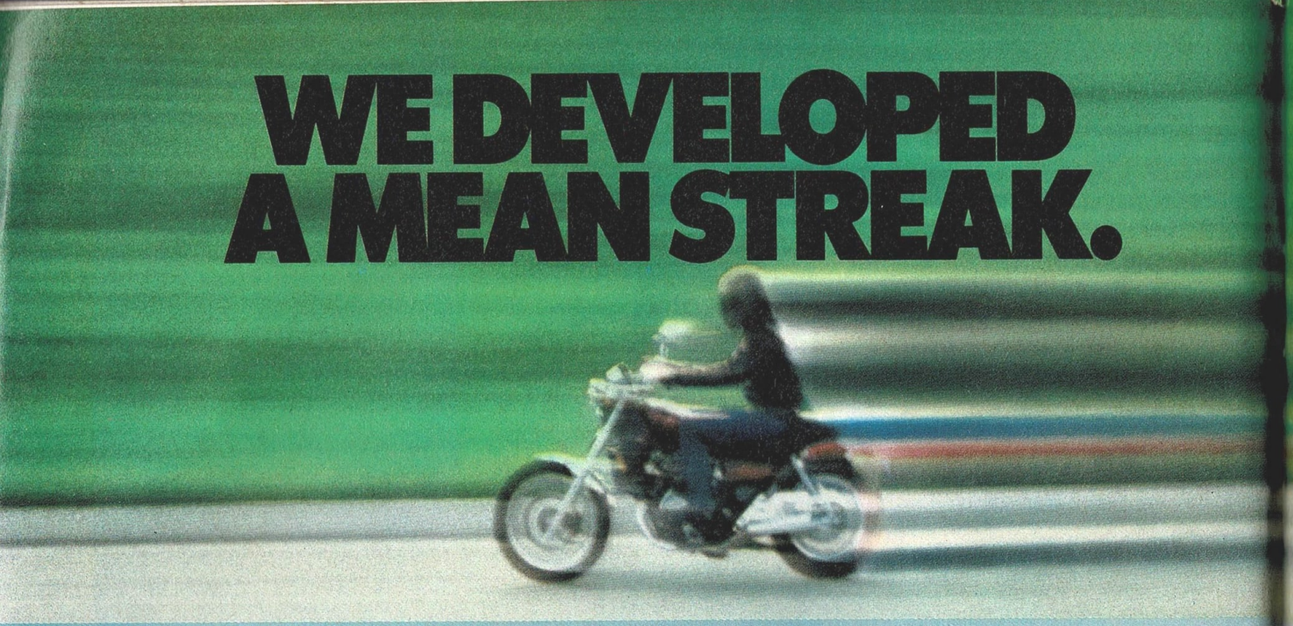
RISKY BUSINESS

Sometimes the thrill of taking a risk can heighten a sexual encounter. Last month, my girl, Jackie, and I spent an evening at her parents' house. Her mother and father were in the living room watching television, so Jackie suggested that we go into her room, which adjoined the living room. After entering her room, she closed the sliding door only about two-thirds of the way, since she knew her parents would be suspicious if she closed it completely. With the door partially shut, no one could view us directly.

Jackie is 20 years old. She has long, auburn hair, creamy white skin, and a beautifully shaped, enticing rear end. She turned on her television set, and we sat on the floor with our backs resting against her couch. After about five minutes of watching TV, I turned to Jackie, who was staring at me with a deep longing in her light-green eyes. I touched her hair and pulled her face to mine as our lips met for a long, soft kiss. I kissed her full, moist lips harder, and then we exchanged tongues in each other's mouths. I undid the buttons of her shirt and wrapped my hand around one of her bouncing breasts. I slipped my fingers up and down her swelling nipples and kissed her lips, earlobe, and finally the side of her neck, as I turned her back to face me. We were half-sitting, half-lying sideways on the floor with Jackie's fine ass protruding in front of me.

I pushed my throbbing penis against her tight, white shorts, and her breathing became labored and heavy. She responded by pushing back with her hips, forcing her ass cheeks to surround my bulging cock. She whimpered in her attempt to stifle her own cries of pleasure as I sat upright on the floor, keeping her ass firmly underneath me. She then placed her hands on

WE DEVELOPED A MEAN STREAK.



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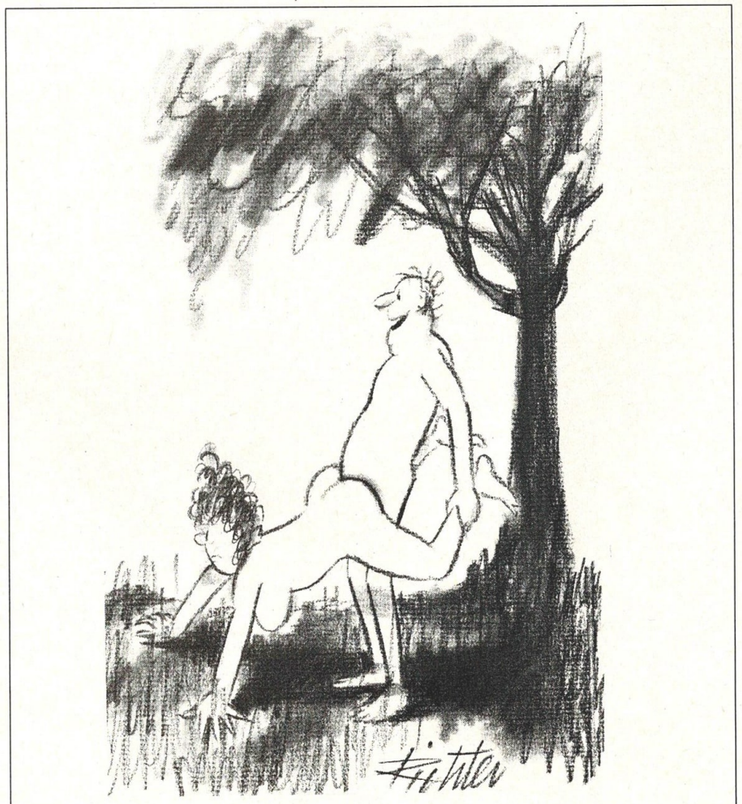
my thighs so she could grind harder and rotate her hips. I fit one hand under her panties and found her gushing pussy. My middle finger slid inside of her, as my other hand remained in her shirt, massaging her tits. She was bucking fiercely against my cock, and I knew we were about to abandon all restraints. Jackie turned her head to put her tongue in my ear, then whispered, "Can you fuck me quietly?" "Me?" I said. "You just control your moaning."

Even though her parents were nearby, I slid Jackie's shorts and panties down to her knees and she reached behind, to do the same to me. Having lubricated my cock with her pussy juice, I slowly lowered my waiting staff into her ass. When my cock head probed her anus, she tucked her knees toward her chest to open wider. I slowly pushed up and Jackie pushed down as she engulfed every inch I could offer. I grabbed her shoulders and forced her to sit even deeper on my tool. Her heavy breaths were becoming low moans, so I whispered, "Easy, baby, easy." Just as I inserted a fourth finger into her box, my leg muscles turned into stone as I climaxed, pumping come deep into her ass. My arms wrapped round her tightly. From the living room, we heard Jackie's mother ask, "What are you watching in there?" "Just a movie," said Jackie, as we hurriedly put our clothes back on.—*Name and address withheld*



"Where to?"

THERE WHEN YOU NEED IT

I am the manager of a small convenience store. A few nights ago my girlfriend, Penny, stopped by to wait with me until closing time. We passed the time by feeling each other up under the sales counter when there were no customers in the store. Needless to say, after about an hour of this pleasurable playing we were both getting extremely horny. I thought the remaining time would never pass! And with Penny whispering in my ear that she wanted to suck and fuck me as soon as she got the opportunity, I mean, shit, I was going absolutely nuts!

When closing time finally arrived, I hurried around turning out the lights and locking the front door. By the time I finished, Penny had cleared out a spot for us on the floor and lined it with empty cardboard boxes and was rapidly shedding her clothes. I could tell she was ready for some good hot fucking because there was a large wet spot in the crotch of her jeans. I tore my clothes off before my pecker did it for me.

Our bodies and mouths were soon molded together and we were getting hotter by the second. I just had to taste her body! I slid my mouth down to her breasts and sucked one whole tit into my mouth. Penny has rather small tits, but she has big, beautiful nipples that seem to stay as hard as pencil erasers. Besides, what you can't get in your mouth is wasted anyway, right? As soon as Penny felt my mouth on her tit, she began to moan and told me she needed my cock.

Since I've never been one to disappoint a lady, I promptly took her tit out of my mouth and slid up her body until my rigid eight-inch tool was bobbing just above her chin. She wasted no time in getting her mouth on it. She began kissing and licking my shaft, slowly working her way down to my swollen balls.

By this time I was on the verge of coming. However, I wanted this to last longer, so I somehow got the willpower to pull myself out of her mouth. Then, feeling that turnabout was fair play, I laid her gently on her back, spread her legs, and dived in. Diving is an appropriate term because she was so wet that I felt as if I should have used scuba gear. The juice was flowing out of her at an unbelievable rate. I kept sucking her juice and drinking it as fast as I could. I lost track of how many orgasms I brought her to with my mouth, but the more she came, the hotter she seemed to get.

Then I looked into the cooler that lay open right beside us and spotted a tray of sausages. I reached in and selected a fine specimen, two inches in diameter and ten inches long. I then began to ease the meat into her while continuing to lick and suck her clit. She was so well lubed that I was soon pumping the whole length of the pork stick in and out of her with ease.

The combination of the pork dildo and my slurping tongue soon brought her to a shattering, wrenching orgasm. Then I decided I wanted to be where the pork was. So, I replaced pork sausage with human sausage. It felt so wonderful! I didn't want to let go too soon, so when I felt like coming, I replaced the sausage in her pussy and put my cock in her mouth again. She sucked with a fury, using long, hard strokes.

Suddenly she tensed and I knew the pork was peaking her again. I began pumping what seemed to be gallons of cream down Penny's throat.

And what, you ask, became of that pork sausage? Well, let me tell you, it made one fine breakfast! Of course, Penny's secret sauce made it extra special!—*Name and address withheld*

RUBBER-GLOVED LOVE

In college, French was a class I should never have taken, but it was a requirement for graduation. My French teacher's name was Ms. Phillip. She was only five feet tall with short black hair and black-rimmed glasses, but her actions would have made you think she was the meanest bitch that walked the face of the earth. She constantly intimidated the students in my class, and one such incident led to my getting better acquainted with the best-looking girl on campus and getting a good mark in French.

Teri was every guy's dream. She was about five feet seven with shoulder-length blond hair and big green eyes. Her bust

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has to be a 38D with those big round tits that always turn me on. We sat next to each other in Ms. Phillip's class and often exchanged comments behind her back. The day of our final exam, big Buzzy Coleman (one of the linemen on the football team) showed up without a pencil. The French final was vocabulary words and multiple-choice and everyone had been instructed to bring a No. 2 pencil. Ms. Phillip was enraged! She walked up to old Buzzy and knocked his books all over the room and cussed him to the moon. It was so funny watching this petite bitch screaming at this helpless giant that I couldn't stop laughing. Teri couldn't control herself either.

Just then, Ms. Phillip turned around and marched right toward Teri and me. "So you two think this is funny?" she said. "See me after class!" We were told to show up at 3 P.M. at Washington Hall.

At three o'clock sharp, Teri and I showed up at Washington Hall (one of those massive lecture halls with 200 or more seats), and there was Ms. Phillip with two buckets in her hands. She told us that because of our little antics in class, we were going to have to scrub all of the desktops in the entire lecture hall. Teri started crying and told her that she had just spent a lot of money on a manicure. Disgusted, Ms. Phillip took out a pair of black rubber gloves from her purse. "Put these on," she told Teri. "I wouldn't want you to ruin your pretty little nails." Teri pulled the elbow-length black rubber gloves on. She was wearing a white sweater, and the contrast between the gloves and the sweater was striking. Ms. Phillip told us that she was going over to the computer room to grade our exams and she'd be back in an hour.

With cleanser and sponges in hand, we began our laborious task. We started joking around with each other and the time went by quickly. I was getting a massive hard-on watching Teri's tits bounce as she moved the sponge back and forth on the desks. I wanted her so badly! When we got through the first row, we decided to take a breather. We were laughing and kidding each other, when I impulsively pushed her against the blackboard and started kissing her. To my surprise, she reached down and unzipped my jeans. She grabbed my swollen cock with her rubber-clad hand and started stroking me slowly. The soft black latex felt so good against my skin, I knew I was going to come soon. Teri continued stroking my throbbing dick, and I closed my eyes and moaned softly. She then cupped her other hand, and we both watched as my warm come filled her latexed hand. All of a sudden, the mood was broken as we heard the outer door open. Ms. Phillip was back!

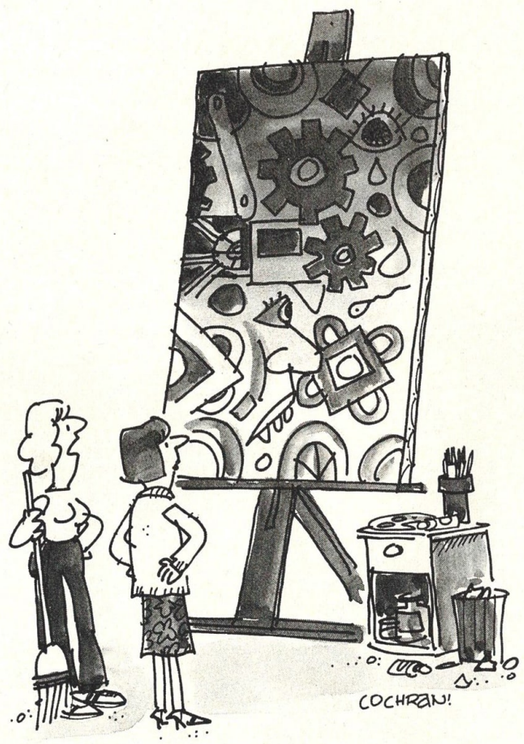
I turned around and zipped up my jeans, getting a couple of hairs caught in my fly in the process. Teri dumped my come on one of the desks and continued scrubbing. Ms. Phillip didn't say a word. She just walked up to Teri and ran two fingers across the top of the desk. She then rubbed two fingers against her thumb, raised her fingers to her nose, and inhaled. "How's it coming?" she asked with a wry smile on her face. Teri turned as red as a lobster! By the warmth in my face I knew I was as red as she was.

We finished the desks, and Ms. Phillip offered us a ride to our dorms. Teri's dorm was closer, so we took her home first. When Teri got out of the car, Ms. Phillip told me that I had failed the final exam and that she couldn't pass me. Then she surprised the hell out of me. "What do you think of me as a person?" she asked. "I think you're a cunt," I said. She laughed. "What would you like to do to get even with me?" she asked. "I'd like to fuck you until it hurt," I retorted, not knowing what I was saying.

The next thing I knew we were in her apartment. "You're going to not only get your wish, but I'm going to make you a deal," she stated. "If you can make me come, I'll change your grade from a failure to an A." I had nothing to lose. She told me to help myself to some wine, cheese, and crackers that were in the refrigerator. I undressed and got into her bed, not at all in a sexy mood.

She was in the john for quite some time and I was beginning to think about what I was going to do. The door opened and there stood Ms. Phillip, covered from head to toe in a shiny black rubber skin stretched over every sensual curve of her body. I couldn't believe my eyes! She had on black high heels and a hood that covered all of her face except for her eyes, nose, and mouth. As she approached the bed with feline motion, I noticed that only one other part of her body was not covered in latex. Her vagina was well exposed by an opening in the rubber suit. Ms. Phillip crawled into bed beside me and brought her soft, moist lips around my hard cock. She sucked slowly and tongued the skin on the underside of my cock, giving me the utmost pleasure. Then she sucked on one of her rubber-covered fingers and rammed it up my ass hole. Her finger kept moving in and out of my hole, giving me the biggest hard-on I have ever had. I shot my load into her mouth, and she licked me clean.

We rolled around in bed together, kissing for a while, and I soon had another hard-on. I rolled her over on her back and mounted her. I moved my cock in and out very slowly while she positioned her legs in several ways trying to get comfortable. Perspiration was leaking out of her latex openings, and I could tell she was loving every moment. I wanted to come in the worst way, but I remembered our bet and was set on winning. When I thought my insides were going to burst, she finally let out a deep, soft moan. At last I could shoot my load! I pumped slowly, wanting every drop to get inside her.



"Howard says it's a visual comment on the essential hopelessness of the human condition when viewed against the inevitable onslaught of a technology gone berserk. To me, on the other hand, it doesn't mean shit."

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We both lay there a moment trying to catch our breath. "Well, I guess we both won," she said. At first I didn't know what she meant. She started peeling off her black rubber suit and to my shock, I discovered that Ms. Phillip was covered from her wrists to her thighs with long black hair! I felt like I just fucked the missing link!

This does have a happy ending. I did get an A in French!—*Name and address withheld*

THE SECOND TIME AROUND

I am a happy and healthy, recently divorced 45-year-old man. My ex-wife, Janet, and I were married for 21 years. When I met her, she was a petite and demure cheerleader, and I was an aggressive jock ambitiously setting out for the business world. Sexually, our marriage divided into three roughly equal periods. During the first, our sexual relations were frequent but conventionally unimaginative. During the middle period, I tried to expand our repertoire of bedroom activities, while she, dragged down by household chores and yesterday's morality, refused to participate in any sexual adventures. Finally, during the last years of our marriage, I was consumed by business and professional responsibilities and neglected her. Our marriage didn't die—it just sort of faded away. The divorce was relatively amicable. I was able to provide her with a fair financial settlement, including sole ownership of our large suburban home, while I took an apartment nearby.

Since then, I have probably dated four dozen women and slept with half of them—it is a sociological phenomenon that men of my age and status in life are valuable properties to a number of anxious women. Nevertheless, with one exception, there has been no electricity in my social life and no special person. The sole exception is Toni, a voluptuous redhead in her late twenties who is separated. She told me that her husband was a nice guy and filthy rich, but he was so lousy in bed that she needed to sow her oats with me and others before settling down with him.

One Wednesday night, just before the Christmas holidays, I went to a local singles bar. The bar itself is circular and surrounded by a platform with little tables on it. I was at one of the tables talking with a few new friends, when I couldn't help but notice the attention that one woman at the bar was getting. She wasn't facing me, so all I could see was that her curvy backside looked like it had been poured into the leather outfit she was wearing. I found an opportunity to maneuver myself to the other side of the bar in order to get a glimpse of her within the group of swarming admirers. To my shock and surprise it was Janet, looking absolutely ravishing.

Eventually, she noticed me and we sat at one of the side tables to talk for a few minutes. She told me that she had joined a health club and had become a physical-fitness nut. Clearly, her appearance showed it. During the conversation, I realized that she was intentionally trying to excite me, to turn me on as I hadn't been in many years. At the same time, a young man named Bob was pacing around our table waiting for her.

At about 1 A.M., Janet told me that Bob was taking her home (which meant my old house, of course), and she invited me to come along "if I thought I was up to it." Never one to turn down a dare, but unsure in this case of its meaning, I agreed. She told me to stop for a cup of coffee to sober up, and the two of them proceeded ahead of me. When I arrived at my old house and rang the bell, Janet greeted me with a hug at the door. With her was a new dog, whose name was Queen. Janet told me that the dog was vicious and that her show of affection was necessary to prevent him from attacking. Janet was dressed only in the top of her leather outfit and black tights. If possible, she looked even more enticing than she had at the bar. She led me by the hand to our old bedroom, then instructed Queen to wait outside. I was immediately struck by two things. She had painted the walls black, and kept the lights dim, which gave the room an eerie feeling.

Bob stood about ten feet in front of me and was dressed only in jockey shorts. He was tall, with broad shoulders and an ample physique, yet he was standing there looking almost boyish, with his arms crossed in front of his chest as if he were shivering. I was hot, not cold. Janet whispered in my ear to strip. As I undressed, I saw her handcuff one of Bob's wrists to her closet door and the other to a bedpost. She then stripped off his shorts, picked up a racquetball paddle which was on the bed, and began to spank his ass. After each whack, he was required to say "Thank-you, ma'am." When he didn't say it quickly enough, she spanked him twice as hard.

Janet then excused Bob, who had clearly been there before, telling him that I was to be her subject for the evening. For the next two hours she had me nibbling on her in every possible way, in every conceivable position. Then we screwed for another hour. Altogether, in those three hours she probably had more orgasms than she had had in the last seven years of our marriage. As a last step, she bound me the same way she had Bob and rammed a dildo up my ass, while forcing me to suck the juice of a lemon she was cramming in my mouth.

Exhausted, I slept through the entire next workday, waking only in the evening when Janet was already dressed to go out for another night's hunt. I decided that I must again possess this lovely lady and proposed remarriage. She refused but offered me an alternative: I could become her permanent live-in. On weekends and when the kids were home from college, we would live an ostensibly normal life. At

"Gee, Rhonda, did anyone ever tell you that you're beautiful without your glasses?"

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No. 27 in a series
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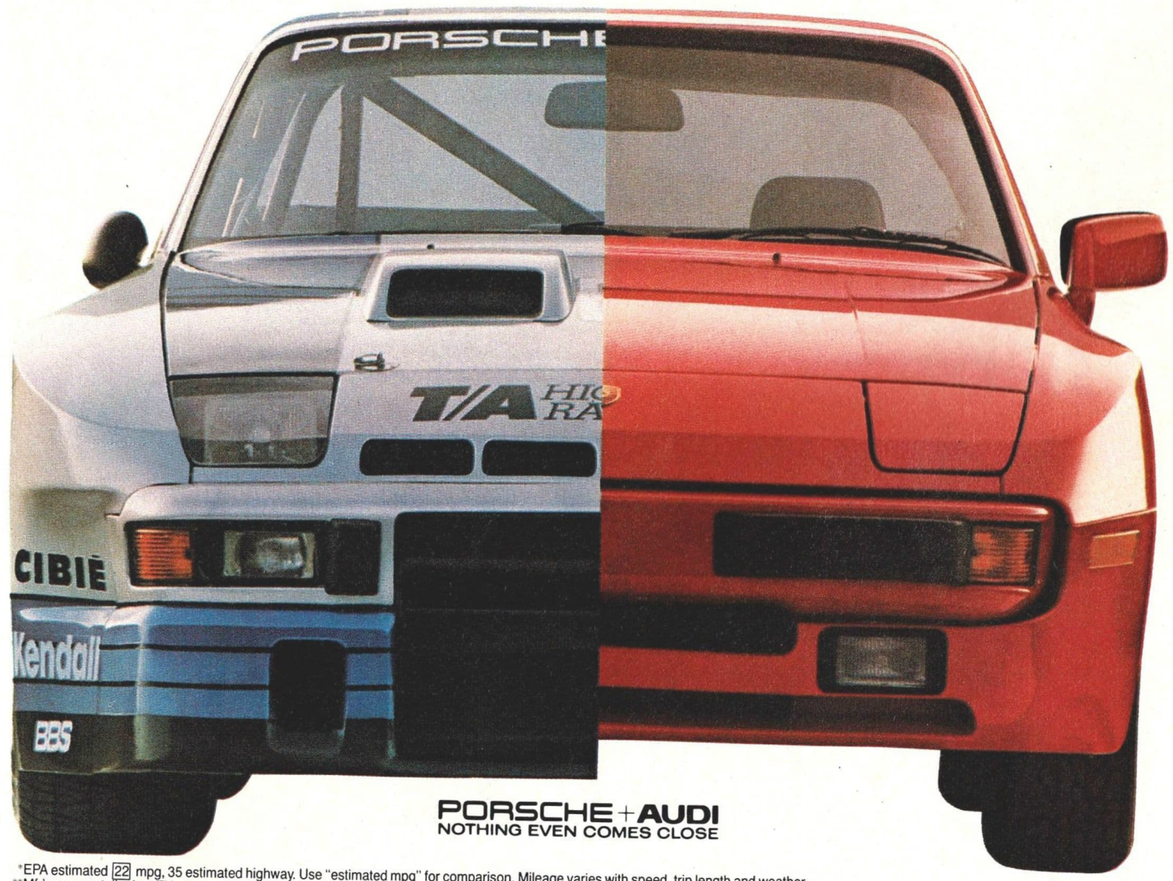

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all other times, I was to be her butler, chef, chauffeur, manicurist, and all-around personal servant. She would be free to roam and bring home weak-kneed men like me, and I was to be a toy in her games with them. I agreed readily. So far, we have had 11 encounters, including one session with Toni and her husband. My head is reeling from all of this. What I have learned, I guess, is that every man has the capacity to be submissive to a sexually aggressive woman. I only hope that Janet does not tire of me.—*Name and address withheld*

DON'T THANK US . . .

I am a 25-year-old archaeologist and, until recently, a virgin. A few months ago I began dating a young woman whom I had met at an acquaintance's party. Delores is a 24-year-old chemist at a nearby scientific institute. Needless to say, our chemistry was right from the start.

This sensitive woman is five foot two, with coarse brown hair (pulled back into a bun), and beady brown eyes. To my great satisfaction, she has enormously large (although not quite proportional) breasts with well-defined areolae and large nipples that are "on" most of the day. She is slightly overweight, but otherwise her appearance is tolerable. Considering that I am not exactly a beefcake myself, I feel that we are well suited. I am of average height, with an unathletic body, a slight paunch, a receding hairline, and a four-and-a-half-inch penis when fully erect.

Last Saturday evening, Delores and I met at a nearby diner. Alcohol soon dulled our sexual inhibitions (I think I was getting horny—I felt a flush all over my body that was centered at my very stiff but fortunately unobservable erection). I could tell the wine was having a similar effect on Delores, because when she ran her tongue over her hairy upper lip, I knew that it was now or never.

Soon thereafter, we left the diner (in our great excitement, we forgot to pay the bill) and began the short walk back to my apartment. Both of us perspired profusely in anticipation of what lay ahead. By the time we reached my residence (fortunately my roommate was away for the weekend), I could see beads of sweat exposing the pimples under Delores's thick layer of acne medication. By now the soreness in my testicles was clearly annoying me. I quickly entered the room, pulled down the shades, lit a small candle, and put on my portable cassette player—side one of Lawrence Welk's greatest hits. Delores excused herself and went into the bathroom. I undressed and crawled under the covers. Hastily, I placed three prophylactics on my enlarged penis. Delores returned, wearing nothing but my blue terry-cloth bathrobe, which she quickly shed. It was then that I first caught a glimpse of her ample body silhouetted against the whitewashed walls of my room.

My body shuddered with anticipation. She joined me in bed and accidentally knocked her knee against my hip. I proceeded to stroke her coarse and somewhat greasy hair. Her strong natural odor, undisguised by commercial perfume or deodorant, triggered my animal instincts. I forced my tongue into her faintly stale-tasting mouth. I then placed a hand on her larger breast and began to move my hand over her nipple, which soon became erect. I detected a slight irregularity in her breathing. Delores responded by clawing at my back with her chewed fingernails. As we engaged in a strong embrace, I asked Delores if she was still certain that she wanted to have intercourse. She responded with a softspoken, but confident, yes. I reached down to her vagina and began a massaging motion as my left hand caressed her smaller breast. As I felt the wetness build up at the entrance to her vagina, I positioned myself on top of her. She spread her legs apart and after several unsuccessful attempts, I finally penetrated her lubricated vagina, ejaculating with several strong spasms even before I had fully entered her frontal orifice.

My sexual horizons thus broadened, I can certainly conclude that a vagina is vastly superior to a tube sock. At any rate, I just wanted to thank you people at *Penthouse* for providing me with the sexual education that was so necessary in making my first sexual endeavor possible. I will never again think that the encounters portrayed in your magazine are mere sexual fantasies, for as you can see from my letter, anything is possible.—*Name and address withheld*

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PHOTO CREDITS

Pet of the Month, Christianna, appearing on page 77, was photographed by Hank Londoner with a Nikon F3 camera, Nikkor 500 and 80–200 zoom lenses, and Kodachrome 64 film. In addition, we would like to thank the following for their product assistance: (page 77) jewelry by Ylang-ylang, N.Y.C., top by Fiorucci; (80–81) necklace by Detail, N.Y.C.; (84–85) clothes by Fiorucci, earrings by Detail; (86–87) scarf by Fiorucci, belt by Ylang-ylang, necklace by Fiorucci; (90–91) jewelry by Ylang-ylang; (94–95) shoes by Maude Frizon. J. Stephen Hicks photographed "Orbits," which appears on page 58, with a Nikon F3 camera, a Nikkor 180 lens, and Kodachrome 64 film. Teddie Treacher, who appears on page 119, was photographed by Suze Randall with a Nikon 35mm camera, a Nikkor 105 lens, and a Tiffen 81A filter.

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

DESERT ONE RESCUE

I would like to extend my praise to Logan Fitch for his straightforward article on the Iranian-rescue-mission fiasco by the 1st Special Forces Operational Detachment, Delta ["Death at Desert One," March 1984].

As a veteran army Special Forces commander, I worked with Delta and Colonel Beckwith in Continental Europe about a year after Desert One, and can say that there is no more professional counterterrorist group around. Also, I'm glad to see the blame for the mission failure going to the politically minded incompetents among the Joint Chiefs and in the Pentagon. Their decision, in April 1980, to use nonspecial operations personnel, such as marine aviators, cost American lives and humiliated every American serviceman in uniform.

The overwhelming number of idiots wearing general's stars in the service is the main reason I resigned my commission and went into a business that these people support. I am an undertaker.—*Name and address withheld*

AMERICAN INJUSTICES

William Tucker's article, "American Justice Is a Crime" [March 1984], left me with mixed emotions.

In July 1971, my father was shot with a double-barreled shotgun. His killer was 18 years old and was arrested not for murder but for disturbing the peace. Due to his "tender" age, the courts felt it in the "best interest" to suggest that he seek "psychological counseling." He did not do so.

At the time of my father's murder I was nine years old. Afterward, I had to seek psychological counseling in order to deal with the situation.

Now I am 21 and in prison. I am serving an eight-year sentence for writing bad checks. I have never before been arrested or imprisoned in my life. I have paid full restitution to my "victims," and according to them, there are no hard feelings. But when, in light of my restitution, I asked about probation or even psychological counseling as an alternative to imprisonment, I was told that it wasn't in the "best interest."

I was a "victim" of a horrible crime. I am also a "victim" because I was sentenced to prison for such a comparably small crime. It seems to me that the justice system does not have its priorities in order.

I go up for parole in a few weeks, and even though I speak the way I do about justice in my state, I invite you to print my letter. If I do not make parole, I realize fully that it is in the best interest of the state because I am probably a threat to good citizens with my pen, while the killer of my father poses no threat with his gun.—*Kenneth Ross, Jr., Parchman, Miss.*

I would like to comment on the article "American Justice Is a Crime," which appeared in your March 1984 issue.

Author William Tucker is so biased in his opinions—which obviously are based on information he's read and not experienced—that it would be child's play to refute his Nazi point of view in any of the areas he chose to present.

I will not, therefore, give a lengthy list of case citations showing that innocent men and women are doing prison time because of illegal acts on the part of the "good guys"—police, courts, and lawyers. And I will not belabor the fact that over 80 percent of the appeals that are heard by the U.S. Supreme Court are lodged by state and federal prosecutors and not Mr. Tucker's "rights-less criminals." Rather, I would like to pose a question.

What is your solution, Mr. Tucker? May we see your plan? And keep in mind one thing: This is not 1945 and not Europe; this is America and long may she live.—*Dale Smith, Lompoc, Calif.*

William Tucker replies:

Mr. Smith's figure on appeals is misleading, because it only includes the Supreme Court. What this means is that the defense has already received a favorable judgment in the lower courts, and the prosecution has appealed higher. But prosecutors are not allowed to initiate *appeals of jury verdicts, while defendants can. Most appeals are thus initiated by the defense.*

My proposals are: 1. Return power to the hands of the jury by letting it hear all *the facts of the case. 2. Allow private attorneys to be hired as prosecutors in the courts, thus reversing part of the enormous bias in the legal profession toward defense work. (About one quarter of all attorneys work in criminal defense at some point, while only one in a hundred ever works for the prosecution.) This second suggestion will be discussed at length in another article on the victims of crime, which is scheduled to appear later this year in* Penthouse.

Mr. Tucker, let me be the first to point out that I found your article "American Justice Is a Crime," to be highly informative, ex-

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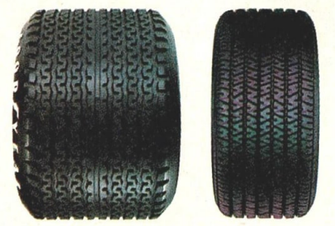

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tensively researched, and a saddening revelation of the shortcomings of the American-criminal-justice system. The judicial cases that you brought to light present to the general public an overview of how every day across the United States known, confessed criminals escape or defer punishment because of legal technicalities.

However, Mr. Tucker, at the risk of indulging in self-praise, I do not consider myself to be a member of the general public. I would like to mention that I am a forthcoming master in criminal justice, and consequently have knowledge of the alternatives of not allowing alleged felons "due process of law."

Imagine, if you will, a society in which the state and its duly authorized agents have the privilege of violating a citizen's (guilty or innocent) privacy without just cause, or for that matter, to arrest or detain a citizen without probable cause. (If this scenario is difficult to envision, reflect upon the days of Hitler's Third Reich and the Jim Crow South or, for a more contemporary illustration, the arbitrary arrest of blacks under the South African system of apartheid.)

Based on the inherent overtones of your article, you, Mr. Tucker, have contempt for any legislation or court decisions that perpetuate defendant-oriented "due-process systems" or that legitimize the use of the exclusionary rules. However, I contend that you and I, along with every other law-abiding citizen, must endure these shortcomings of our criminal-justice system at the expense of ensuring every American citizen, whether he be presumed innocent or guilty, the fundamental and cherished protection of the U.S. Constitution. I dread, Mr. Tucker, to see the day when the state with all its power and influence can search a person or intrude upon a humble abode without just cause.

I leave you with a quote from the Honorable Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes: "It is a lesser evil that some criminals should escape than that the government should play an ignoble role."—*Gregory Alan Thomas, Mount Vernon, N.Y.*

William Tucker replies:

Mr. Thomas's argument is the oft-repeated one, that the exclusionary rule and other unique restrictions we put on the police are the only things standing between us and a police state. I simply don't believe that this is true. Canada, Australia, Japan, and all of Europe do without the exclusionary rule. Are any of these democratic countries police states? Can any of them match our high rate of crime?

TRANSCENDENTAL STING

I was disappointed when I read your article about Sting, the lead singer for the Police [January 1984]. It was not the quality of the article that disturbed me—it was the man himself. Sting's adolescent posturing was insufferable. It's a pity his voice and talent are controlled by the mind of a 12-

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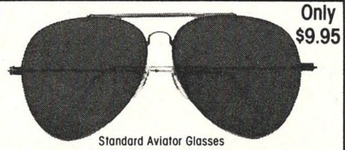
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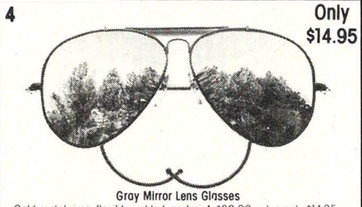
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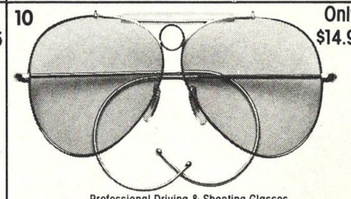
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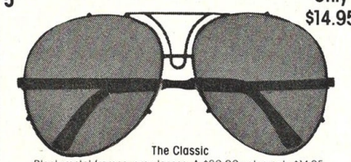
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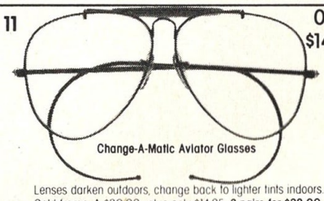
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year-old boy, a pity indeed.

I have seen this syndrome in countless other undisciplined young men. The primary component is a belief that expressing simplistic ideas in lengthy words creates transcendental wisdom.

Also, I would be willing to bet that Mr. Jagger's perception of the scene in the dressing room was not that it was a duel but merely an ordinary bit of conversation.

Not since the days of Steppenwolf has a major rock band lifted book titles from respected authors in an attempt to borrow significance. This is the act of a true meatball.—*C. L. Tomason, Austin, Tex.*

MAKING MEDIA AMENDS

Arnold Forster's article on the coverage of Israel's military campaign in Lebanon by the American media ["The Media's Most Disgraceful Hour," February 1984] was a breath of fresh air. My government has been trying for more than a year to understand why the American media so often grossly distorted what our country tried to do in mid-1982.

For more than a decade, the Palestine Liberation Organization, which had become a "state within a state" in southern Lebanon, regularly invaded our borders and killed Israelis wherever they found them. As a responsible government of a democratic nation, we could not ignore these murderous attacks upon our citizens without betraying our sworn commitments. The PLO terrorist groups had effectively undermined the Lebanese government and reduced its authority to a shambles, rendering it helpless in stopping PLO terrorist activities. In addition, the Syrian army had occupied portions of Lebanon prior to swallowing that country, and this, too, posed a major threat to our security.

Forster accurately reported the manner of our warfare, the precautions our army took to avoid civilian casualties, and the efforts we made to save the Lebanese government. He also stated fairly and objectively the prejudiced way in which these efforts were so often depicted in the media.

Although much of this has been described in many quarters by responsible journalists, *Penthouse* was among those important publications that has gone a long way in correcting the record. For this, we extend our deepest gratitude.—*Dr. Moshe Yegar, Assistant Director-General, Ministry of Foreign Affairs, Jerusalem, Israel*

I wish to congratulate you on the publication of the article by Arnold Forster, "The Media's Most Disgraceful Hour," which dealt with the treatment of Israel during the Lebanese war. We have published an article that came to a similar conclusion. By utilizing research techniques, Professor Rita Simon, working with a group of students at the University of Illinois, in Urbana, demonstrated that the print media with few exceptions were less than candid and fair in their handling of this situation.

It is gratifying to find magazines willing to challenge establishment journalism.—*George Cohen, executive director, American Professors for Peace in the Middle East, New York, N.Y.*

Arnold Forster's superb editorial, "The Media's Most Disgraceful Hour," deserves the nationwide attention it will receive. As an American Jew, I feel that our media's attacks on Israel wronged me twice. First, as an American, the jaundiced reports undermined my confidence in the reliability of the media. Second, as a Jew, the media offended me by suggesting that what Israel wants, American Jews will provide.

A shot fired by Israel is heard around the world, but a shot fired at Israel falls on deaf ears. Such unbalanced reporting makes many think that Israel always attacks and never gets fired upon, when in fact the Israelis are constantly defending their country against attacks. So while Yassir Arafat makes love to the camera, Israel is made out to be unwilling to negotiate peace in the Middle East. This tiny country, surrounded by hostile neighbors (the United States is its only real ally) and plagued with economic problems, has almost no other interest but peace, because the Israelis have lived on the brink of disaster since 1948.

Israel does not refuse to negotiate, but not a single Arab nation—until Egypt—would accept Israel's existence. They have tried to destroy Israel since its creation, in 1948, first by overt military action, then (and still) by covert terrorist action, and now by political pressure in the United Nations. Thus, when Egypt accepted Israel's right to exist, it rolled out the red carpet and gained the upper hand. And Egypt has never lost its upper hand, for Israel has negotiated away billions of dollars in Sinai oil fields and parts of the strategic West Bank. With the present situation in Lebanon, the media's one-sided reporting on Israel will undoubtedly continue. I strongly hope that Mr. Forster's editorial will cause the news media to do a double take. If that does not happen then the American public might very well force the issue.—*Michael Lax, Dallas, Tex.*

I really enjoyed Arnold Forster's "Advise & Dissent" column. I was in Israel a few months after the Lebanese invasion and heard of numerous instances where our so-called impartial American press took the word of the PLO regarding instances of Israeli brutality. If the journalists had only gotten off their barstools, they could have easily found the truth to these stories. Mr. Forster has just confirmed what I've known for 18 months.—*Harvey Glassman, Brooklyn, N.Y.*

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I just finished reading "Advise & Dissent" by Arnold Forster in the February issue. I found it most informative and disturbing, and supportive of my own observations.

I am familiar with much of Mr. Forster's writing and have the greatest respect for his expertise on the subject of Israel and the Middle East.

I am very saddened by all the untrue negative statements made against that small democratic country. Congratulations for printing this fine material.—*Anne Levin, Greenwich, Conn.*

A WOOD NYMPH

Your March 1984 Pet of the Month, Miss Paula Ann Wood, is one well-composed lady. What a figure! After only a brief glimpse, I was horny.

Penthouse, you never fail. Month after month you bring us the most beautiful, sexiest women in the world. Without a doubt, you're the best magazine for men around.—*Name and address withheld*

I'm a very ardent fan of *Penthouse.* Over the years, I have been turned on by all of the gifted damsels you have exposed to discerning men around the world. I've always wanted to let you know that I appreciate your magazine, and I've decided now is the time to do so.

In your March 1984 issue you brought to my attention Paula Ann Wood. I've never seen a more beautiful woman in my many years of girl-watching.

Before catching the pictorial "Public Eye," I could not have imagined a more perfect specimen. Paula's a goddess.

I'd also like to thank Mr. Stephen Hicks for his very satisfying photographs. Paula is indeed unique and fulfilling to all the "eyes of America." You really picked a winner, *Penthouse.*—*Michael Pacelli, Grand Forks, N.Dak.*

ALLMAN'S TRAGIC AMERICA

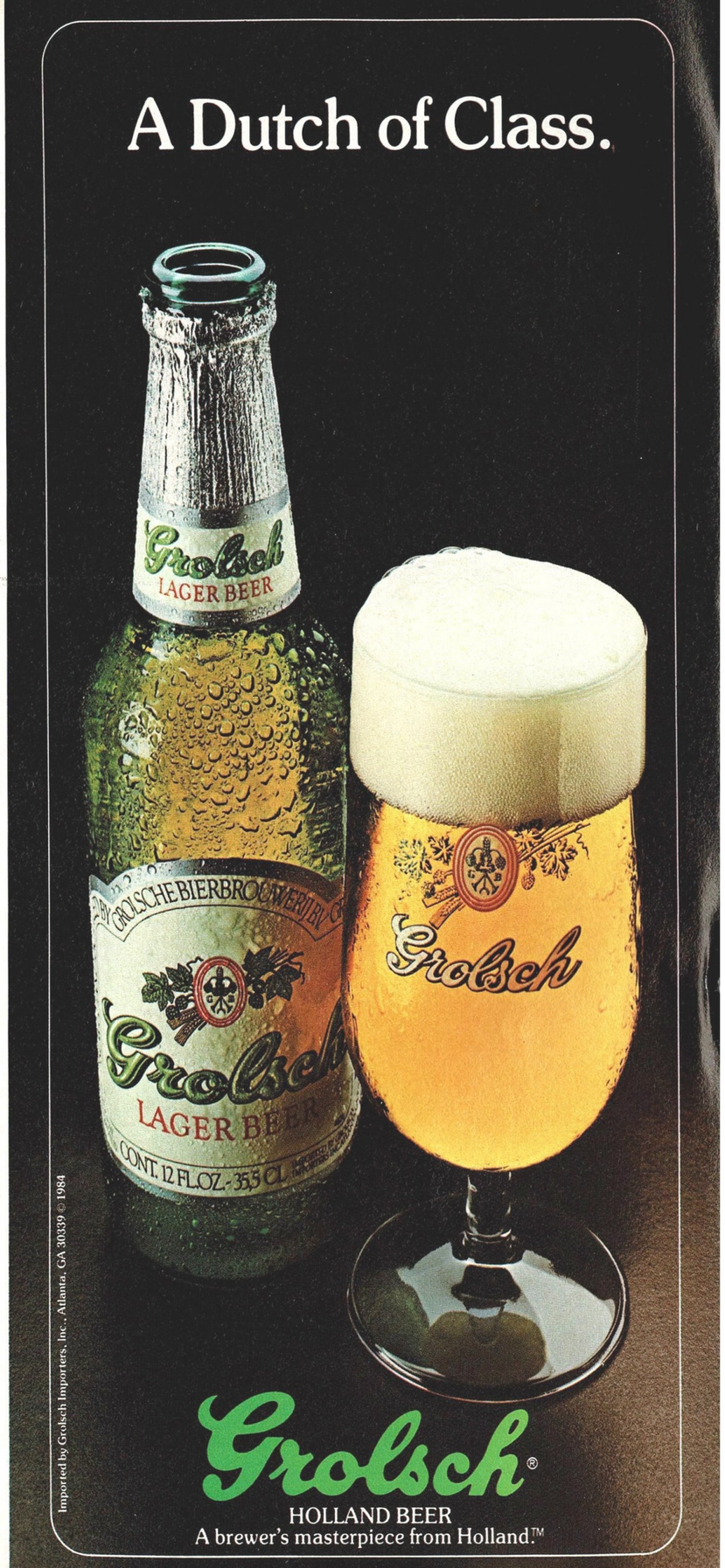
It was gratifying to read the article "An American Tragedy" [January 1984], by T. D. Allman, on Washington's cover-up of the nuns' murders in El Salvador. Maybe these deaths will awaken the public to the gravity of a situation in which the White House is backing a government that has slaughtered some 40,000 of its own civilian noncombatants over the last several years—with only a single conviction for murder.—*Name and address withheld*

When reading T. D. Allman's article "An American Tragedy" I was wild-eyed. The U.S. government's attempt to cover up such an insidious crime as some sort of protection for American policies really piqued my curiosity. And by the end of my reading of the article, my tears really flowed freely.

I truly felt pain for the families and friends of the four unselfish women who were murdered in El Salvador. However, I felt a deeper pain when I thought that our government, from Ronald Reagan to Jeane Kirkpatrick to Alexander Haig to the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 145

A Dutch of Class.



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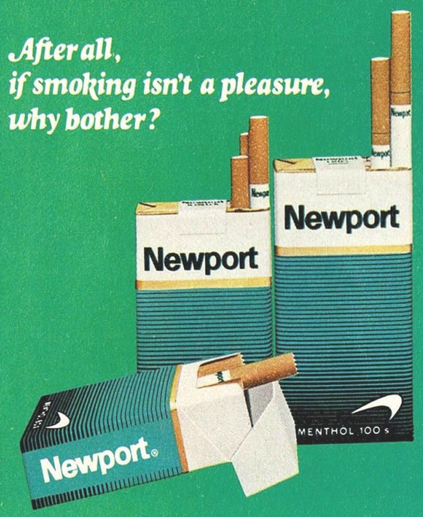

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MEN'S RIGHTS

"Debtors' prison still exists in the United States for ex-husbands and fathers who are in arrears on their alimony or child-support payments."

A few years ago there was a case in New York State where a man entered family court without counsel but with proof of unemployment, and with proof of his inability to pay child support. His former wife told the court that his last employer was paying him off the books. The judge refused the man immediate legal counsel and remanded the defendant to county jail. Even his right to a civil jail was denied by the court. After four days of incarceration, friends provided the money for his release. This was paid directly to the ex-wife. The man, still unemployed, appeared before the same judge several months later, again without counsel. The judge again jailed the man in a prison that held hardened criminals. He was finally released on a writ of habeas corpus in supreme court, which overruled the judge. The man then saw the light and retained an attorney, who had the judge disqualify himself when it came to a third court appearance.

"Debtors' prison." (One thinks immediately of Dickens's descriptions of dark, squalid bastilles.) In the United States there is a long-standing myth that one cannot be incarcerated for a money debt. Not so. In the United States, debtors' prison still exists for ex-husbands and divorced fathers who are in arrears on their payments.

And prison does not necessarily mean civil jail. In New York City, for example, the "alimony jail" was closed in 1973. Since then, men who are found in contempt of court are jailed in the Queens House of Detention or the Riker's Island Correctional Institution for Men. They are fingerprinted and "mugged" and their photos are distributed to the FBI and state crime units.

A man can be adjudged by a court as able to pay alimony or child support. In New York State, for example, he can be jailed for up to six months if he is indebted for more than $500, and for up to three months for under $500. Once the court holds that the ex-husband or father is in contempt of its order to pay, the court imposes a sentence. To satisfy due-process requirements, the judge will set forth a fine giving the "contemptuous one" an opportunity to purge himself of the contempt. The fine will equal the exact amount of maintenance and/or child-support arrears. In addition, there will be charges imposed for sheriff's costs incurred in connection with the jailing.

Almost every state has its method of committing ex-husbands or fathers to jail, usually using the device of contempt of court. In Rhode Island, Paul W. Lataille, a schoolteacher, insisted that the state's divorce laws were unfair to men and refused to pay $15,000 in savings and alimony awarded to his wife in a divorce judgment. The court jailed him for contempt.

Lataille described the law as "an archaic, outdated concept designed in the Middle Ages to protect women, who at that time were unable to obtain an education, had no job skills, and were mere chattel." Maintaining that women now have work opportunities and the ability to attain wealth, Lataille argued that a husband should not be required, after termination of a marriage, to support a woman for the rest of her life. Stating that he had no faith in the fairness of state courts, Lataille vowed to stay in jail forever. He even instructed his lawyer not to appeal to the supreme court, which could have ordered his release.

Make no mistake—men such as Lataille are in prison for *debt.* And the courts, in the perpetuation of this pompous approach to support-and-maintenance arrears, are not without allies. These include the authors of books such as *Everything You Want to Know About Your Husband's Money. . .and Need to Know Before the Divorce;* insurance companies that offer payments in the event of default of support and/or alimony, at a 6 percent rate of interest; and lastly, the Internal Revenue Service, which will intercept tax refunds for payments in arrears six months or more.

Obviously, a twentieth-century approach by the courts must be directed toward the constitutional guarantee of no imprisonment for debt. And certainly there should be no double standard for women who intentionally flout court orders for visitation and deny children a meaningful relationship with fathers. This, on balance, is worse than a violation of maintenance (alimony) orders. ○—

BY SIDNEY SILLER

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The new generation 1984 Toyota trucks are turning the truck world upside down, because they're the most advanced trucks ever built. But if one truck had to do it all by itself, this would be the one.

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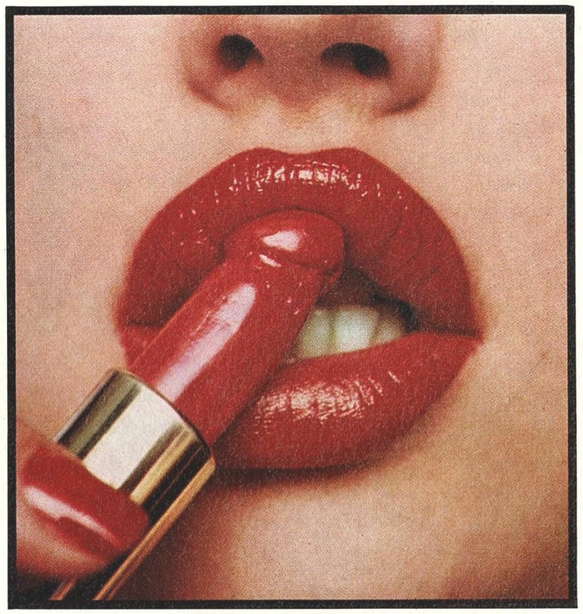
LETTER OF THE MONTH



I'm a 25-year-old newlywed. Until I met my husband, Bob, sex was just okay. Now it's wonderful. He is an incredible lover and is open to all sorts of experimentation. Recently, we invited a friend to join us in a threesome. It was great! So I've been pretty satisfied sexually since my marriage six months ago. But about a week ago, something happened that has left me on pins and needles.

Every Thursday night for the past two years, I've gotten together with a very special friend I met in college. We have always been only buddies, and we spend our time together playing music or chatting. He is married to a beautiful woman and they have three children.

Well, last Thursday night we went, as usual, to the guitar studio for a session. We were playing for about 15 minutes when my friend asked if I would mind putting down my guitar. Not really thinking about it, I did so. He stood up before me and said, "I want to eat you. Now. Until you come." Okay, I thought, this must be a joke. I gave him a big grin and said, "Go ahead." Without a word he sat down on my lap, wrapped his legs around me to hold me in place, and began to suck on my neck and ears. I couldn't believe it. I seemed to be instantly on fire. Frantically, our tongues met and we kissed. I still remember perfectly the wonderful taste and pressure of that tongue. I could see the outline of his cock pressed tightly against his jeans. Abruptly, I pulled back from him, tore off my sweater, and then undid my bra.

There I was, exposed to his eyes for the first time! He began to touch and lick and suck my nipples, all the while whispering to me softly of their beauty.

He then made me stand up and proceeded to remove my boots, slacks, and panties. Gently pushing me down on the edge of the chair, he squatted before me. I wrapped my legs around his shoulders, so he could have better access to my steamy box, which he began to softly rub and kiss. With each tender lick, my desire to fuck grew stronger. Finally I ground my cunt hard into his lustful lips, flooding his face with my juices. That drove me insane, and I jumped down to the floor before him and unzipped his fly. He moaned as I wrapped my mouth around his hot cock and ran my tongue up and down the shaft until huge wads of come shot out of the swollen head. Then he stood up, picked me up from the floor, and made me kneel down on the chair. "I had a fantasy the other day," he said, and then he entered me from behind. It fit so tight I could feel every thrust of his tool. He stroked faster and faster every minute, grabbing my nipples and kissing my back and neck until we exploded together.

When he removed his cock, I licked all the juices from it. With broad smiles on our faces, we both got dressed, packed up our guitars, and went home.

Xaviera, I love my husband and don't want to hurt him, but I want to do this again. It doesn't even have to be with the same man. I know my husband will let us have a threesome or foursome—anything but a one-on-one where he's not included. Am I a bad person? A fuck monster? What should I do?—P.H.

What on earth is a fuck monster? Are you still so influenced by obsolete ethics and conventions that extramarital sex seems wicked or perverted? We live in a world in which matriarchies have died out but harems still exist! So far as most men are concerned, males can be polygamous, but women *must* be monogamous! The situation with your "special friend" may or may not be accommodating to your priorities in life, but I can't believe that you would think of yourself as some kind of neurotic for having a fling!

All that has happened is that your husband has awakened a sex drive in you that you weren't aware of. I quote from your letter: "Until I met my husband, Bob, sex was just okay. Now it's wonderful." Now that your real drive has been ignited, you can't get enough, and the idea that happens to turn you on most is a one-on-one extramarital relationship. Well, some people might call you a nymphomaniac, but most, I think, would say that you have a super-healthy libido.

I suspect that part of your problem is lack of experience. As a result, you feel you've missed out on several years of wholesome, bachelor-girl sexual adventures. But as for your feelings of guilt, stop blaming yourself, and start blaming the conventional Western society you live in, where men can have affairs but women can only commit adultery.

As for the situation at hand, it is not unwise of you to consider the consequences it could have for your marriage. Basically, you have two choices: First, you can go ahead and have a series of discreet one-on-one sexual encounters. Since your husband apparently has no suspicion of your relations with your fellow guitar player, it should not be too difficult to keep your affair under wraps. This would also give you the thrill of the clandestine, for, as the saying goes, "Forbidden fruit is the sweetest." Second, you could tell your husband that you want to have affairs with other men and see what he says. Perhaps his outlook on the matter has recently changed. He may have been wanting to have an affair of his own.

No matter how he responds, this is probably a safer route than the first choice, since the shock of *discovering* a lover's affair has the additional sting of deceit. If he does not give you his consent and you cut out extramarital sex altogether, you will have to adjust your attitude. You can either go on thinking of yourself as a deprived fuck monster, or you can attempt to forget about the one-on-one romances and indulge yourself in the music you make with your husband and others in threesomes and foursomes.

HEADACHE

I've been married for over a year now to a gorgeous and sexy woman but one with an unusual problem. Her cunt is the sweetest I've ever tasted, yet I nearly break my jaw from the hours of licking, sucking, and nibbling it takes before she produces a single drop of love-honey. I've always loved giving head—but not to the point of oblivion. As it is, my tongue will be arthritic by the time I reach 30! But cunnilingus is the only thing that will give my wife an orgasm.

Just once, I'd like to watch my wife achieve orgasm through just straight fucking. It can't be a physical problem on my part, because my cock gets so big she can barely take it all in her cunt or mouth. But it doesn't seem to do anything for her, and if I request just a good-old-solid hard fuck, that means a long-term investment of my poor, tired tongue beforehand.

Of course, I want her to be pleased as well as myself. Exclusive satisfaction in sex is just another form of masturbation in my eyes, but as I said, one's tongue muscles reach their limits. Once my wife told me that she has played with herself almost every day since the age of 17. Nowadays, when I fuck her she tells me she can't feel my big, hard cock against her clit. Could it be that her clit has become insensitive over the many years of touching it herself?

One night about a week ago, I was nibbling on her clit, while squeezing her tits, for what seemed like hours. Yet she was not even nearing orgasm. When I couldn't hold back any longer, I took my cock in my hand and exploded all over her. Then she only lay there watching me squeeze the last drop from my dick and spread her legs again for another round of head! Once she told me that she wanted another man to suck on her clit while I ass-fucked her.

Please help us, Ms. Hollander. I know without a doubt that there's nothing at all wrong with me, but what can be done with my wife before we both hate sex altogeth-

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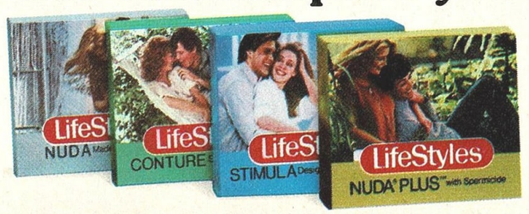

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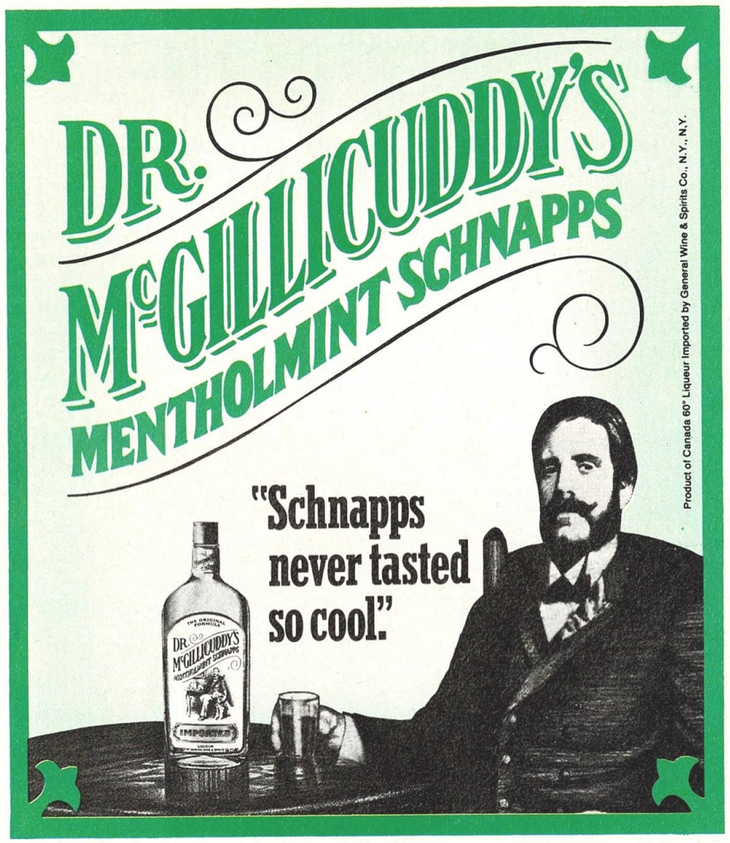
er? What about this idea of simultaneous clit-sucking and ass-fucking? Should I try to pursue that fantasy for her and invite another man to help me out?—F.S.

The woman who can easily reach orgasm by straight up and down fucking is a pretty rare case. Usually, in order to climax a woman needs some clitoral stimulation. However, because your wife has been a compulsive masturbator since her teenage years, it may not be unreasonable to assume that her pussy has become somewhat insensitive. I remember how in Zihuatanejo, a little village in Mexico, I met a fisherman who had walked barefoot all of his life and could stand on a burning cigarette without feeling a thing. Once I had a lesbian lover whose clit had grown so immune to sensation that she could come only by using an enormous camel-hair brush, so your lady is not as exceptional as you might think.

If you want to save your tongue and hands a lot of energy, you might consider buying an electric vibrator with various speeds and attachments. However, your wife's idea would probably be most successful. Why don't you consider inviting a trusted friend to help you warm her up? You could replace her pillow, for instance, with the other man, so that when you mount her from the back, the other man could suck out her pussy from underneath. Of course, the second guy's mouth, unused to her long-lasting sessions, might go numb after a while and have to rest, but she can always suck you—or the two of you—off during his tongue breaks.



GOING PRO

At the age of 20, in order to put myself through college, I got a job as a dancer at a club. I guess that was the start of my wanting to show off my body. Later on in life, my husband, John, would always ask me to dress braless and wear the skimpiest of clothes whenever we went out to restaurants or bars. At restaurants, John and I would enjoy frustrating the men sitting near our table. I would drop my napkin, and when I bent over to pick it up, I'd spread my legs very wide.

John is a great lover. However, after two years with the same man, sex has become a little boring. Many years ago, in college, I went to bed with three guys at once, and since then I have always wanted to have group sex again.

About three weeks ago, John suggested that we try to save up enough to buy a new car. I guess I was half-joking when I proposed that we go a step further in our little game by letting me have sex with the guys who hang out at one of the bars we frequent. With the extra money, John could buy his car right away. He thought it was an excellent idea and seemed to be as turned-on by it as I was.

The next Friday night was to be our first venture. Since it was warm out, I put on a white cotton minidress and a pair of high-heeled sandals.

Because it was Friday, the bar was very crowded. As I made my way to a table, I received several complimentary comments from a large group of athletic-looking young men at the bar. I adjusted my chair in a way that would provide my victims a good view, and then I set to work. First, I crossed my legs so that the base of my ass was showing. Then I dropped my napkin and bent over to pick it up, making sure that my tits were fully exposed. Next, I went up to one of the men at the bar and asked him for a quarter to play a song. As I stood before the lighted jukebox, I knew that everyone could see through my dress. Well, this was all it took for one of them to approach me and ask me to dance.

As I pressed my hungry pussy against his bulge and my tits into his chest, I was sure it was all he could do to control himself. When we returned to our seats, I allowed him to rub my legs under the table. As he slowly made his way up to my cunt, he asked what it would take for me to join him and his friends for a party. I said for $400 I would be their slave for the night. He approached his friends and when he came back, he handed me the $400. Only then did I realize that I had forgotten to ask him how many friends would be involved.

I went with the same guy to his car and we drove to a big hotel. He went up to the front desk and rented a suite for the night. When we arrived in the suite, I couldn't believe how many men were there. One man told me that there were 21 altogether, and he asked whether that was okay with me. I said it would be if they doubled the fee, and they agreed to do so.

In no time at all I was placed on the bed and stripped of my dress. A minute later, one guy was eating my pussy, one was sucking my tits, while a huge cock was being rammed into my eager mouth. Finally, there seemed to be some order, and I was servicing only two at a time—fucking one and sucking the other. After they'd all been laid once, two men knelt down on each side of my head and took turns putting their dicks in my mouth and jacking off on my face, while the man behind me held my legs over my head so that the man below me could fuck me in the ass. They all kept switching places, and soon each one had fucked me in the ass and shot their loads over my face and body until I was covered in come. I must say that though I was quite a mess when it was over, I had the time of my life! Later on, I told my husband of the details and he got so excited that we made love for three hours.

Now I find myself going to this bar five nights a week. John usually stays home during my escapades, and he seems to have lost a little of his enthusiasm. Do you think what I'm doing is wrong? And do you think it could hurt my marriage?—B.L.

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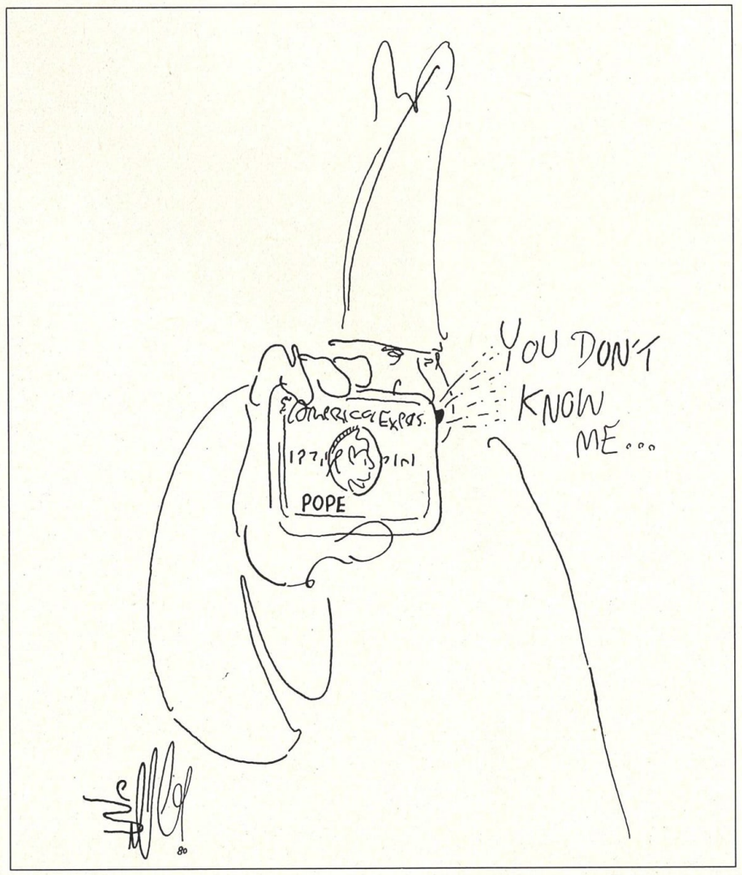
What started out as an innocent fund-raising stunt seems to have gone a bit too far. At this point you are moving up fast from amateur class to full-time professional. I have a feeling your "exhibitionism" as you call it (though the term seems rather mild for the activities you're indulging in) is a kind of power trip over the men you used to cocktease as a dancer. In fact, you go so far as to call them your "victims." For this reason, I would question whether the motivation for your behavior is a purely sexual one, which, of course, is quite acceptable, or if it is something less healthy. As for the well-being of your marriage, it can't be much fun for your husband to sit at home alone night after night waiting to hear the details. Quite frankly, I wouldn't be very surprised if you came home one night and found another woman in bed with your husband.

In my opinion, unless you're willing to give up these ego-nurturing adventures, you should put the whole thing on a proper business basis. Get your husband to quit his job and pay him a salary to work as your manager or, to put it more bluntly, your pimp. And while you're at it, you might suggest he trade in his blue Ford sedan and buy a white Cadillac convertible. That way, your obligations toward one another will be clearly understood, which along with his commissions may prevent him from walking out on you—at least at the present moment.



MOUTHING OFF

Being single and good-looking, I have no problem attracting women. I've always liked intercourse, but I love to eat pussy. I prefer the latter so much that recently it's about all I like to do. I've become fascinated with every conceivable variety of cunnilingus. I'm usually down on a woman as long as an hour at a time. Although the woman I've been seeing says she likes getting head, I can tell she's getting bored.

For example, last night in bed, I gave her a good fuck from the rear, rubbing her clitoris until she came. Then I came. But afterward, all I could think of was going down on her and eating her silly. When I informed her what I desired, she sighed and said, rather reluctantly, "Go ahead." Well, I think she enjoyed it for about five minutes and then, realizing I was going to be there the rest of the evening, she said she was getting sore and asked me to stop. She always insists that I shave before we make love so that my beard doesn't irritate her pussy, but this time I had shaved and she was still sore. What should I do? She says my technique is flawless, but that enough is enough.

You'd think I was a woman's dream man, right? Well, Xaviera, let me tell you what our lovemaking routine is really like. Here are some details: She sits at the edge of the mattress, legs spread to maximum, stretching her pussy as open as it will go. I start licking from anus to clit, swirling her pubic hair, her inner thighs, and flicking my tongue into her clit. Then I begin to suck her clit rapidly, gradually moving down to her vagina. At this point she usually comes. But I don't stop! I continue to suck, making slurping noises that turn me on. Sometimes I coat her with whipped cream and eat it all up, or after we fuck, I suck up my own come. Once in a while I give her a nose job, a chin job, or stick three fingers in her cunt for a quick "roll fuck" while sucking her clitoris! Often, she settles back and reads while I go on for an hour.

Now she says she's had it, but I can't help myself. So I'm looking around for a woman who wants nothing else but head. Do you find my obsession strange, Xaviera? Despite my big cock and great body, all I want is pussy. I love the smell, the taste, the look—the pinker and richer the better. Do you feel I should continue my quest for a cunnilingus-loving woman? Or do you think I should try and break the habit?—J.B.

While it is true that in cunnilingus the female is commonly thought to be the receiver of pleasure and the male the giver, there is certainly nothing wrong with a male preferring it above all other sexual acts. In your case, however, you seem to think that since you derive as much enjoyment as the female, a limitless performance would be acceptable to any head-loving woman. I think that you are missing the point. Good sex is a give-and-take situation. Too much giving can be as bad as too much taking. Have you ever considered that your girlfriend may want to be the giver of sexual pleasure once in a while? That she may want to take the initiative, making you squeal with delight by sucking you off or tongue-fucking you to ecstasy? By making yourself the sole catalyst of pleasure, you are actually being a thoroughly selfish lover. I suggest that you try letting your girlfriend take the lead sometimes in satisfying you both.

Your real problem is that you lack a sense of proportion. You named the trouble yourself when you called your love for cunnilingus an obsession. As in other areas of life, obsessions seldom lead to real satisfaction. If, for instance, you were as obsessive about eating ice cream or pecan pies as you are about pussy, you would probably weigh around 400 pounds by now.

LEAVE IT TO BEAVER

For the past three years, I have done a considerable amount of modeling for local advertisements. Previously, I was a fitness instructor, and in general, I am very conscious of my appearance. Right now I'm having an argument with two of my fellow models at the agency where I work. Both of these women have made some frightening statements about my sexual relationship with my boyfriend (and, I hope, husband-to-be), Jack.

I have been dating him for four months now. In my opinion our sex life is great. In regard to sexual technique, endurance, and above all, size, Jack is nothing like my previous boyfriends. He has a gorgeous, incredibly healthy penis. It's almost ten and a half inches long and has an excellent 90-degree angle, but most notably it is about three and a quarter inches thick! My two girlfriends say that allowing Jack to put his big cock in me will stretch out my stomach and hurt my modeling career!

The first time I saw how huge Jack's cock was, I almost got out of bed and went home. But he was very gentle and took his time, easing it in inch by inch. I didn't take in his full cock until the fifth time we made love. Now, however, Jack can easily slip his full length in and out of me in four different positions—missionary, doggy, me on top facing him, me on top with my back to him—so I know I've stretched considerably since I met him.

One of my girlfriends has a sister who is five foot one and 102 pounds. Last year she married a guy with a nine-and-a-half-inch cock with a three-inch diameter, and recently her stomach has become real flabby. This worried me since Jack's cock is even larger than her husband's, but I thought maybe she lost the muscle tone only because she is short and small (I'm five foot nine). As I said, I have absolutely no problem taking Jack's full cock in me, but my friends' comments bother me. Are their contentions true?—L.M.

I think too much girlish gossip with your colleagues has filled your pretty head with imaginary problems. A woman's body is a beautiful creation and is infinitely adaptable. One aspect of this adaptability is the amazing elasticity of our vaginas; believe me, they stretch a great deal more than your friends' imaginations.

Indeed, in childbirth, the vagina will stretch far enough for a baby to pass through it. The stretch marks some women have are usually due to the pregnancy (not so much from the birth, but from carrying the little squirt around in one's belly for nine months). Sometimes stretch marks appear after one has dieted.

As for your friend's five-foot-one-inch sister, her stretch marks might have been caused by gaining and losing weight, or simply by lack of exercise, but *not* by a big cock. I think that your friends' advice must have been motivated by jealousy. The only problem that could arise with your well-hung boy is that should you ever split up and replace him with a less well-endowed specimen, it may take a while for you to adapt. If you switch to a guy with a four-inch pecker, for instance, it may be difficult to tell if he has penetrated you at all. After experiencing the greatest, it is bound to be a bit of a comedown to return to normal measures. Even if this state of affairs should come to pass, you will find that that magnificent apparatus, your vagina, will soon adapt after a while to a smaller or—if it is possible—an even larger instrument than Mr. Big's. O

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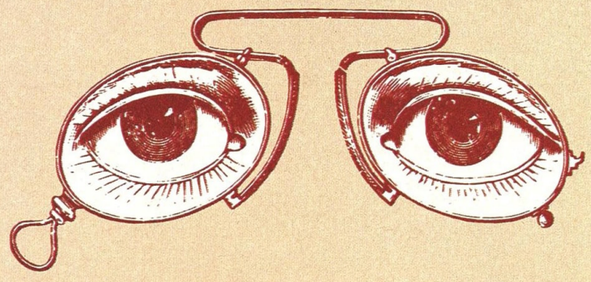


VIEW FROM THE TOP

MASCULINITY

BY EMILY PRAGER

Recently, feminist Susan Brownmiller published a book called *Femininity* that takes men to task for encouraging a stereotypical femininity—high heels, perms, makeup, limp-wristedness—which, she claims, ultimately imprisons women and keeps them from achievement. In the interests of fairness, we have asked ardent masculist and creator of the men's-rights slogan, "More Leisure, Fewer Heart Attacks," Mr. Steven Browbeater, to guest-edit this month's column and present a different view in the following excerpt from his forthcoming work, *Masculinity* (Testosterone Press, $14.95).

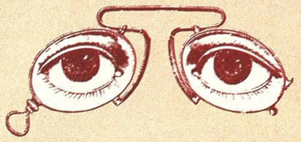
Masculinity: Prologue. There was a common saying around our house. "Keep your pecker up!" my father would say as he slapped me on the back and left for work. "Keep your pecker up!" my mother would say as she grabbed me by the ear and forced me to go out and play sports. "Keep your pecker up, Stevie, or you'll never be a good provider like your father." Pecker. Provider. Thus was I introduced to gender identification. Masculinity was defined by pronged instruments, such as bayonets, knives, baseball bats, and billy clubs—all things associated with possible violence to my person, or the threat of my violent death. Masculinity, I realized one day sitting among the bombers, subs, and laser weapons that composed my toy heap, was a romantic sentiment that seemed to convey a mantle of superiority. In fact, it systematically dictated a series of self-sacrifices even unto death in support of a femininity clearly devoted only to softness, roundness, protection, and shopping, i.e., luxury and pleasure. The message was clear. To be masculine, it wasn't enough to have a pecker; I had to keep it up. Detachment, constant aggression and sexual tension, and emotional and physical rigidity were necessary to even approximate the masculine ideal. "Hey, Mom," I once asked. "What if I just want to be a person? What if I just want to be myself?" She replied, "If you don't put on a tie, you'll never make partner." She was right. It is to her that I dedicate this book.

Body, Clothes, Voice, Skin, Movement, and Balls. It all comes down to having balls. And just as with a pecker, the mere fact of being born with balls does not mean that you, in fact, have them. In great part, it depends on what you wear. Keith Richard wears tight, black-leather pants and a weird hairdo and has the rock balls to get a model like Patti Hansen. Young stockbrokers wear starched white shirts, crisp blue suits, short haircuts, and wing tips and get models like the one in the Ralph Lauren ads. Critics might say this has something to do with money and power, and it does. But if all men dressed as they would really like to—wrinkled chinos, two-day-old T-shirt, uncut hair—no matter how much money and power they possessed, they would still not have the full complement of balls that masculine role dressing conveys. Even in war, a man must look neat.

Of course, a man must have big shoulders, narrow hips, and be tall. He must be able to shoulder burdens. His coordination must be somewhere between that of a great ape and Jimmy Connors. He can knock over knickknacks in a living room, but he must also be able to hit balls. Balls—there they are again. A guy with a baritone has them; Truman Capote does not. History is obvious: Once man covered his testicles with leaves, he had to find other ways to prove to women they were there. And women have been dictating the character of these ways to their own man-suppressing advantage. In all society's concepts of masculine dress and behavior, there is nothing that makes a guy feel any happier per se. It just makes it easier for him to get into a fancy restaurant and buy a girl dinner.

BILL VUKSANOVICH

Detachment and Ambition. I once knew a guy who cried at movies. He couldn't write poetry, so he shot himself. Who could blame him? He was a marshmallow, a pushover. Masculinity requires that the only pain men feel is that of a pulled groin muscle. In fact, masculinity dictates that men get emotionally involved in only two things: the financial support and physical defense of women. Toward these two ends a man can scream, cry, pout, and whine as long as he comes back with his shield, or on it. Which means: If he doesn't bring back the spoils, he better come back dead or she'll kill him. As I was finishing this book, I called my mother and asked, "Mom, will there ever be a girl who will love me not for my looks, achievements, and paycheck, but for myself?" "Don't make me laugh," she answered, and hung up.



VIDEO

LET'S GET SMALL

These days in the electronics business, small is beautiful. Computers, personal stereos, and TV's that go anywhere are fairly common. Today, video equipment is also shrinking in size. And now the new cameras, recorders, and combination units appearing in the stores make shooting your own video productions almost as simple and convenient as taking snapshots.

Sony, for example, combines camera, recorder, and battery in a one-piece combo called **Betamovie**, which is no bigger than a lunch box. Weighing only six and a half pounds, it rests easily on your shoulder while you follow the action with its electrically powered zoom lens; it sells for $1,500. You can shoot up to three hours on a single Beta cassette, which can be played on any Beta-type VCR. Despite the radical miniaturization of the equipment, the picture is clear, sharp, and true in color.

Sony, however, had to make some compromises for the sake of compactness. The Betamovie has no facilities for instant playback. Sony also omitted the fade-in and fade-out capability, which gives the user a greater range of artistic options.

JVC and Quasar are bringing out similar one-piece camera-recorder combinations to work with a special compact VHS cassette that holds only 20 minutes' worth of tape. They will play on any VHS video tape recorder with a special adapter.

A third and highly controversial variant of the camera-recorder combo has been announced by Kodak, which is just now taking the bold leap from film to videotape. Their new unit, called **Kodavision**, uses 8-mm. tape, which makes it incompatible with either Beta or VHS equipment. To play Kodavision tapes, you have to put the unit into a special cradle that connects to your TV. An optional tuner-timer lets you record from your TV, but the maximum recording time per cassette is 90 minutes. The whole rig comes to $2,100.

Tiny camera-recorder combinations are not necessarily the wave of the future. RCA, Aiwa, and Konica are making no attempt to combine camera and recorder into a single unit. They are making the camera palm-size and extremely light, on the theory that reducing size and weight are most important for hand-held equipment. Since the recorder is slung over your shoulder, a little extra weight won't be prohibitive. They can be plugged into any VHS or Beta VCR.

Konica's **CV-301**, at $600, is a color video camera no bigger than a slugger's fist and weighs a mere 1.6 pounds. For the sake of such compactness, Konica skipped the self-contained playback, and the zoom lens is operated by hand rather than electrically.

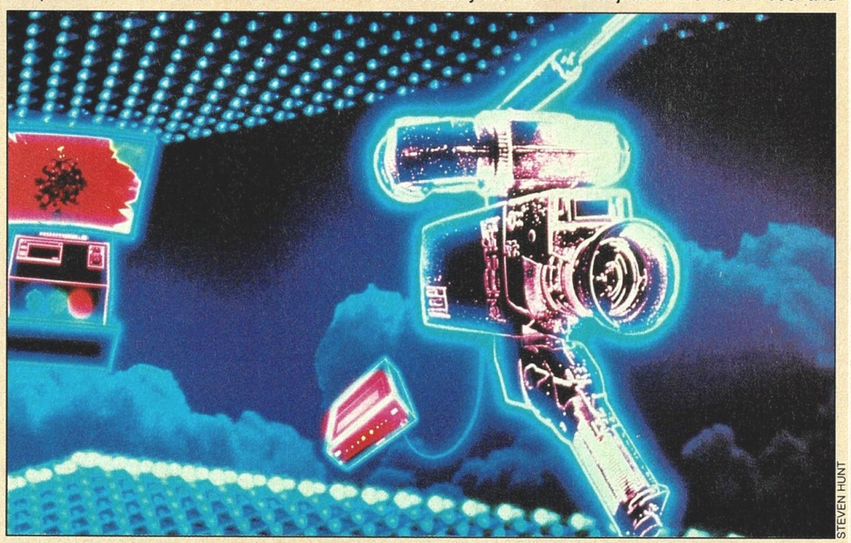
RCA's **CKC020** VHS camera can be called palm-size only by ham-handed standards. Selling for $1,000, it weighs 2.2 pounds and measures eight and a half inches long and five and a half inches high. Yet, for its slightly larger size it boasts such elaborate features as an automatic color adjustment for both indoor and outdoor light and instant replay. General Electric is also bringing out a 2.2-pound video camera that will cost around $600.

Aiwa's **CV-5M** camera weighs three and a half pounds and is designed to interface with the company's own portable VCR (AV-50M), which weighs 13.7 pounds, sells for $1,400, has a built-in TV tuner and hi-fi sound. The camera itself costs $950 and is generously equipped with features like an electrically powered zoom lens, fade-in and fade-out capability, and automatic exposure setting.

With the trend toward mini-video gaining momentum, other companies will undoubtedly hop on the bandwagon. Two obvious approaches are the camera-recorder combo and the palm-size camera working in conjunction with a hip-borne VCR. Some companies, however, are covering their bets and going both ways. Zenith, for example, will offer a camera-recorder combo as well as a three-pound, hand-held camera. Canon, renowned for its excellent standard-size video equipment, is not yet tipping its hand, and a company spokesman merely says, "We're watching the scene."

Panasonic is also playing it close to the vest, but you don't have to be psychic to figure out its next move. The company already offers one of the smallest portable VCR's now on the market, the 8.4-pound Panasonic **PV-6110** ($1,000). It's odds-on that it is busily working on a tiny color camera as a companion piece for its remarkable compact VCR.

What all these devices represent is a new emphasis on video as an active hobby. The new lightweight equipment takes video out of the living room and into the world, where a thousand images and events challenge any video buff's skill and imagination.—*Hans Fantel*



STEVEN HUNT

The next wave in video is small: Shooting your own videos will be as easy as taking snapshots.

A unique solution to a serious turntable problem: Technics turntables with the P-Mount system.

Unfortunately, standard turntable design has left too much to chance in terms of cartridge mounting and performance.

Technics turntables with the patented P-Mount tonearm/cartridge system have changed all that. By providing complete compatibility between tonearm and cartridge to achieve the optimum tonearm resonant frequency: the level at which annoying bass frequency interference is minimized. For the accuracy and fidelity conventional turntables can deny you.

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Just plug any P-Mount cartridge into a Technics straight, low mass, high performance tonearm, and tighten one locking screw. With Technics, your records are now virtually immune to the groove wear, poor channel separation and distortion caused by improper cartridge-to-tonearm mounting.

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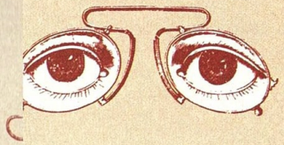


COMPUTERS

SWEATING IT OUT

Computers may extend your intellectual capabili-s, but sitting motionless before glowing screen for hours on end n wreak havoc on your body. ow your computer can help you t back into shape. Fitness soft-are, hardware, and peripherals n provide an individualized rkout that might actually be en-/able.

Aerobics (Spinnaker, Cam-dge, Massachusetts) is a soft-are program for all the Ataris and e Commodore 64, which is sell-g for $45. It is divided into 18 dif-ent sections, with titles ranging m the supercute "Land O' gs" and "Wee Willie Waist" to e lightly provocative "Bye-Bye ttocks" and "Humdinger Hips." ch exercise is demonstrated on e screen by a figure whose vements you follow while mu-and a visual counter help you y in time. The sections are se-enced in a way that is intended preclude the possibility of strain. e result is an appealing instruc--led exercise program that can used in privacy.

Before everybody discovered running, stationary bicycles were the rage of home fitness—the closets and attics of America are filled with them. Now there is hope for the abandoned machines in the form of a new video-game controller called the **Aerobics Joystick** (Suncom, Northbrook, Illinois). It attaches to any exercise bicycle and plugs into the Atari VCS and Atari and Commodore computers. It is compatible with any racing-speed game because the harder you pedal, the faster your onscreen car moves, and the more points you score. You steer with the joystick.

The Aerobics Joystick, which sells for $40, was invented by Stephen Kiesling, a member of the 1980 U.S. Olympic rowing team. After the Olympics, Kiesling moved to New York and found it just as difficult as the rest of us non-Olympic types to maintain a workout schedule. "Try as I might, I couldn't make myself do much of anything," he says. "I played video games rather than work out."

Kiesling's dilemma led to a business partnership that developed the concept of marrying video games to exercise bicycles. "We were looking for the McDonald's of fitness—something so simple and convenient that people couldn't help but use it."

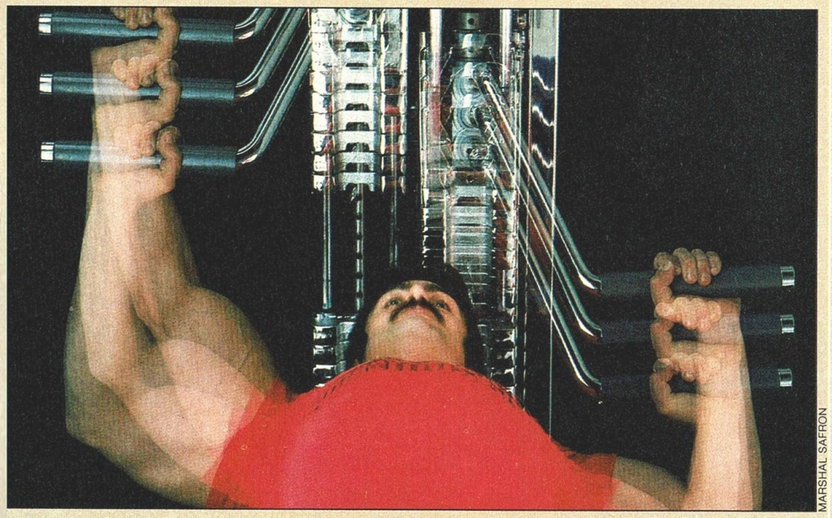
Another way to work up a sweat playing video games is with an incredible, albeit simple, device called the **Joyboard** (Amiga, Santa Clara, California). It's a game controller that fits the same machines as the Aerobics Joystick, but you don't hold it in your hand—you stand on it. The screen character moves in the same direction you do; by leaning forward, your character moves up the screen and by leaning back, it moves down, etc.

The Joyboard, selling for $60, comes with a skiing game called Mogul Maniac that even children find boring. But the Joyboard is great fun with other games. Try it with some older games like Breakout and Circus Atari. Then try maneuvering through a level of Pac-Man. For the ultimate workout, plug in Decathlon and make yourself run all ten events.

For those who don't care how much it costs to get or stay in shape, we've found the perfect item—built exclusively for Neiman-Marcus. The **LaserTour** (Perceptronics, Woodland Hills, California) combines a videodisc-player, 45-inch-rear-projection TV, exercise bicycle—with a computer control panel mounted on the handlebars—and one videodisc. The disc is a two-hour tour of Beverly Hills, Malibu Canyon, and other beautiful southern-California scenery, all filmed from the bicycle rider's point of view. The faster you pedal, the faster the action rolls by. A half-dozen other discs are available from Perceptronics when you tire of southern California.

The most impressive aspects of LaserTour are its ability to drop the bike down a gear or two when you come to steep hills and the fact that at certain points in the tour you can enter a selection of left or right turn, depending on the route you'd like to take. The price is $20,000, but that includes a year's supply of chain grease.

Of course, exercise is only half the battle. You must have decent eating habits. To combine exercise and diet correctly, look into **Total Health** (Computer Software Associates, Randolph, Massachusetts), for the Commodore 64 and VIC-20, which sells for $30. The program tells you the number of calories and the amount of carbohydrates, sodium, fat, and protein contained in each thing you eat, and how to alter eating habits according to your needs. It also estimates how long it will take to reach the desired weight. The program is well constructed and fairly simple to use, but since no software or computerized gadget will put a lock on your refrigerator or force you to do calisthenics, it is only as good as you are. The programs don't make keeping in shape effortless, only more bearable.—*Phil Wiswell*



MARSHAL SAFRON

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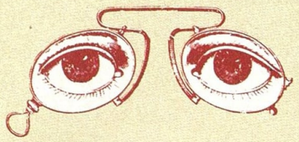


FILMS

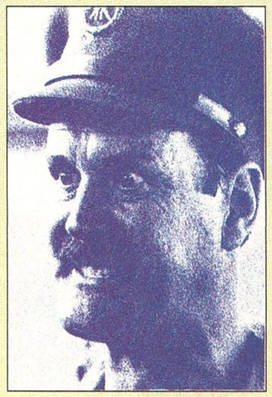
FOREIGN LEGIONS

Long before Southeast Asia became the great American fiasco of the 1960s and 1970s, it wreaked havoc on the forces of France and England, who had colonized it a hundred years ago. But, no disaster without a movie! From France and England come a semitragedy and a dark comedy about the everlasting Southeast Asian war.

Pierre Schoendoerffer's ***Le Crabe Tambour*** pursues its hero from Vietnam to Africa and to the fishing grounds off Newfoundland. Its story of honor and betrayal depends only slightly on the circumstances of any one time or place. It is a film of reminiscences exchanged among officers on board a naval vessel servicing the French trawler fleet in the North Atlantic. The film's interest lies less in its past remembered than in its portrayal of the present—the winter sea and the ship at sea—as seen through the breathtaking photography of Raoul Coutard. From the deepwater storm spray smoking across the speeding ship to the slow undulations of a bay almost frozen into ice, this is the most beautiful desolation I have seen on film. It is worth a place in any moviegoer's dreamworld.

Michael Blakemore's ***Privates on Parade***, on the other hand, sees the dissolution of the British Empire as a rather upbeat nightmare. A musical about the loss of the Malay Peninsula to Communist guerrillas in the late 1940s, it sheds its tears, and its laughter too, with more goodwill than I'd have thought possible.

Led by the stalwart Major Giles Flack (John Cleese, a *Monty Python* regular), who knows not how they think, drink, smoke, and especially not how they make love, the lads (and one pregnant lady) of SADUSEA (Song and Dance Unit, Southeast Asia) set out to entertain the troops with "Jungle Jamboree," a variety show adapted to warfare in the tropics. Their artistic director, Acting Captain Terri Dennis (Denis Quilley), is, to put it mildly, gay. So are some of his performers. Given to identifying boys as girls—for example, "Georgina," "Erica," or, in moments of great distress, "Jessica Christ!"—Captain Dennis lacks the devotion to God, country, and straight thinking that Major Flack brings to this last command. And yet they make a pair, united by an oddly shared decency, a compassion in recognizing the rotten deal life gives to some of its most appealing personalities.



Cleese in Privates on Parade.

Privates on Parade has a story, a somewhat unsatisfactory, quite bitter story. But it comes to life in its routines, both onstage and off. A wonderful montage, through which the SADUSEA kids actually train at being soldiers, trades back and forth with the boys' onstage-chorus-line rendition of Britain's imperial power. The young lovers (Nicola Pagett and Patrick Pearson), who turn out not to be lovers, do an Astaire/Rogers dance routine of such disarming simplicity it becomes an homage in the midst of parody. And two of the army guys, who *are* lovers (Joe Melia and David Bamber), sing about their happiness in a gentle little song-and-dance number that looks as if it might do for amateur night in heaven. It is for me the high point of the movie—a movie that keeps stumbling across its high points as if surprised to find they are there. These include the absurd and absurdly genuine funeral orations Major Giles Flack gives for his fallen troopers. There really is a war on, interrupting the fun and games and occasionally killing the players.

The Man Who Knew Too Much *with James Stewart: dark horse.*

As a way of remembering horrors past, I'll take the tacky exuberance of *Privates on Parade* over the sleek somberness of *Le Crabe Tambour.* But I'd hate to give up either. Michael Blakemore and Pierre Schoendoerffer both are originals, full of ideas about what makes a movie and able to convey an understanding of the world at large.

If the current major-studio releases have you as near despair as they do me, you might seek relief in some major studio productions of 30-odd years ago now being redistributed. The five movies Alfred Hitchcock made between 1948 and 1958 that Universal is rereleasing include one masterpiece (*Vertigo*), one fine popular success (*Rear Window*), two fascinating failures (*Rope* and *The Trouble with Harry*), and a dark horse that is in some respects my favorite Hitchcock of the lot.

Hitchcock first made *The Man Who Knew Too Much* in England, in 1934. When in 1956 he remade it in America—in color and on wide-screen, with Jimmy Stewart and Doris Day and a substantially different story line—the critics were none too kind. The critics were wrong. From the bazaars of North Africa, to the deserted back streets of London, to a spectacular climax at a concert in the Royal Albert Hall, ***The Man Who Knew Too Much*** runs its American innocents abroad through a spy intrigue and the most devastating personal choices, upon which—of course—world peace depends. Hitchcock used Stewart often in the 1950s to embody an intellectual, or visceral, insecurity combined with an impulse to dominate that gives the films an unnerving, utterly engrossing edge. This latest Hitchcock rerelease is currently the most essential movie in town.—*Roger Greenspun*

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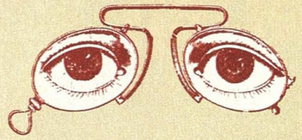


SOUNDS

IN THE AISLES

In these days of megabucks rock, with live performances being merely a promotional arm of the recording conglomerates, it sometimes gets difficult to recall just how much live shows used to mean. Singers and bands didn't always tramp from hockey rink to football stadium and posture like stick figures while pumping out immaculately lifeless renditions of their hits. Performances used to *matter;* they used to be *magic.* Once upon a time, records were souvenirs of great performances, not the other way around.

Elvis: The First Live Recordings (Music Works, distributed by Jem Records, South Plainfield, New Jersey 07080) is a timely reminder of how thrilling live performances used to be when the performer was rock's first great original. Elvis Presley had been making records for the Sun label in Memphis for only a little over a year when he wowed the audience at a live radio broadcast of the Louisiana Hayride show—an engineer recorded him on a primitive, 1955 version of today's direct-to-disk technology for later rebroadcast over the Armed Forces network. Late last year, the original disks were discovered in a mislabeled box of old Louisiana Hayride recordings. Five songs from the disks were recently released on an EP, with the promise of two more EP's to come.

Elvis had only two accompanists—guitarist Scotty Moore and bassist Bill Black—when he appeared on Louisiana Hayride, a show that had previously paid host to Hank Williams. Devotees of Presleyana will recall that when the three of them met and began working together in the Memphis studio of Sun records in mid-1954, Scotty and Bill were professional country-swing musicians and Elvis was an amateur accustomed to singing to his bedroom mirror. But by mid-to-late 1955—the period of *Elvis: The First Live Recordings*—Presley's talent had exploded. His singing was so powerfully rhythmic, his momentum so unstoppable, that he was roaring along at his own speed while Scotty and Bill worked hard just to keep up.

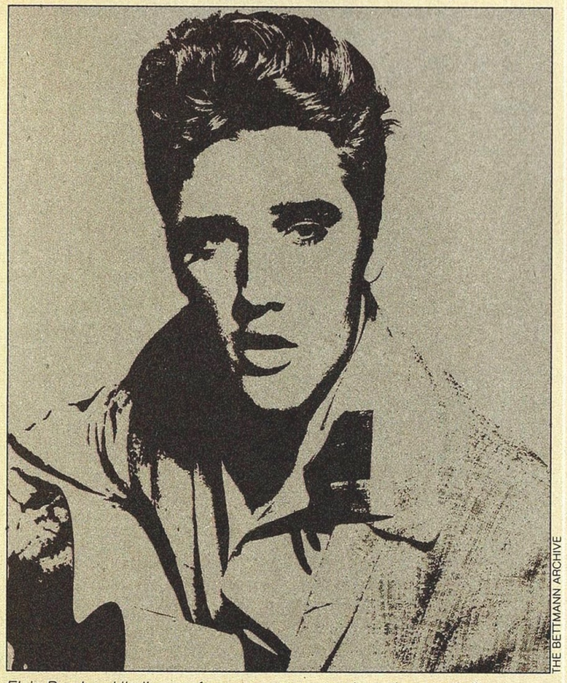
The EP's real revelation is Presley's performance of Chuck Berry's first hit, "Maybellene," a song he doesn't seem to have recorded elsewhere. Its rocking buoyancy shows that Presley understood Berry's rhythmic language perfectly, even at this early stage. The record's final selection is a crazed "Hound Dog" from El's last Louisiana Hayride appearance, a late-1956 date when he had already switched to RCA records and won over a nation on *The Ed Sullivan Show.* The screaming of 10,000 nubile girls inspired a slowed-down, bump-and-grind ending that is pure, raw sex appeal.

Elvis: The First Live Recordings will undoubtedly figure in revised versions of rock-and-roll history. And so will ***Jazz at the Philharmonic,*** a set of ten, budget-priced albums on the Verve label that captures peak concert performances by Charlie Parker, Lester Young, Roy Eldridge, Coleman Hawkins, and other jazz greats. The best of these disks reminds us that back in the late 1940s and early-to-mid 1950s, jazz was a popular music as well as an art form; the best soloists were as concerned with moving an audience as they were with inspiring their fellow players. In fact, jazz concerts—like the Jazz at the Philharmonic events—usually built up to thunderous, rocking, rhythmic peaks as ecstatic as anything in the period's rhythm and blues.

The one absolutely essential album in this series is ***Bird and Pres/Carnegie Hall 1949,*** which includes four extended numbers from a concert in New York City. Tenorman Lester Young had invented most of the riffs and the honking style associated with early rhythm-and-blues and rock-and-roll sax playing ten years before, when he came blowing out of the Midwest with the Count Basie band. At Carnegie Hall in 1949, he left the most fervent rhythm-and-blues grandstanding to Flip Phillips, an upstart tenor contender. But Young and Charlie Parker, the two titans of Kansas City jazz, had grown up playing for the customers at K.C.'s good-time bars and juke joints, and they were able to reach the fans at Carnegie Hall with the beauty and feeling in their playing while leaving fellow players openmouthed.

Duke Ellington is recognized today as one of the greatest of America's composers, but he always subsidized his composing by playing endless strings of dances and shows with his big band. ***All Star Road Band*** (Doctor Jazz, CBS) captures Ellington getting down for the dancers in a small Pennsylvania town in June 1957, and from the first, sparks fly.

The summer before, Ellington had torn up the Newport Jazz Festival with a stomping performance featuring tenorman Paul Gonsalves. Ellington unleashed Gonsalves on the same tune at the dance in Pennsylvania, and the recording preserves another electric moment. The names of Ellington, Charlie Parker, Lester Young, and Elvis are rarely mentioned in the same breath. But back in the fifties, they all understood how to lay 'em in the aisles, without pandering to a lowest common denominator. There's a lesson here for contemporary performers and a lot of inspired music we've had to wait a long time to hear.—*Robert Palmer*



THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Elvis Presley: His live performances on record continue to thrill.

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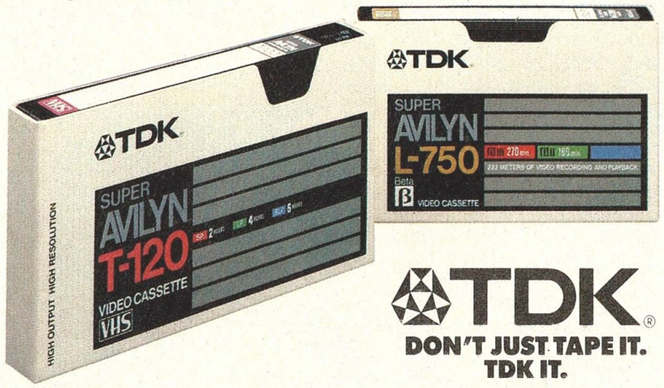

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SUPER AVILYN

WORDS

GUIDED TOURS

If you're such a savvy traveler, how come you're schlepping 15 pounds of travel books on the plane with you? The experienced globe-trotter knows that all you really need is the red *Michelin Guide* to hotels and restaurants and the Benn *Blue Guide* for sightseeing.

It's the little-something-extra books that add the most weight, but who can resist them?

Personally, I'm a sucker for walk books that combine exhausting routes through wild, scenic countryside with gossipy accounts of local legends. The London-based Granada Publishing, Ltd., offers many such foot guides (distributed in this country by Academy Chicago) to remote parts of England, Scotland, and Wales. The thing is to sit yourself in a cozy pub and settle down with something like J.H.N. Mason's ***West Country: Walks and Legends***. There's nothing more relaxing than sampling the local brew while reading about the "unprotected cliff edges" on the walk from Porthgwarra round Gwennap.

Too tame for you? Academy Chicago also publishes such exotica as ***Forbidden Sands***, Richard Trench's account of his exhausting trek across the Sahara to Timbuktu. ("I found the idea of being so close to death a little depressing," the manly explorer confides when Omar's water supply goes dry just outside Taoudenni.) You might also get off on John Hillaby's chronicles of his various worldwide walking expeditions. We were particularly taken with his ***Journey to the Jade Sea,*** a three-month, 1,100-mile stroll across Africa with five natives, six camels, and 12 pairs of sneakers. ("At Wamba," he tells us, "almost everything went wrong.")

With such intrepid adventurers as Hillaby and Trench at our elbow, we blush to mention our personal hero, Stephen Morris. ***The Great Beer Trek*** (Stephen Greene Press) is the inspirational chronicle of how Morris blazed the trail across 45 American states, visiting breweries, sipping suds, and observing local drinking customs. The route (clearly marked for posterity) took 100 days, but with a portable john in the car you could probably do it in less.

Now, you can forge your own route with the help of some of the bolder new guidebooks. Consider, for example, the ***Blue Guide to Malta*** (W. W. Norton), which attempts to lure pilgrims to the treacherous beach at Ghajn Tuffieha ("dangerous undercurrents" and "rough seas" are mentioned, along with the interesting local pottery), and to Manoel Island, once used by the Knights of Malta as a quarantine base for victims of infectious diseases. In the same spirit, ***The Adventurer's Guide to Hidden Hawaii*** (Ulysses Press) beckons you to "challenging" Lanai, where the trail to remote Polihua Beach has a habit of collapsing under vehicular traffic. In a show of real native zeal, *Texas Monthly* has just come out with a new guide, ***The Best of the Old West,*** which directs tenderfeet to the National Bison Range, near Missoula, Montana, where you can get ground to dust in a buffalo stampede.

If it all sounds too, too exhausting, just forget the whole damned trip and take to your bed with some of the more interesting travel literature just out. Ronald Wright will get you through Peru in ***Cut Stones and Crossroads*** (Viking), a lively account of how the spirit of the Inca empire remains in the present-day culture. If he doesn't get your attention with such contemporary sights as "listless young girls in sweat-stained cotton shifts" selling themselves on "streets that smell of rotting mangoes, alcohol, and urine," try him on such historical details as the "lengthy execution" of Tupac Amaru.

Through Iran in Disguise (Academy Chicago) tells of another fabulous trip. Tag along with 23-year-old Sarah Hobson, who wandered solo through remote desert areas disguised as a boy. When she isn't beating off nearsighted homosexuals, the lady gives some very good comment on the country.

After that armchair trip through Iran, better wipe the sweat off your hands and pick up ***Great Resorts of America*** (Holt, Rinehart and Winston) and ***Dream Resorts*** (Potter), two luxurious lap books detailing the past history and current prices of the most fabulous resort hotels, lodges, and spas in the country. From Boca Raton ($1,500 a day for the presidential suite) to the modest lake lodge of The Point ($200 a day for roughing it in a maid's room), each makes a grand monument to a good-cash-flow economy.

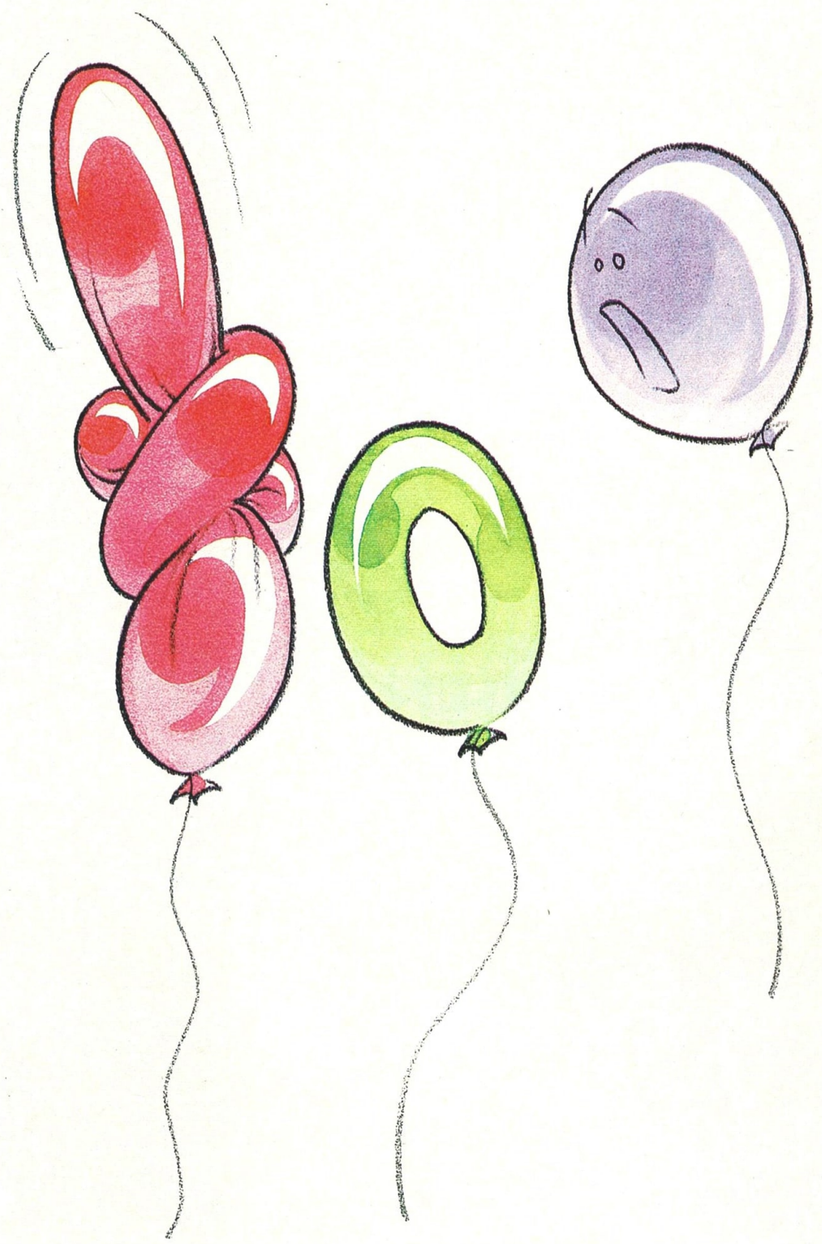
For sheer fantasy, the last word in travel has to be ***Venice Simplon-Orient Express*** (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, London), a pictorial tribute to the most romantic train in the world—and a plug for the reclaimed vestiges of the great train, which today runs between London and Venice. Written by the wife of the man who rescued 30 of the old carriages, this classy book includes case histories of the individual cars, pictorial close-ups of the deluxe appointments, and gossip about the celebrity hanky-panky that went on during the train's fabled heyday. The restored beauty leaves London's Victoria Station this Friday at 11:44 A.M. All aboard!—*Marilyn Stasio*

MITCHELL FUNK

Where to vacation this summer: Exotic travel books take us to off-the-map destinations.

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"Let me put it this way, Mrs. O'Riley...
there are other ways of dealing with premature ejaculation..."

The inside account of how the United States recruited and protected one of the world's most wanted Nazi war criminals.

KLAUS BARBIE WORKED FOR ME

BY ERHARD DABRINGHAUS

It was a Saturday evening—January 29, 1983—and my wife and I were having supper in our Grosse Pointe, Michigan, home. The television set was on in the background. As anchorwoman Jessica Savitch described the predicament of a jailed Bolivian businessman, she suddenly spoke the name of a man who had played an unforgettable role in my past.

I spun around to face the screen, and the shock of recognition jolted me back 35 years. I realized that before me, alive and well, was the infamous Nazi Klaus Barbie—the loathsome "Butcher of Lyons."

The face was unmistakable. The narrow, beady blue eyes gazed calmly into the camera. There, seated in a jail cell in faraway Bolivia, was the stocky figure of one of Hitler's most murderous officers, who, when asked about the atrocities he had committed during the occupation of France, had sworn he would repeat them a thousand times over.

This was indeed the man who, in 1948, had worked for me as a well-paid informant for American counterintelligence. A few days later, in an interview with NBC, I broke the news that Barbie had been on the U.S. government payroll. By the most remarkable of coincidences, even as NBC was interviewing me, Barbie was being spirited out of his jail cell in La Paz, Bolivia, and being sent by plane to French Guiana. There, a French military aircraft was waiting to take him back to France.

This is an account of my working days with Klaus Barbie, of how I came to learn that I was working with a Nazi war criminal.

On February 3, 1948, I applied for a U.S.-civilian job at the headquarters of the 970th Counter Intelligence Corps (CIC) de-

PAINTING BY FRED OTNES

tachment in Frankfurt, Germany. I was well qualified by virtue of my training at military intelligence school and my wartime experience as a POW interrogator. When the administrative officer interviewing me learned that I could speak German and French fluently, he hired me on the spot.

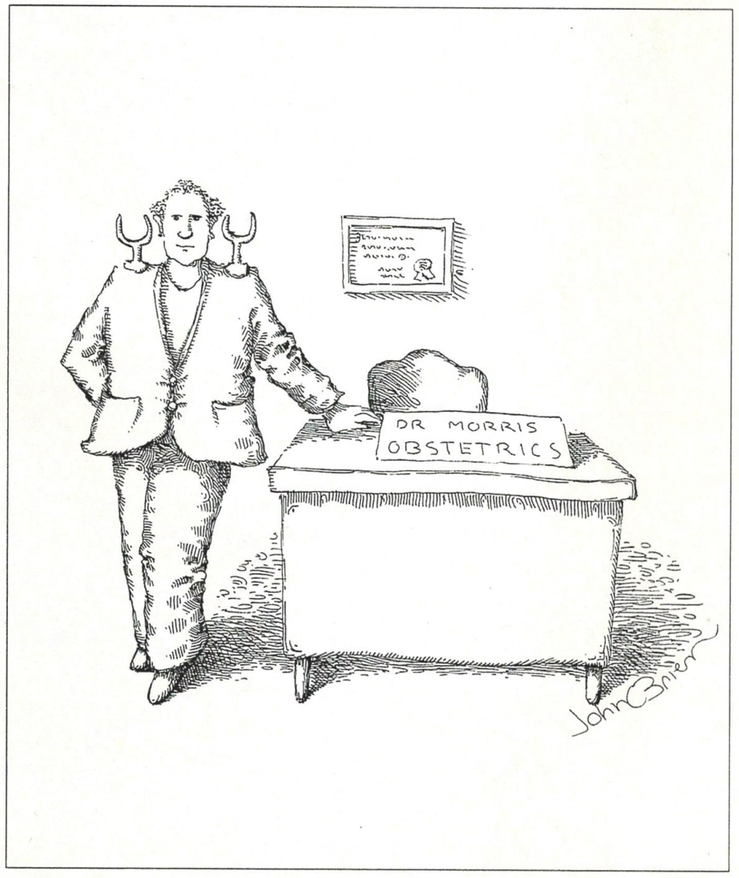
In March, I was assigned to Region IV, which had its headquarters in Munich. The commanding officer was Lieutenant Colonel Ellington Golden. After only a few days in Munich, the colonel assigned me to his subregion in Augsburg, 25 miles northwest of Munich. When I arrived in Augsburg, I was told by the administrator of the subregion, Captain George M. Spiller, that I had been sent there to handle a special assignment. However, during the next several weeks the only thing I did was interrogate a number of suspicious characters picked up by our military police. We were interested in border crossers who had recently been in the Soviet-occupied zone.

Then, at the end of May, Captain Spiller called me into his office and said, very secretively, "Dabby, the assignment for which you were hired is about to begin. You are to take over the direction of a special network of German informants. They have been on the CIC payroll for over a year and have produced some of our outfit's most successful espionage work. I personally do not know what it's all about, but I have orders to send you to the town of Memmingen, where you will report to another CIC subregion for further instructions."

I was sent to Memmingen. Upon my arrival, I was met by an American in civilian clothes who would not introduce himself. He produced a slip of paper on which were written the names Kurt Merk and Klaus Barbie, and the address Schillerstrasse 7 in Kempten. Without providing further instructions or a briefing of any kind, he said, "Drive to Kempten and pick up the people who are waiting for you. Take them to Augsburg, where you will be working with them."

I found the address on Schillerstrasse easily. When I rang the doorbell, a stocky, round-faced man opened the door. I asked if Klaus Barbie lived here, and he immediately replied, "Come on in. I am Klaus Barbie. You must be Mr. Dabringhaus. I've been waiting for you."

It quickly became apparent that Barbie knew more about our CIC operation than I did. At Region IV headquarters, technical specialist Lieutenant Richard K. Lavoie, who was in charge of the overall direction of the network, had not briefed me on these special German informants. He dropped me cold turkey into their laps. The whole situation seemed to me to be very unprofessional. I was given the impression that I was here as a mere errand boy for Barbie and his friends.



I sat down in the front room and continued to talk to Barbie. He claimed he was glad to move to Augsburg—a much larger city than Kempten, where he had grown uneasy and bored. He did not hesitate to tell me that he had been a captain in the SD (Nazi Intelligence), stationed in Lyons, France, from 1942 to 1944. He boasted that he was one of Germany's most successful intelligence agents and that he had penetrated the Maquis, one of the names by which the French underground was known. "I've been doing the same work for the Americans for over a year," he said. "With your help we'll do even better."

As a member of the SD, Barbie had been directly responsible to Himmler's security headquarters, which in the last years of the war was the real center of Nazi power. He should have been arrested by occupation forces immediately after the war, since all SD members were in the automatic-arrest category. But I had not come to arrest Barbie, I had come to work with him. And I assumed that the people at CIC headquarters knew what they were doing.

As Barbie and I talked, another man entered the room. He had approximately the same build as Barbie but his hair was a darker brown. Barbie introduced him to me as Kurt Merk, a former captain in the German Army counterintelligence, *Abwehr*. Because Merk was not SD like Barbie, I felt slightly relieved, although as an intelligence officer he, too, should have been arrested, to undergo detailed interrogation about his work.

I liked Merk better than Barbie right from the beginning. He explained to me that he and Barbie knew each other from having worked together in France. Merk left the room briefly, returning with an attractive young lady whom he introduced as Andrée Simone Rivez. Andrée was tall—nearly a head taller than Merk—attractive, and statuesque. Merk explained that she had been a valuable informant for him during the occupation of France.

I was about ready to say that we should pack up and leave for Augsburg when another man entered the room. He was introduced to me as Professor Emil Augsburg, another member of the Merk-Barbie network of informants. Professor Augsburg, a former colonel in the SS, had at one time been a member of the infamous Wannsee Conference. This conference was instrumental in developing the so-called "final solution" to the "Jewish problem." Dr. Augsburg was later assigned to the East Institute, whose mission was to prepare a similar "final solution" for the Russian population.

"Since Dr. Augsburg really has no experience in intelligence work," I explained to Barbie, "I suggest that he remain here in Kempten." I saw no necessity for him to join us in Augsburg, since the slip of paper I had received in Memmingen had named only Merk and Barbie. The doctor was actually carried on the roster of the Merk-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 133

U.S. Gov't Report

Carlton Box 100's
1 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nic.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Compare to your brand

Box King—lowest of all brands—less than 0.01 mg. tar, 0.002 mg. nic.

Carlton is lowest.

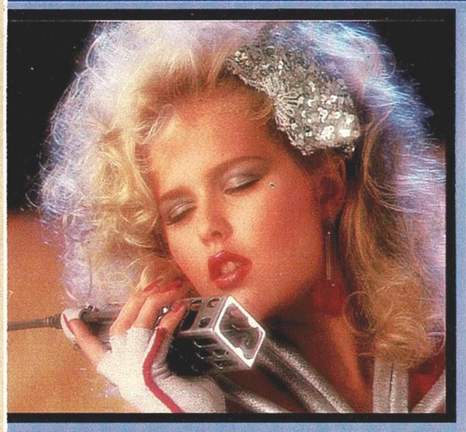
U.S. Gov't Report—no brand lower than Carlton Box King—less than 0.5 mg. tar, 0.05 mg. nic.

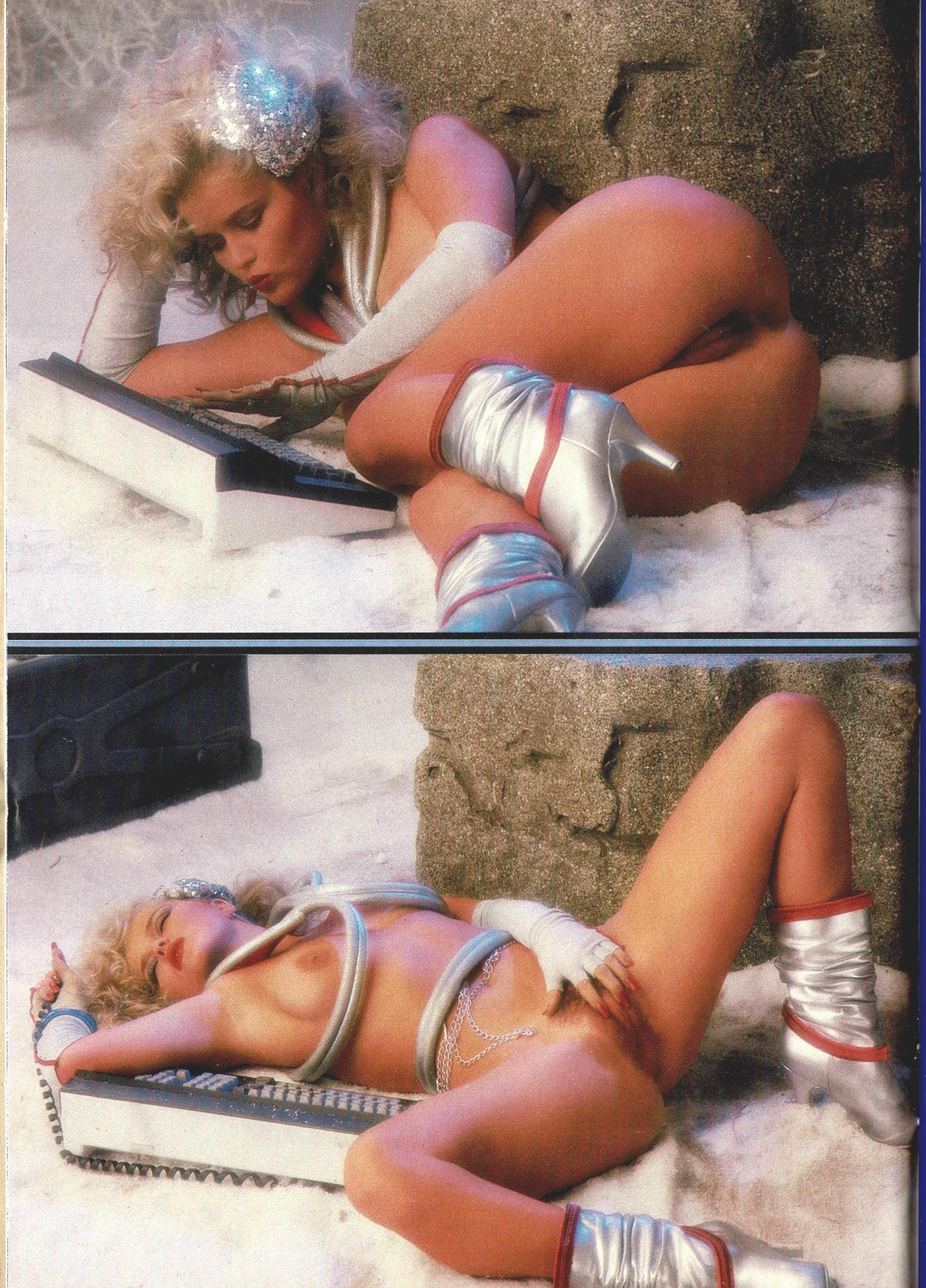
Box: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar", 0.05 mg. nicotine; 100's Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '83.

ORBITS

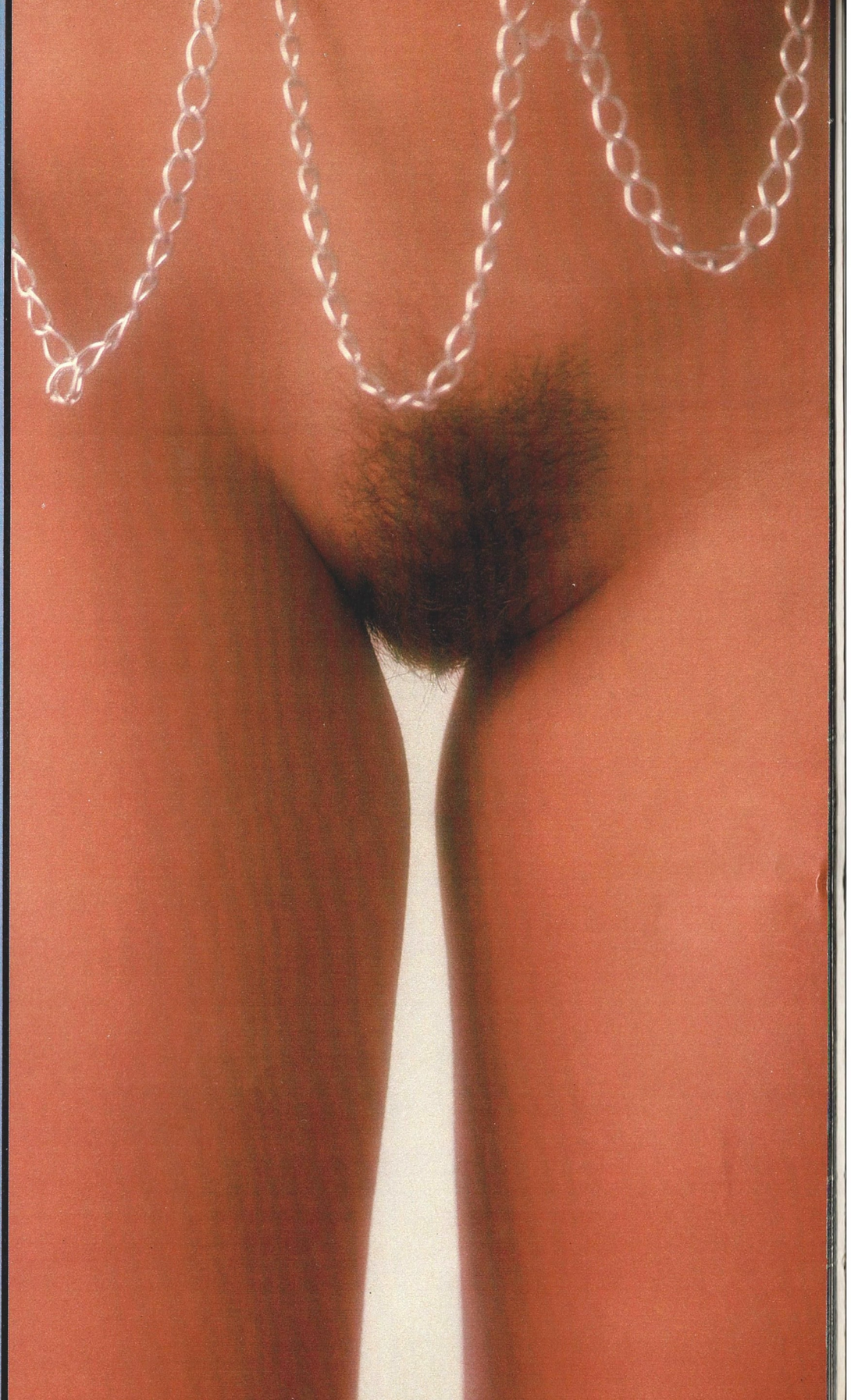
PHOTOGRAPHS BY
J. STEPHEN HICKS

"Heavenly bodies abound," she begins, carefully choosing her words for the anxious ears of ground control. "Saturn has wriggled out of orbit and is heading in my direction. Too late to go for a space walk."



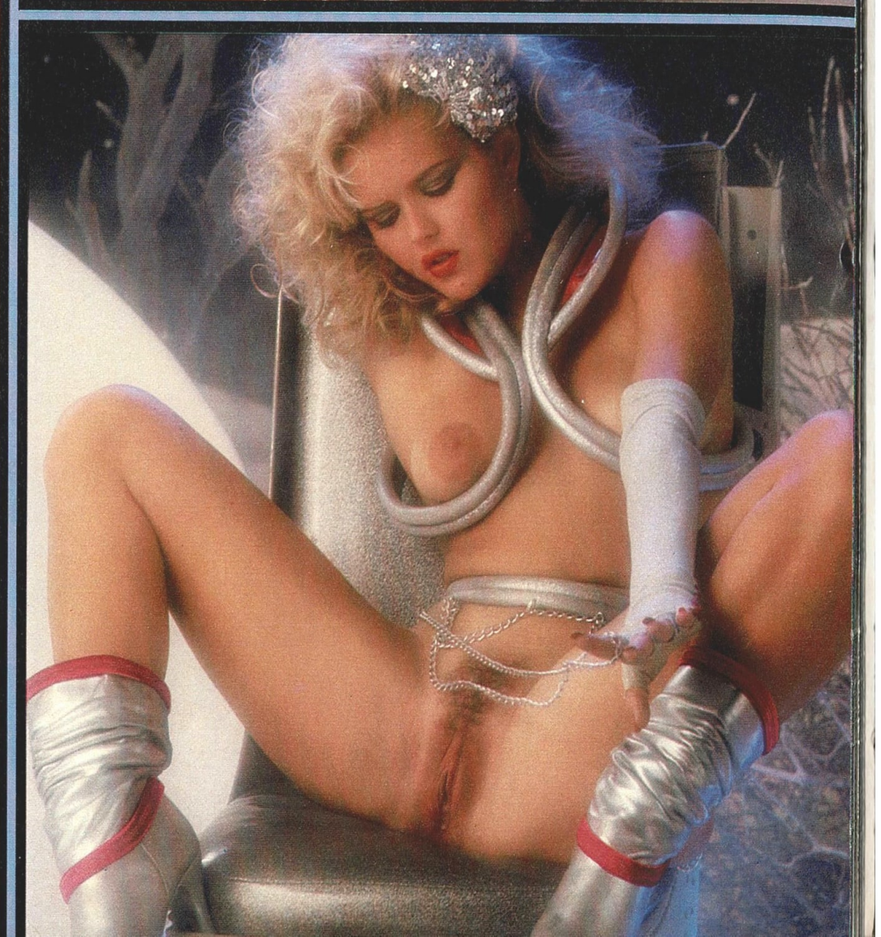


Later, while computing her own body heat, an unearthly excitement overtakes her. Letting her fingers do the walking, she consummates the joy of discovery.

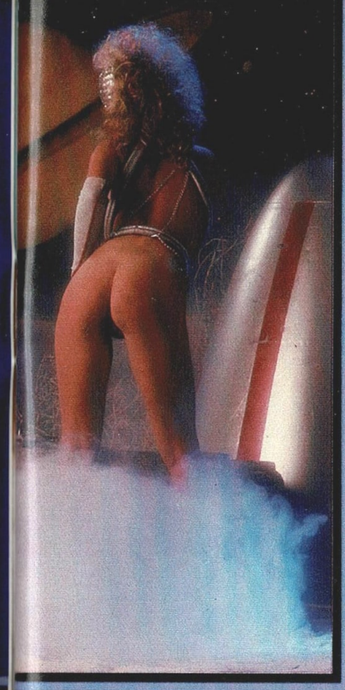


Makeup and hair by Steve Reiley

Dutifully, she reports to Earth: The scientific equations that determine desire are relative; planets –with their mysterious centrifugal attraction– want to orbit me, yet I can generate sufficient internal thrust to orbit alone! Please advise....



Ground control responds breathlessly: "Continue your manual explorations...a verbal report on all digital activity is anxiously awaited!" Following these instructions, she inspects the nubile terrain, wondering if her own heavenly hills and valleys are under earthly surveillance.



Costume designed by Karen Manthey

And now...the saucy inhabitants of Saturn lustfully await their arrival....A truly giant step for womankind on that sensuous world is anticipated as one ethereal ambassador of goodwill shares some of Earth's more heavenly pleasures....

THE FIRST TIME

BY MARJORIE ROSEN

What it's like to lose
your virginity these days, based on the
overwhelming reader response
to last year's *Penthouse* survey.

PAINTING BY WOLFGANG HUTTER

Once upon a time virginity was regarded as a state that should be maintained as long as possible, preserved as a prize to be awarded to the most loving and sincere of bidders. "To rob a person of her virtue is worse than cutting her throat," cries Pamela, in Samuel Richardson's 1739 novel of that name. Although the wording may have varied, the philosophy remained the same for 250 years. For women, especially, the importance of holding onto one's "virtue" was reflected not only in the novels of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, but also in the movies of the first part of this century. In D. W. Griffith's *The Birth of a Nation,* made in 1915, Little Sister hurls herself over a cliff to avoid compromising her honor while the title card says that "we should not grieve that she found sweeter the opal gates of death." Even 35 years later, in a series of screen comedies beginning with *Pillow Talk* and extending to *That Touch of Mink, Lover Come Back,* and *Send Me No Flowers,* bubbly Doris Day battles with the likes of Rock Hudson, Cary Grant, and Rod Taylor in her determination to remain *intacto* for her wedding night.

The situation for men has always been different. Men in our society have been allowed, even encouraged, to lose their virginity, and they've been admired and celebrated by both men and women alike for the sophistication and knowledge their sexual experience has brought them. Way back in 1749, Henry Fielding's Tom Jones was appreciated for his lusty appetites, just as much later Rhett Butler was considered all the more appealing for his intimate relationship with the infamous madam Belle Watling. And don't overlook the more recent character James Bond, whose every seduction is regarded as an amusing testament to his masculine prowess and to his control of the world around him.

Clearly, times have changed. The sexual revolution of the past 15 years has undermined a good many traditional notions about the value of innocence. Today one needn't "rob" anyone of his or her "virtue"; sometimes, in fact, it is discarded as casually as a handbill for yesterday's political candidate. Men and women alike are freer to lose their virginity and to experience sex whenever they want and with whomever they want. Nevertheless, even in the 1980s "losing it" can sometimes be as cataclysmic and traumatic an event as it was in Pamela's day—and not only for Pamela's daughters but also for her sons. The casting off of virginity remains one of the milestone events in one's life. Confusing, exciting, terrifying, it's also emblematic of a passage into adulthood, an act of rebellion, an exploration of physical lust, and a gesture of love.

The continuing symbolic importance of one's virginity is probably the primary reason the *Penthouse* "Losing It in the Eighties" questionnaire [April 1983] received such an overwhelming response. Men and women wrote in from all over the United States, and from as far away as Europe, Asia, and Australia. Of well over 800 questionnaires, almost one out of every three was filled out by a woman. Most female readers were between the ages of 18 and 22, while the men ranged from 18 to 25, with more responses coming from 19- and 20-year-olds of both sexes than from any other age group. Students formed the bulk of the respondents, followed by blue-collar workers, and then professionals.

How does one lose one's virginity in the eighties? Is there a common experience? A common complaint? Here is a typical response from Clifford, a 19-year-old college student from Baton Rouge: "It was at a frat party one night. We were pretty drunk, and I was dancing kind of close with my date, who'd been my study partner and girlfriend for six months. Anyway, we went up to my dorm room and began to kiss, and one thing led to another. We got into some heavy petting, and damn! I was so scared, and so was she. But soon we were too turned-on to turn back." Was the first experience everything that Clifford had expected? "It was so rushed," he wrote. "We were afraid my roommate would walk in at any minute. And so I came immediately." Did his girlfriend have an orgasm as well? "Frankly, I couldn't tell," Clifford responded, then added in parenthesis, "I hope so."

> Will's mother's best friend seduced him when he was 17. "She really made me feel like I was King Stud," he told us.

Julianna, an 18-year-old airline employee from Seattle, recalled her initial excitement when she lost her virginity, at 15, in a tree house, "to my first love, who was also 15." They'd known each other for two years, and she said, "He loved me and I loved him. I wanted to express it totally. Our experience was very loving and close, and it was a positive reinforcement of my sexuality." Nevertheless, the initiation was painful, and one in which, like so many other women, Julianna didn't experience orgasm. (This was a common theme and lament among female respondents.) "Although I'd been masturbating to release since I was 12, I guess I just didn't know how to 'let go' or use my body as I do today," she speculated. "But I liked both of us learning together. My boyfriend was no more or less knowledgeable than me, which was good because I didn't feel dumb or clumsy at all. Besides, he had a sense of humor—so what more could I have asked for?"

Julianna went against the mainstream by choosing a first lover who was her own tender age and as much a novice as she. According to the *Penthouse* survey, most women choose to have sex for the first time with partners who are older—usually their boyfriends—but in some cases partners were just good, close, platonic friends. A striking number of men also chose older women, with many citing friends, acquaintances, best-friend's mothers, boss's wives, and teachers as partners.

Less than 20 percent of the women surveyed concealed from their partners the fact that they were virgins, but almost half of the men concealed it from theirs. This fact supports the traditional notion that in our society men are supposed to know about sex, and that in actuality a man's virginity is not regarded as quite the alluring "prize" that a woman's is.

The majority of people who answered the virginity questionnaire wrote that their first sexual experiences took place either in one partner's house or car or in a motel or dormitory room. One girl uniquely claimed she lost her virginity in the mud, and one fellow singled out an alley behind the St. Regis-Sheraton Hotel in New York as the site of his initiation. Yet another boy became a man on his girlfriend's kitchen table—à la *The Postman Always Rings Twice*! Interestingly, most men and women said that the decision to have sex was a mutual one. An ample 25 percent of the women, however, said that the men had persuaded them out of their virginity and into bed.

A surprisingly large number, of the women 33 percent, wrote that they chose their partners because of feelings of love. Curiosity about sex, rather than any particular feelings for the men involved, accounted for the second major reason women picked their partners. It's striking that comparatively few women based their selections solely on the man's physical attractiveness. In contrast, men mentioned appearance as a critical determinant; 20 percent of them said they lost their virginity to women they loved, while 9.5 percent—the second largest group—replied that they were drawn primarily to their partner's looks. Curiosity, availability, and being in the right place at the right time were important factors for both sexes.

Some women in the *Penthouse* survey chose not to answer the question of whether they had had an orgasm their first time. Half of those who *did* respond, though, admitted that they had *not* had one. In contrast, only 16⅔ percent of the men responded that they had not reached a climax the first time. It's also important to note that when asked whether or not their partner had had an orgasm, *only* 334 out of 560 men answered yes; 162 said no;

CONTINUED ON PAGE 158

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It was a scene straight out of
One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest when some unlikely heirs
scrambled to claim Howard Hughes's vast fortune.

SEND IN THE CLOWNS

BY SUZANNE FINSTAD

By the summer of 1981, Howard Hughes, Jr., had been dead for five years, his body laid to rest in the family plot in Houston. In a courtroom in downtown Houston, not ten minutes away from the cemetery, a probate judge and a jury of six had just carved up and served the estate Hughes's father had created—and which he, Howard Jr., had expanded—to a set of distant relations, most of whose names Hughes would not have recognized had he been alive.

Ironically, the catalyst for this extraordinary legal drama was Hughes himself. By either not executing a valid will, or keeping its whereabouts too secret—or possibly due to foul play, although no real proof of this has surfaced—Howard Hughes opened a Pandora's box of designing or deluded would-be heirs to an enormous, unsettled fortune.

In a well-meaning but ultimately futile attempt to impose order on certain chaos, the judge, the Honorable Pat Gregory, had divided the heirship determination of Howard Hughes into three separate minitrials: The first phase, certainly the most spectacular of the three, began and ended on a sultry Monday in mid-July. The courtroom and adjacent lobby were filled with a gaggle of curiosity-seekers, a small army of media people, and wall-to-wall lawyers. With almost more cameras than people, the event had the aura of a movie premiere. Flashbulbs and camera lights were glaring everywhere. But there was no Jean Harlow, no Jane Russell, not even a Jean Peters—

PAINTING BY KUNIO HAGIO

none of the glamorous stars or starlets who had graced Hughes's arm over the years. Only a rather pathetic pair of ladies were on hand, each of whom claimed to have been married to Hughes in years past, and each with a bizarre tale to support her belief.

Alyce Hovsepian Hughes, a snappy-looking strawberry blonde well into her fifties, dressed in black and wearing a straw bowler, sat in the front row of the courtroom and kept a close eye on the proceedings as Wayne Fisher, a lawyer representing some Hughes cousins, described her claim to the judge. She contended that she had met Hughes at a hospital in Philadelphia, in March 1946. According to Ms. Hughes, he arranged an unusual "screen test" for her, promising to make her either a star or Miss Atlantic City. Part of the test had led to her shoplifting jewelry from Black's Department Store, in Philadelphia, at Hughes's request. He also took her blood sample; and on June 6, 1946, the two of them went through what Alyce thought was a rehearsal for a civil marriage ceremony. Hughes later told her it was real and asked her to take the name Jean Peters. They never lived together, although Hughes had visited her at her family home, in Atlantic City, several times that year, usually bringing oranges, and never identifying himself to Alyce's mother. Alyce saw him only once more, in the fall of 1946, while she was a patient at the Trenton Psychiatric Hospital. During the visit, Hughes raped her, she alleged, in the presence of a man known variously as "Sam the Actor" or "Sam the Jew."

Judge Gregory denied Ms. Hughes's claim.

Fisher next outlined the case of Alma Hughes, who maintained that she had met Hughes in Shreveport, Louisiana, in the summer of 1931, when he was operating a dollar-a-ride airplane concession. She ran into him again at the local Peacock Jewelry Store, where she was selecting an engagement ring with another man. Hughes proposed to her on the spot, but she refused him. "I didn't want to marry someone who'd be flying all the time," she explained. They later met each other regularly at a medical club in Alexandria, Louisiana, and in August 1951 Alma bore his child, Margie, out of wedlock. Hughes denied paternity because Margie had blue eyes. In 1968, Alma moved to Dallas at Hughes's request, where they met in secrecy at the Neiman-Marcus department store. He used the name Conroe and was undergoing hair-transplant surgery. They finally married in 1973 after she agreed to be artificially inseminated by Hughes. (This was the only way he could be certain the child was his.) Hughes arranged the implant while Alma underwent hemorrhoid surgery, and she bore his child at age 64.

Since Alma Hughes was "unable to get counsel," she presented her own case before the judge, apologizing in advance. "I'm not very good at making public speeches." Ms. Hughes, a tiny gray-haired woman clad in a green polyester pantsuit, became very emotional during her speech. She explained that during her pregnancy Hughes kept several mistresses, because "he was rough in bed with a woman." He also had midgets working for him, and lost a foot in a plane crash. His autopsy, which does not reveal a missing foot, was falsified. "Money is one thing. Honor is another," wept Ms. Hughes to Judge Gregory. "One day, all those who falsified things will have to pay for it. God is a just God." Although Judge Gregory was sympathetic to her emotional breakdown, he quickly disposed of Alma Hughes's case. "May I ask what recourse I have?" she queried, and walked out to plan her appeal.

No one turned up claiming to be a brother or sister of Howard Hughes, but a woman called Claire Benedict Hudenberg tried to prove she was his daughter. Ms. Hudenberg, an ordained minister in a cult

> Among the "heirs" was a black man who said he was Howard Hughes III. In reality, Hughes entertained an extreme prejudice against blacks, but this did not disturb the man's fantasy.

church, professed to have been born with supernatural powers. She was both clairvoyant (able to see future events) and clairaudient (able to hear things from the other world "where we'll all go"). She was employed as a "counselor" in a restaurant owned by Paul Anka, and had regressed back 17 lives through hypnosis, she claimed. (In 16 of them she was a king.) That she was Hughes's natural daughter was based on the following evidence:

In 1969, she was working in the Bahamas and living next door to Howard Hughes.

In 1974, she tried to buy a house in Bel Air and found it once belonged to Hughes. Later she saw a picture of Hughes in the newspaper and was "stunned" by their physical resemblance.

A man called Claude Haag told her, in 1979, in Las Vegas, that she looked like Howard Hughes.

A man at the Desert Inn Hotel and Country Club told her she walked just like Howard Hughes.

While Hudenberg was counseling in Las Vegas, a daughter of a former Hughes pilot mentioned that Hughes bore a remarkable resemblance to her.

She had been harassed by 25 men "with great big necks," who had followed her around Las Vegas to get her picture. This must have been because she was Howard Hughes's daughter.

She had found arsenic in her pool and black cyanide on the roof of her house. She attributed these doings to "either the Mormons or Summa [Corporation] people."

Like the claims of the two alleged wives of Hughes before her, Judge Gregory dismissed Hudenberg's claim. As opposing counsel, Fisher put it, "There was not a piece of supporting evidence other than wild speculation." To complete the day in court and prove under the law that Howard Hughes, Jr., died without leaving any parents, wives, children, brothers, or sisters, the lawyers involved introduced a small number of official documents. Chief among them were the death certificates of his parents, Howard, Sr., and Allene Gano Hughes; the marriage and divorce records of Howard, Jr., to and from Ella Rice and the real Jean Peters; and Howard, Jr.'s, birth and death certificates.

The will that started it all—Howard, Sr.'s—was then introduced into evidence. This was done to show that Howard, Sr., provided for no children except Howard, Jr., and no wives except the late Allene. In short, no surprises.

And then it was over. In one morning, attorneys for cousins on both sides of Hughes's family had eliminated the possibility that this estate would go to a brother, sister, wife, or child. They were now ready to go to Phases 2 and 3 of the trial, putting them one step closer to their final objective.

One could not help but wonder how it came to this, how Hughes himself would have felt about where his money was going, and whether this scene from *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* was an accurate reflection of the individuals who fell within this first category of heirs.

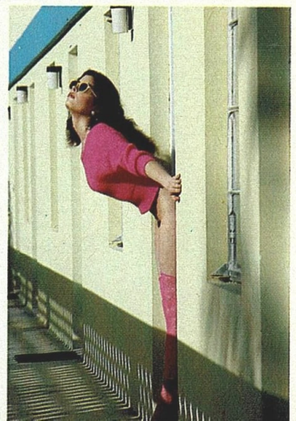
It was clear that Hughes was duly divorced from both Ella Rice and Jean Peters, leaving them with no claim to his estate, either personally or through any offspring. More surprising was the absence of any serious claim to inheritance by an individual coming forward as an illegitimate child of Howard Hughes. Hughes's philandering had certainly created the opportunity, and his wealth supplied the motive.

There have always been rumors about Hughes's sexual prowess, and his history with women is the stuff of legend. Still, there seems never to have been a paternity claim brought against Hughes that was taken seriously. Greg Bautzer, who served as Hughes's personal attorney on a retainer basis from 1947 until his death, would have been the person in the best position to know about any lawsuits of this kind, and he maintains that Hughes never had any children.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 152

"I know I can't be everything to all men, but I'd like to be everything to one man...."

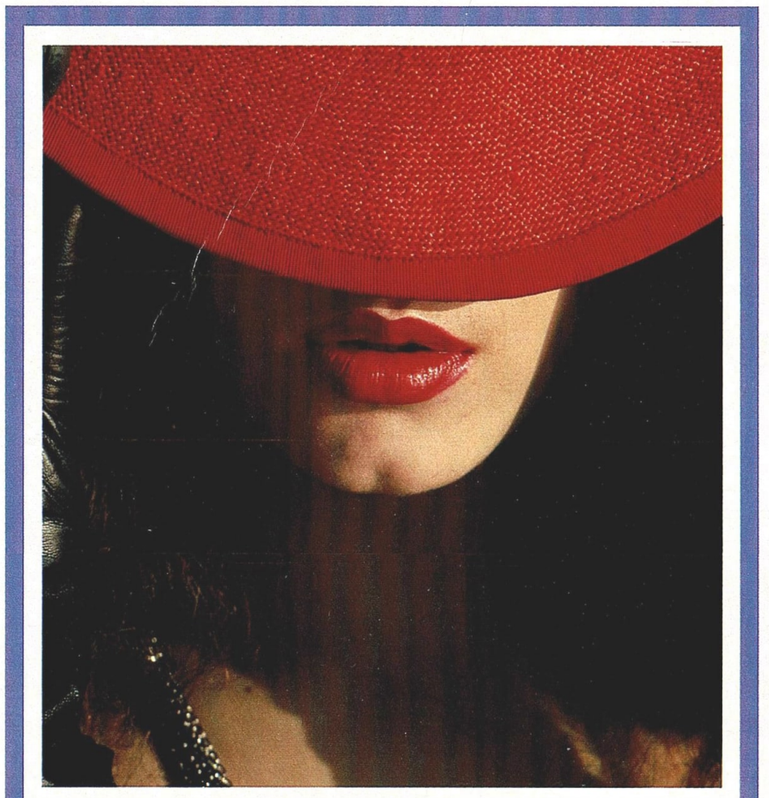
CHRISTIANNA



A PERFECT BALANCE

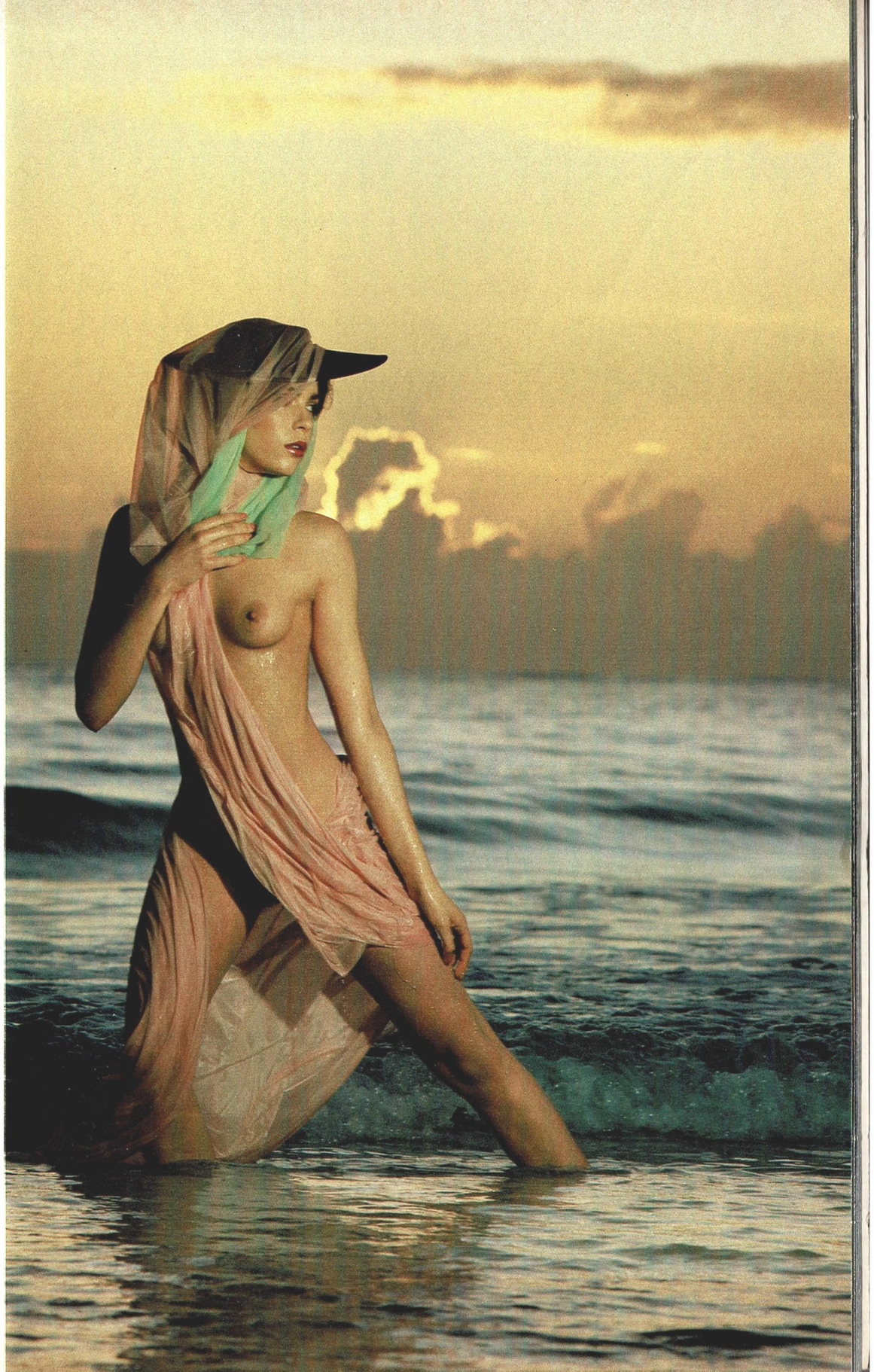
PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANK LONDONER

Like any rare, new species, Canadian-born Christianna can't be easily classified. Though she's an only child, she isn't spoiled; though a stunning beauty, she swears she was once a homely bookworm who didn't date till she was 18. And despite her impressive early success as an actress and model, she'd just as soon write and take photographs.

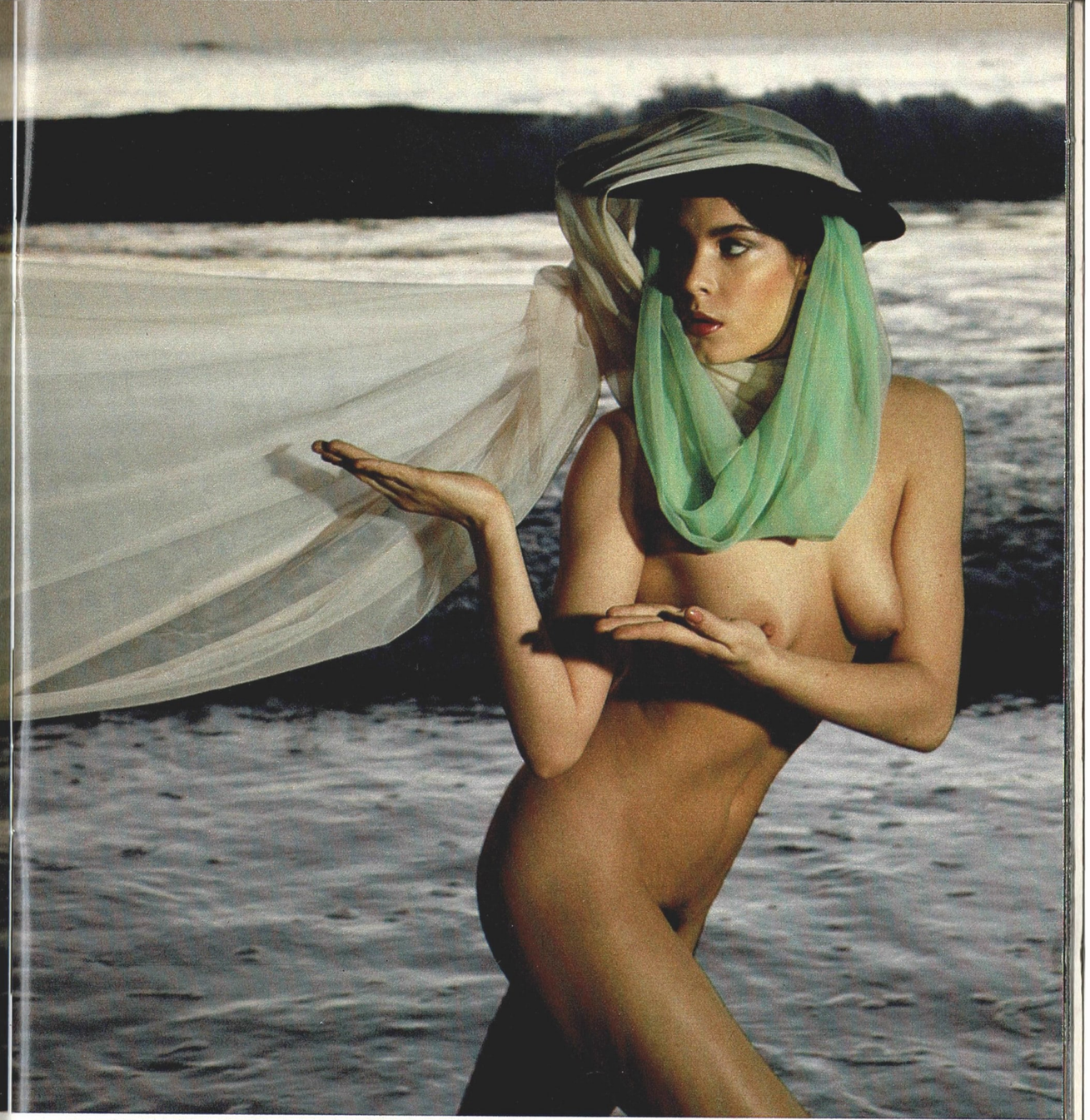


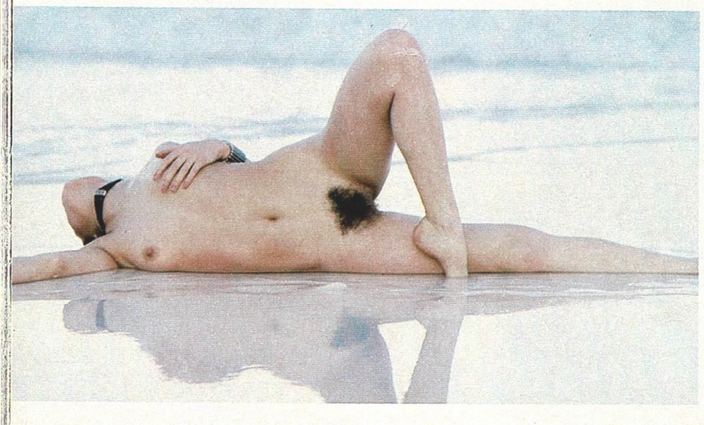
"In a way I've got a split personality. I'm usually levelheaded and cautious, but sometimes I'll be daring and impulsive." Like leaving Minneapolis for Manhattan at 19 with ambitions that exceeded her budget.

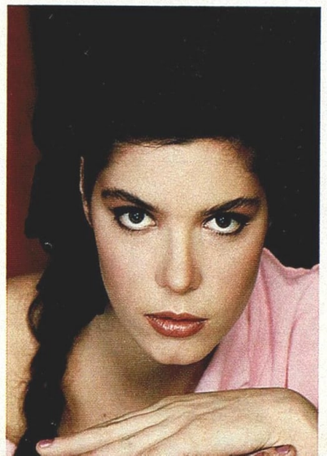
Or outfoxing an armed intruder who broke into her Greenwich Village apartment. "My parents taught me that the only real failure is not to do your best. You'll never catch me making that mistake."



Hair and makeup by Boushelle

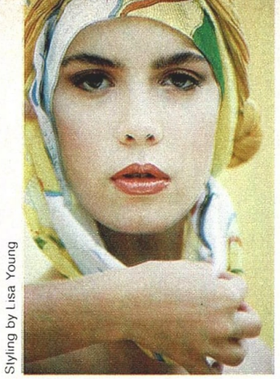






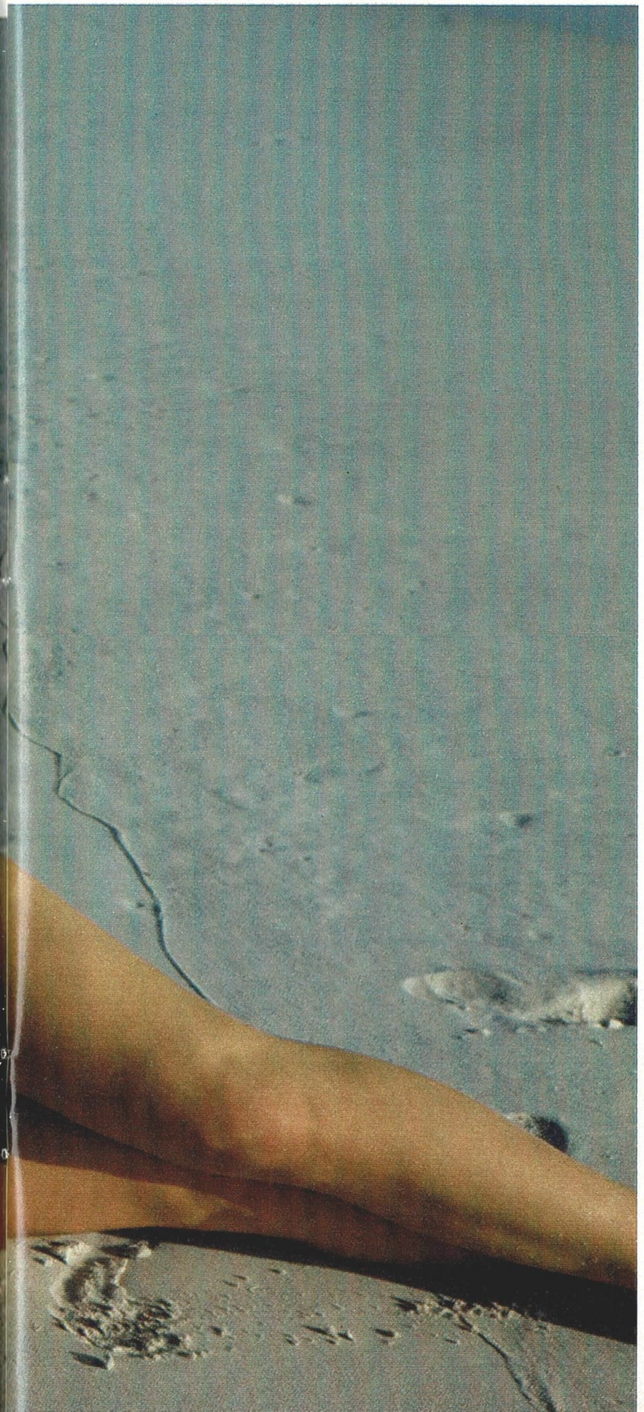
Though she's done ensemble work with Ontario's New Generation Players, appeared in a television soap, and starred Off Broadway in *Victims*, Christianna cannot sit home idly waiting for roles. Currently she fortifies her rather fragile income by waiting on tables and also taking portfolio shots for other young models, charging them a nominal fee.

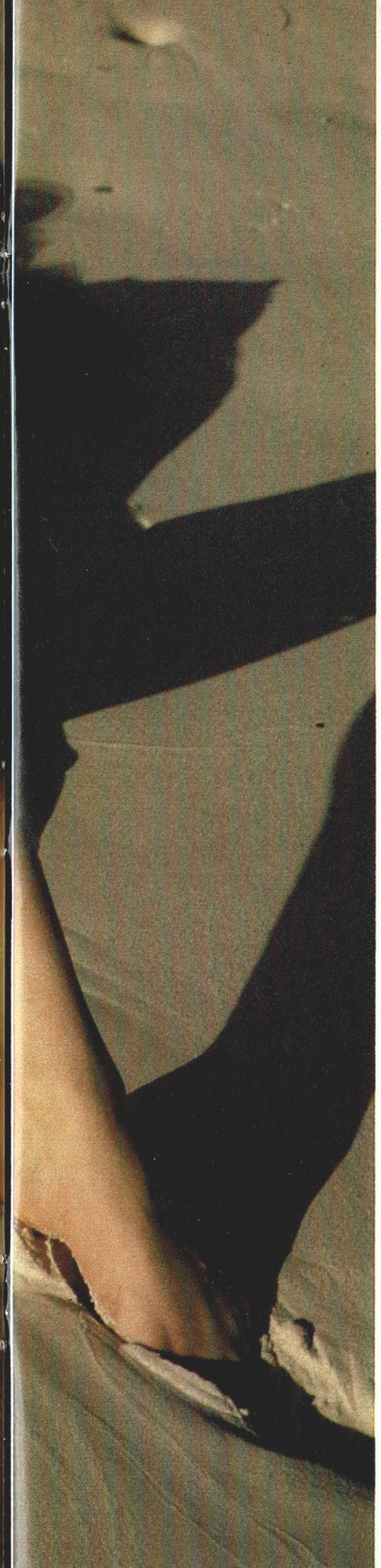
"It's good practice," explains this generous free spirit. As an aspiring photojournalist, however, she finds that her remarkable 35-23-35-inch good looks could easily work against her. "Some people wrongly assume that pretty, sexy girls just can't be smart or talented. But I'm living proof you can be lots of things at once...."



Styling by Lisa Young

"The only real failure is not doing your best. I'll never make that mistake."



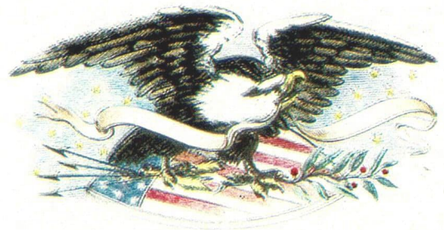


"For example," she says, "my two favorite magazines are *Omni* and *Cosmopolitan*." And even in more physical forms of endeavor, "I hold my own in karate class but later enjoy being submissive in bed."

Not that Christianna submits often. "I've only had two lovers, and both times I fell in love before falling into bed. Unless it's perfect, I'd rather spend my energy trying to become the next Katharine Hepburn or a great photographer like Margaret Bourke-White." Another dream is more personal. "I know I can't be everything to all men, but I'd like to be everything to one man...."

"People assume that pretty, sexy girls can't be talented. I'm living proof to the contrary."

MISS CHRISTIANNA/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

In Flanders fields the poppies blow/Between the crosses, row on row,/That mark our place./If ye break faith with us who die/ We shall not sleep, though poppies grow/In Flanders fields.

These words, written by Dr. John McCrae in 1915, commemorate the ultimate sacrifice of those who died at Ypres. On Memorial Day 1984, or "Decoration Day" as it was once called, the words gain added poignancy. This past year some 300 American men have died while serving their country. Their deaths, in a year of peace, ostensibly, serve as a grim reminder that America's war veterans must carry memories of their fallen comrades as part of the price of their service and survival.

The burden of those memories cannot be shifted. However, in recent years, since the establishment of storefront "Vet Centers," we have learned that the burden can be shared with others who care. From this, it can at least become more personally manageable.

Psychologists have attempted to explore the complex feelings surviving servicemen may have toward fallen comrades. They label it "survivor's guilt." To be sure, there is some truth to the term. The veteran asks: "Why him and not me?" But this obscures the most basic point: Death, especially violent death, leaves on those who observe it emotional scars that never completely heal. It is impossible to forget a comrade who has been taken from you abruptly and violently.

> Violent death, for those
> who observe it, leaves emotional scars
> that never completely heal.
> It is impossible to forget a comrade
> who has been taken
> from you abruptly and violently.

A parallel exists with the national traumas associated with the political assassinations of President John F. Kennedy, Martin Luther King, Jr., and Robert Kennedy. In these cases, the sense of loss, and the sense of what might have been, is devastating. But most of us didn't know the Kennedys or King personally. We continued with our lives, albeit with a sense of sorrow. But the loss of a comrade with whom one has shared hopes, ambitions, and fears is an entirely different matter.

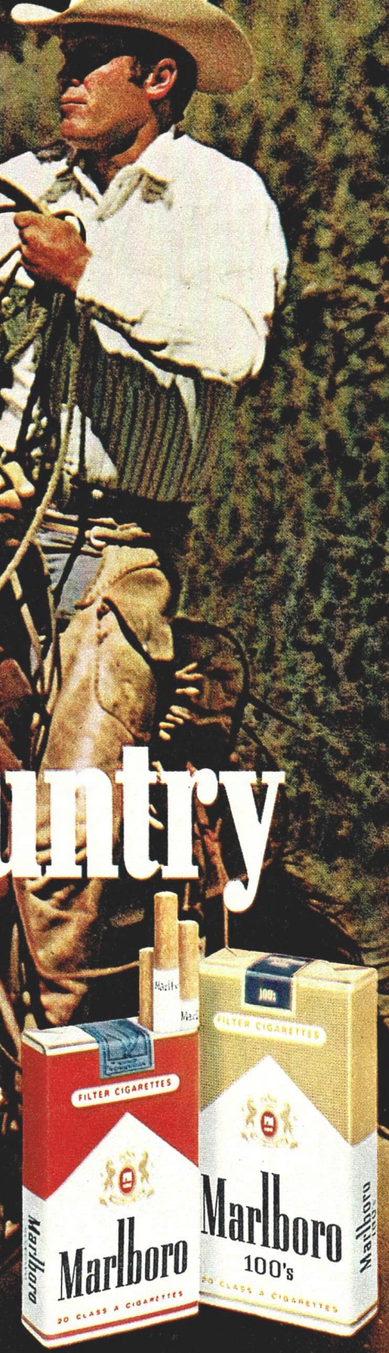
Since its dedication in Washington on Veterans Day 1982, the Vietnam Veterans Memorial has borne eloquent testimony to the remembrance of fallen comrades. Approximately 10,000 people a day visit the memorial. In less than two years, it has achieved the status of a national shrine. In spite of the controversy surrounding it, which continues to this day, the memorial constitutes a phenomenon. People approach the wall, on which the names of the 57,000 dead and missing are listed, with a sense of awe. (All the names are etched in gilt on black marble slabs.) Then follows the tentative searching to find the name with particular meaning and memory to the person making the pilgrimage. Once found, the individual almost invariably reaches out and touches the name with his or her fingers. In this simple act is a kind of communion.

But beyond the memorial's symbolic value and the tribute it provides for individuals, there is more to its impact. Some 57,000 dead and missing have not been forgotten, and more to the point, they are remembered by their comrades, families, and friends as they were before their deaths. Also associated with the individual visits to the memorial are the unplanned reunions which occur there with astonishing frequency. These reunions are almost unbelievable in terms of the emotion they generate. We have observed, on numerous occasions, meetings at the memorial between two or more veterans, who, arriving alone, have found a comrade from their days in Vietnam.

These unplanned meetings are eerie. It's almost as if the dead comrade had summoned them to the memorial as a way of reestablishing the relationships they had had in Vietnam. Volunteers who work at the memorial and who help people find the name of a loved one are convinced that there is something much more powerful and unifying in visiting the memorial than there would be in, say, visiting a cemetery.

We find nothing morbid in the thousands of pilgrims thronging to the Vietnam Veterans Memorial. It is a healthy phenomenon. It signifies a willingness to keep the faith with those who paid the ultimate sacrifice in Vietnam. The memorial involves Americans, and especially Vietnam veterans, in the choices this nation faces in the years ahead, because it forces us to focus on the reality of those who gave the final measure in Vietnam. This is not to say that the memorial is the final answer to the question, "Did they die in vain?" But surely those who perished will not have died in vain if the memorial serves to remind others of their sacrifices and of the price paid in a war that affected all our lives.—*William R. Corson*

Marlboro Country



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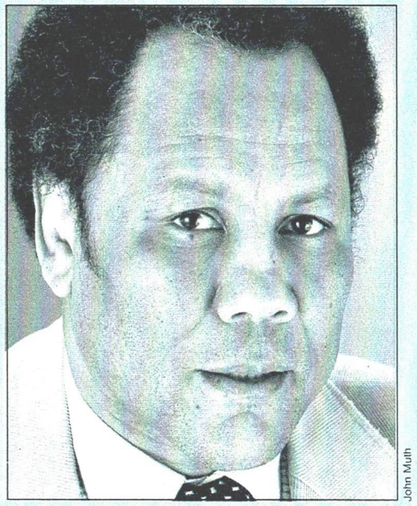

John Muth

BY JOSÉ CHEGÜÍ TORRES

The author, a former world light-heavyweight champion, is New York State athletic commissioner. He is a columnist for *El Diario La Prensa*, the largest-circulation-Spanish-language newspaper in the United States, and from 1972 to 1976 was personal representative of the governor of Puerto Rico in the United States.

PUERTO RICAN POLICE: THE ENEMY WITHIN

When I was an 11-year-old boy in Puerto Rico, policemen were respected figures that no one dared offend. They lived in the neighborhood and were considered part of the family. Juvenile delinquency as well as inhumane crimes against senior citizens, the handicapped, or children were virtually nonexistent. And the police had an irreproachable reputation for honesty, respectability, and integrity.

That era, however, exists no more.

In the 1940s, 1950s, and 1960s Puerto Ricans felt a sense of security that has today turned into fear and distrust of the law enforcers themselves. Criminals roam freely throughout the streets of Puerto Rico—and some of them are cops.

On January 17, 1983, the body of Luis Vigoreaux, an award-winning television producer, was found stuffed into the trunk of his own Mercedes-Benz, which had been set ablaze by his unidentified murderers.

Four days later, newspaper reporter Ivonne Berio—who was investigating rumors that Vigoreaux was killed by a police death squad carrying out a lucrative contract for someone the TV personality had offended—drove to a rendezvous and received documents from a police-department source on government corruption and the Vigoreaux murder case. As she was about to leave, three carloads of unidentified men blocked her way. She was kidnapped and brutally assaulted, and the assailants vanished with the documents.

There is a pervasive feeling in Puerto Rico that Berio, like Vigoreaux, was also a victim of the police. Many believe it was a signal to civilians and investigators alike that the police of Puerto Rico had become "the enemy within"—so defiant in their power that some brazenly wear their uniforms while engaged in crime.

In the last eight years, police abuse, incompetency, and corruption have become so rampant on the island that many see the police force as a criminal institution that engages in shootings, kidnappings, murders, drug deals, extortions, and robberies—and some have charged that the attitude of Governor Carlos Romero Barceló (who owes his 1980 election victory to the overwhelming support he got from the 10,000-member department) contributes to this perception.

These collective concerns were brought into the open by the infamous Cerro Maravilla case. On July 25, 1978, two young proponents of independence for Puerto Rico, Carlos Soto Arriví, 18, and Arnaldo Darío Rosado, 24, were shot to death in a police ambush on Cerro Maravilla, a mountaintop outside Ponce. The police reported that the two youngsters, who were in the company of an undercover agent when killed, had gone there to blow up a communications tower and had perished in a wild shoot-out with the police. Governor Romero Barceló, an advocate of statehood for Puerto Rico, called this incident "an act of police heroism."

This case survived various judicial investigations, including two by the United States government. Then last summer, the Senate of Puerto Rico bought television airtime and conducted a dramatic probe into the killings of Arriví and Rosado, which became the most watched TV program in the island's history.

During the course of these inquiries, which Governor Romero Barceló insisted were "a partisan political circus," a startled audience learned that some of the policemen involved in the Cerro Maravilla ambush, some of whom were decorated members of the force, had lied to the grand jury as well as in depositions, had intimidated witnesses, and had destroyed or altered evidence to cover up the facts in the case.

Another police outrage occurred early in 1980 when Jesus Villanueva, his wife, Alfonsina, and their five children received a court order to evacuate their home, an old wooden shack they'd lived in for many years.

"Under no circumstances!" screamed Alfonsina, flashing a machete at the marshals. The cops were called. They arrived bearing shotguns. An argument broke out: Tear gas was fired, then shots. As the smoke cleared, the five screaming children tried in vain to get a response from their mother, who lay mortally wounded in their front yard—their father lay next to her, bleeding profusely. The police claimed self-defense. But an eyewitness reported:

"As the ambulance took the family away with the five children clinched to their dead mother, a bulldozer came from nowhere and wiped out the house. The cops, meanwhile, joked nearby." No one was convicted in the case.

Later that same year, Griselle González Ortiz, 19, known as "Jessica," a material witness in a murder case, was assassinated while under police protective custody. Ortiz, who was pregnant, lived for several months at police headquarters in Hato Rey, a few miles from San Juan. On the first day she was allowed to visit her relatives, her body was found riddled with bullets and brutally stabbed. The island's Bureau of Special Investigations initiated a prompt investigation, suspecting police complicity. Encountering resistance from undiscovered quarters, the BSI appealed to the FBI in order to use its resources and to obtain the services of a grand jury, a judicial instrument that does not normally exist under Puerto Rican law. (The grand jury in the Maravilla ambush was also specially convened.)

Weeks after the start of the joint BSI-FBI inquiry, which had expanded far beyond the "Jessica" slaying, a police colonel started a defense fund that, according to Angel David González, president of the Puerto Rican Police Association, would provide legal aid "for the more than 150 officers who will be charged in the corruption investigation." This investigation is still under way.

In March 1983, José Alberto Fuentes Miranda, a 27-year-old convict, confessed that members of a gang he belonged to included police officers who specialized in robbing merchandise from the Puerto Rico Maritime Shipping Authority. Fuentes Miranda told investigators that eight gang members who were policemen visited him in jail with the promise he would be set free if he would only sign a new sworn statement, different from the original one. Fuentes Miranda refused and instead told probers even more about police corruption and their participation in organized crime. He was immediately put under police custody.

On the basis of these disclosures, Lieutenant Julio Cesar Andrades and three retired cops were arrested and tried for various crimes, including the theft of a truck packed with jeans and the hijacking of a huge load of Oil of Olay cosmetics worth more than $400,000.

The ramifications of these incidents are still felt in Puerto Rico. Miguel Hernandez Agosto, Puerto Rico's Senate president, charged, in a recent statement, that for five years, Governor Carlos Romero Barceló used every power he had, including the government machinery, to prevent the emergence of the truth in the Cerro Maravilla case.

"Now the people of Puerto Rico have the right to know who planned the ambush of the two dead young men, and the subsequent cover-up of the facts.

"And," he asserted, "we must look into the possibility that the governor himself may have participated to some degree in the cover-up."

Longer than the list of indictments and convictions of criminal cops is the list of unsolved crimes in which police participation is suspected. These include, among others, the murders of four diamond dealers, the slaying of the TV producer, the "Jessica" case, and the theft of a $1.4-million gold shipment, which disappeared from an Iberia Air Lines plane making a routine stopover at Puerto Rico's international airport in a flight from Madrid to Bogotá, Colombia.

It's clearly time to clean house in Puerto Rico. Reform is desperately needed if the deadly absurdity of a criminally infested police department is to be eliminated. Police officers' salaries should be increased: They are now among the lowest-paid civil servants under the American flag. However, the most sweeping changes could be made when the governor tries for a third term next November 6 by those the police now deem powerless: the people of Puerto Rico.

For the last seven years, I've observed an administration marked by cynicism, arrogance, and, very often, a wanton disregard for the people of this island. Governor Romero Barceló's unrelenting defense of murderous cops as "heroes," his sarcastic stonewalling during the Senate hearings, his uncooperative posture in the FBI investigation, and his refusal to call for an end to police barbarism have all contributed to the malevolent attitude in Puerto Rico.

If the administration cannot change this policy, then perhaps it's time for the people to change the administration.

> "It's time to clean house in Puerto Rico. The deadly absurdity of a criminally infested police department must be eliminated."

PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER McBRIDE/RETNA

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

"I've worked very hard
my entire life to maintain a good reputation,
and in just a few minutes it
was destroyed. . . . I went from being Mr.
Clean to being a hood."

WAYNE NEWTON

If you're intrigued by singular careers, consider Wayne Newton's: During his more than 35 years in show business, Newton has had just two major hit records—"Danke Schoen" and "Red Roses for a Blue Lady"—has rarely appeared on television, and has never starred in a movie, yet he's somehow managed to become the nation's No. 1 nightclub attraction. If you doubt that for a moment, you've never seen Newton work. In Las Vegas he's billed as "The Midnight Idol," and for nine months a year, seven nights a week, two shows per night, there's never an empty seat at one of his performances. For more than a decade, it's been sold-out performances for Newton to sing before Las Vegas audiences that are standing room only, and the same is true whenever he turns up in cities as diverse as Des Moines and New York. And let's not forget Washington, D.C. Last year, when Newton worked the capital's annual Fourth of July concert, his appearance at the Washington mall stirred up a storm of controversy that, among other items, briefly rekindled interest in the Beach Boys and also helped drive former Secretary of the Interior James Watt out of office. The Fourth of July furor wasn't Newton's first encounter with controversy. Four years ago, when he became part owner of the Aladdin Hotel in Las Vegas, NBC alleged that the singer was linked to organized-crime figures. Newton's response was to file a lawsuit charging NBC with libel. The case is still in litigation.

Newton is probably the highest-paid cabaret performer in history—he earns more than $1 million a month in Las Vegas alone—and it's due primarily to his ability to pack audiences in night after night, year after year. He's also perhaps the hardest-working performer around today. While most stars are content to present shows that run 60 to 90 minutes, Newton's performances last for at least two hours and sometimes stretch to three. Unlike most of his colleagues, Newton never does the same show twice. Currently, he opens with "C.C. Rider" and usually ends with "MacArthur Park"—and everything in between is up for grabs. The

six-foot-three-inch singer's repertoire includes more than 1,000 songs, and in the course of an evening he's liable to range anywhere from "Only You" to "Oh Lonesome Me." Newton's eclectic musical tastes seem to include equal measures of country, folk, and rock music, but his favorites tend to be ballads, such as "My Way," "Georgia on My Mind," and "The Impossible Dream." He also plays 11 different instruments, and he can fiddle with the best of them when it comes to a number like "Orange Blossom Special." Additionally, Newton tells jokes, sings songs requested by the audience, kisses the ladies, shakes hands with the guys—in short, he's a complete entertainer. Given his experience, that shouldn't come as a surprise, for Newton's been singing professionally almost all his life.

Born in Norfolk, Virginia, on April 3, 1942, Carson Wayne Newton is the son of a half-Irish, half-Powhatan father and a German-Cherokee mother. Newton learned to play guitar when he was four, and a year later he landed his first job singing at an AFL-CIO Christmas party. At the age of six, he and his older brother, Jerry (who accompanied him on guitar), were appearing regularly on a local radio show when Wayne came down with a serious case of bronchial asthma. Newton responded to penicillin treatments, but after three years he became immune to the drug. For the sake of Wayne's health, the family moved to the dry climes of Phoenix, Arizona, when he was ten. Soon after arriving there, Wayne and Jerry appeared on a local television show and then began one of their own, for which the boys were paid $90 apiece. The show lasted four years, after which Wayne and Jerry auditioned for a job at Las Vegas's Frontier Hotel and Casino. The Newton Brothers, as they were known, were given a two-week contract, at which point Wayne became a 16-year-old high-school dropout. He never looked back. The Newtons continued to play the Frontier Lounge 40 weeks a year for the next five years. In 1963, Wayne appeared on *The Jackie Gleason Show* and then recorded the song "Danke Schoen"—and the rest, as they say, is history.

To interview the 42-year-old singer, *Penthouse* sent writer Lawrence Linderman to meet with Newton during one of his rare national tours. Linderman reports: "I caught up with Wayne Newton at Atlantic City's Resorts International Casino Hotel, where he usually appears a couple of times each year. Before we were introduced, I watched Newton run through a sound check with his orchestra in the hotel's Superstar Theatre. Newton's voice is unique: It's very strong and husky, yet he can easily span three octaves—and that's before Newton turns on the afterburners and adds another half octave with falsetto. His larynx is probably the size of an elephant's.

"In any case, when we got together backstage, Newton was surprisingly candid and amiable. He has reason to be neither: Because of constant threats on his life, Newton travels with a team of bodyguards that is headed up by his chief aide, Mike 'Bear' Forch. Bear is to Mr. T (a former bodyguard to boxing champ Leon Spinks) what Merlin Olsen is to Howard Cosell. You do not mess with Bear. Nor do you attempt to mess with his employer, for karate is one of Wayne Newton's major passions.

"Within minutes of our meeting Newton was ready to get down to cases. Newton's controversial July Fourth Washington concert was still provoking inquiries wherever he appeared, and it provided the opening question for our conversation."

Penthouse: Mention your name to most people and they still bring up the July Fourth concert you gave last year in Washington, D.C. When former secretary of the interior James Watt announced you'd been hired instead of the Beach Boys—because rock music "attracts the wrong element"—it seemed pretty clear that you agreed with him. Was that the case?

Newton: Of course not. No question in my mind that it was an offensive remark by James Watt, and he shouldn't have said it. Watt, incidentally, never mentioned the Beach Boys by name, but still, there was no need to pit me against rock music. Hell, I've been singing rock ever since the first time I heard Elvis Presley.

Penthouse: If you felt that way, why didn't you speak out about it at the time?

Newton: I just didn't want to add fuel to the fire. In my own mind, I was taking the high road, and that's why I didn't do any interviews about the concert. But by not doing any, in a lot of people's eyes, I somehow became James Watt, and his critics decided they were going to get us both in one shot, sort of like killing two birds with one stone. Overall, that concert and everything surrounding it turned out to be one of the worst and, at the same time, one of the best experiences of my life.

Penthouse: Care to tell us how you got roped into it?

Newton: What happened is simply this: Last February, the Washington Parks Commission—not James Watt—asked me to do the July Fourth concert, and I accepted. Sometime after that, they told Watt, "Look, we know you wanted a change of policy from rock groups, so here's who we've picked to do this year's concert on the mall." Well, around April 7 or so Watt made his statement about rock groups attracting "the wrong element," and all of a sudden there was hell to pay. Overnight it was me versus the Beach Boys and rock music. Now I don't really think of the Beach Boys as a rock group, but besides that, the Beach Boys happen to be friends of mine.

Penthouse: How quickly did you realize that you'd inadvertently become a stand-in for James Watt?

Newton: *Very* quickly. A couple of days after his statement, I got a call from Nancy Reagan—I've known the president and the first lady for many years. She told me, "Wayne, I really apologize for this whole Beach Boys thing. I'm embarrassed and the president's embarrassed, and we don't want you to feel we did this to you intentionally." I told her not to worry about me—and she laughed and said, "Well, other than that, Mrs. Lincoln, how did you like the play?" I really *wasn't* worried about the concert until three weeks later, when Frank Fahrenkopf, my attorney, called me from Washington. Frank said, "You've got a real problem with the July Fourth show. A radio station here has been running a campaign to get people to boycott your concert, and some people in Washington are actually making effigies of you and burning them. People who hate James Watt now hate *you*! I'm not kidding, Wayne—you better do something about this."

Penthouse: *Did* you do something about it?

Newton: No, because it was a political football game, and I didn't want to play. So I still refused to comment on it, but when I appeared at the Circle Star Theatre near San Francisco I called Mike Love up onstage with me. Nobody knew who he was, so I said, "This is Mike Love of the Beach Boys, and we both want you to know that we're friends." Other than that, I just assumed that all the talk would die down. Boy, was *I* wrong!

Penthouse: Didn't the Beach Boys themselves keep the controversy going?

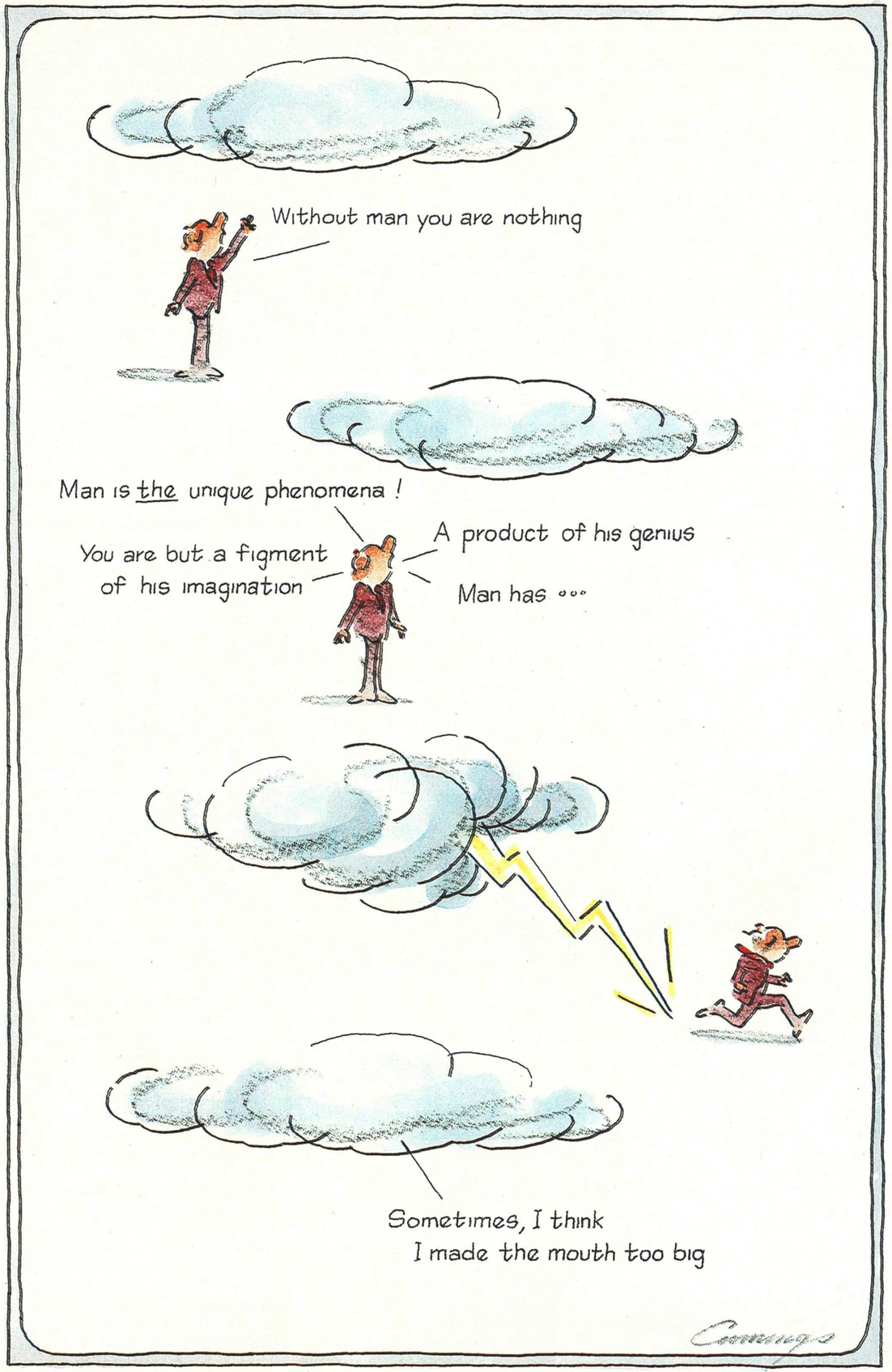
Newton: Yeah, they did every interview they could about it—*People* magazine, TV newscasts, they did it all. But I didn't get upset about them until they were invited to appear at the White House—now *that* pissed me off! I thought, "Here I am, being quiet, and taking the brunt of all this shit, and the Beach Boys are playing the *White House*? I thought the president and the first lady were my friends."

Penthouse: Why did the Reagans invite the Beach Boys to the White House?

Newton: *They* didn't. All the Reagans had done was offer use of the White House to the Kennedys for a celebration honoring the Special Olympics kids. Sargent Shriver or Teddy Kennedy—nobody knows which one—then decided to invite the Beach Boys as a slap at the Reagans. The Reagans didn't know the Beach Boys would be entertaining until four days before the event. They'd simply said, "Here's the White House, use it for a day, and we'll be in attendance," which was a nice thing for them to do. And then the Kennedys decided to shove it up their ass.

Penthouse: How sure are you about that?

Newton: I'm 100 percent sure of it, because I heard about it first from my lawyer and then from President Reagan himself. Just after the announcement about the Beach Boys was made, the president called me and asked me to come see him



the next time I was in Washington, which I did. We met in the Oval Office, and the president told me the story. He said, "I don't know how your concert's turned into this, Wayne. You've been middled, and we've been middled—and poor Watt, he can take his own lumps, but he certainly doesn't deserve this. I want you to know you have my backing, and if there's anything I can do, name it." I told him the visit was enough, and later that day I finally did some interviews about the concert. I met with reporters from UPI, AP, and a few newspapers, and all of them were just clawing at me to put Watt down. But I wouldn't do it. I said, "As long as we're being fair, I don't need to be a spokesman for James Watt or for the Beach Boys. The Beach Boys have done two July Fourth concerts in Washington, and if the Parks Commission wanted them to appear again, I figure somebody would have called them." Well, the press took off on me, and I started feeling there was nowhere for me to turn. I got back to Washington three days before the concert, and everywhere I went people came up and asked, "Aren't you worried about appearing here when nobody wants you?"

Penthouse: Were you worried?

Newton: Damned right I was. The press was predicting the worst July Fourth show in Washington's history, and they also predicted that there'd be riots at the concert. And then, on the day of the show, it hit me like a ton of bricks: The president and first lady were in California. It was called, "You're on your own, kid." I suddenly realized that my entire career could be on the line, because if that show was a bomb, I would have been the laughingstock of the whole fucking country.

Penthouse: Since you're not, we take it the concert went well?

Newton: Let me tell you *exactly* how it went. At about three o'clock on the afternoon of July Fourth, a thunderstorm hit Washington, and I mean it was a downpour that lasted for more than an hour. I hadn't slept in two days, and at about six o'clock I turned on the TV—the concert was supposed to start at 7:30—and there's an announcer saying, "I'm standing at the Washington mall, and, historically, when the Beach Boys and other rock acts have played here on July Fourth, we'd probably be looking at 125,000 people by now. From what anybody can tell, there are fewer than 15,000 people here waiting to see Wayne Newton." I looked at Elaine, my wife, and tears started to come down her face. I just said a silent prayer, got dressed, and then we drove over to the mall. When I got there it was about 6:45, and between the time I'd seen that TV newscaster and the time I got there, 200,000 people had shown up. I had a lump in my throat like you can't believe. I think the record for the mall, which was held by the Beach Boys, was approximately 210,000 people. We ended up with a crowd of more than 325,000 people.

Penthouse: The concert itself went well?

Newton: When I finally got to sing, yes. But just as I was about to go on at 7:30, another rainstorm started, and it lasted for more than an hour. Nobody left, though, and I finally went on at about 8:45. When I walked out onstage, there was only one detractor in the crowd, and he was holding up a sign that said WE ARE THE WRONG ELEMENT. That was the only demonstration of any kind, and the sign went down after the first song. I ended the show with the American trilogy—"Dixie," "Battle Hymn of The Republic," and "America"—and when I got into "America," the crowd, without being asked to, started to sing along. Just then it began raining again, and the harder it rained, the louder they sang. I had to quit singing; I just got too choked up. If all the adversity hadn't taken place I'm sure it wouldn't have been as meaningful, but all I can tell you is that it was a moment in my life I'll never forget. And the next day, the press did a complete about-face. The Washington *Post,* which really had been

> I can't tell you the kind of rejection I went through at the hands of the entertainment industry. I had Michael Jackson's voice—but back then, all it brought me was attacks of vitriolic humor.

laying into me, ran an editorial that said, in effect, that "Wayne Newton came here facing a great deal of adversity, caused mainly by the media, and he broke all records for the mall, and handled the adversity like the gentleman that he is."

Penthouse: You're hardly a stranger to media adversity. In 1980, when you bought into the Aladdin Hotel, in Las Vegas, the NBC television network reported that you were heavily involved with organized-crime figures. We're not trying to play prosecutor here but was there any truth to that allegation?

Newton: Absolutely not. NBC said I got financing for the Aladdin from the Mafia. That was the impression they gave, and for all practical purposes, that's what they said. And that's why I'm suing NBC for libel. When the case comes to trial—and we *are* going to trial, probably some time this year—we can prove malice, defamation of character, and real damages, perhaps to the tune of $7 or $8 million.

Penthouse: Why do you think these statements were made by NBC?

Newton: Because at that point NBC was renegotiating Johnny Carson's contract and was trying to romance him into signing again—and Carson had tried to buy the Aladdin himself, but he obviously didn't get it.

Penthouse: Why not? Did you outbid him?

Newton: No, I'd only made a backup offer, which meant that if Carson's deal didn't work out I'd be next in line. As it turned out, Carson and his partners were so cocky that after they cut a deal with the hotel's owners they kept changing it, to the point where they left those people with no dignity. The Aladdin's former stockholders finally said, "Look, if we're going to give the hotel away, we're not going to give it to *you,* Carson." That's how I wound up getting involved in ownership of the Aladdin: The former owners sought me out. I wasn't standing in the wings talking them into throwing Johnny Carson out.

Penthouse: And you believe NBC then came down on you to placate Carson?

Newton: Yes, and I'm not trying to skirt your question, but for legal reasons I have to be careful about how I answer you, because the case is still going on.

Penthouse: Be as careful as you need to be, Wayne, but we'd really appreciate an answer.

Newton: Okay, here's what happened: After the Aladdin's owners threw out Carson's bid in May 1980 and accepted mine, I had to be licensed as a casino owner by the Nevada Gaming Commission, which is standard operating procedure. My license hearing came up on September 26, 1980, in Carson City, and what happens at a Gaming Commission license hearing is that every aspect of a casino sale is made public, and even the Internal Revenue Service shows up. There were a lot of TV cameras in the room that morning, and when we broke for lunch, a local newscaster from Las Vegas came up to me and said, "Do you have a problem with NBC? An NBC-network reporter named Brian Ross is here to do a hatchet job on you."

Penthouse: Did you think you had a problem with NBC?

Newton: I had no idea what the guy was talking about, but when I went back to the hearing room after lunch, I noticed that there wasn't a moment when the NBC cameras weren't running. They filmed everything that was said. Anyway, we completed the hearing that day, and the Gaming Commission's three-man board voted unanimously to recommend licensing me. As I was leaving the hearing room, a man I now know as Brian Ross shoved a microphone in front of my face and said, "Mr. Newton, how do you feel? You must be elated." I told him I was, and then, out of left field, Ross said, "Tell us about Guido Penosi." I told him I'd testified everything I knew about Guido Penosi at the hearing—and I'll tell your readers all about Guido Penosi in a few minutes, but let me first finish with what happened between me and NBC. Ross said, "Didn't you call the sheriff of Las Vegas to get Penosi out of jail?" That never happened, and by then I realized I was being set up, and that this was an ambush interview. So I told

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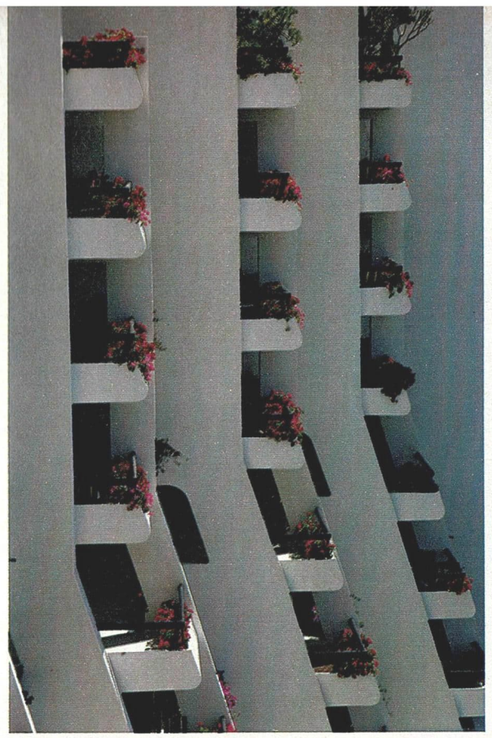
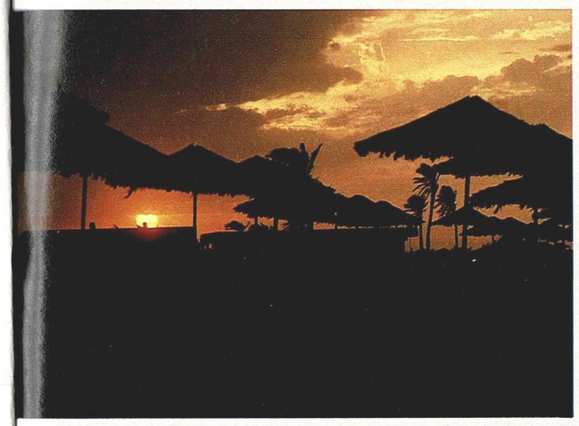




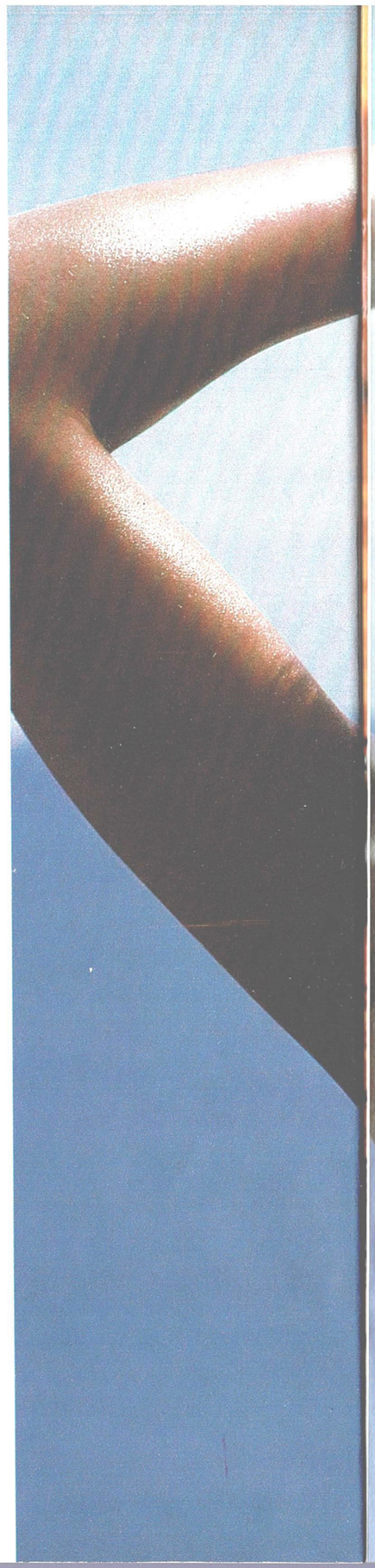
TESSA

"A sweet-natured lover plus steady doses of sun and piña coladas seem more than enough to live for."

SURF AND TURF

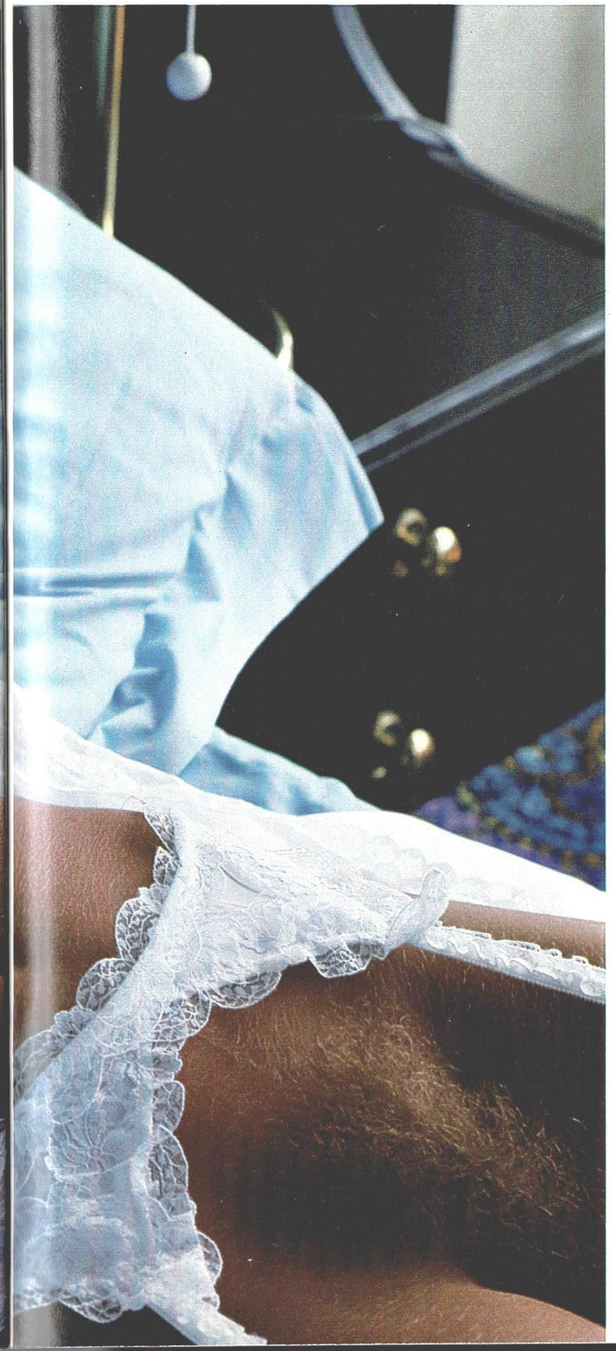
PHOTOGRAPHS BY DONALD MILNE

Society's stiffs bore Tessa Hewitt to distraction. "I like to be judged by what I am not by what I do." A sultry 36-23-35-inch distraction herself, what Tessa mostly does is live it up in Key West.



Though joining friends on a pier for the daily sunset vigil seems occupation enough when you're free, tan, and 21, Tessa occasionally works as a scuba instructor.

She also makes seashell necklaces for the tourist trade and occasionally waitresses in a local restaurant. A beachcomber at heart, she loves to make love on land and sea.



"I like sex to be exciting, even dangerous." On the other hand, she says, a sweet-natured, pleasure-giving lover plus steady doses of sun and piña coladas seem more than enough to live for.

Success often takes more than talent and hard work. You have to know how to turn a lucky break into the main chance.

SEIZING THE MOMENT

BY MICHAEL KORDA

A lot of people spend their lives waiting for a break—then don't notice it when it comes along.

I mean, if you and I stop for a hamburger and like what we're served (which is rare enough, anyway), we might leave a big tip. The late Ray Kroc, however, asked to see the owner, bought the place, and went into the hamburger business. The name of the hamburger stand he bought was McDonald's.

In business, recognizing the decisive moment when it presents itself (*if* it presents itself) is half the secret of success—the other half being, of course, the ability to exploit it.

Certainly, luck has something to do with it. Napoleon, when asked to describe the kind of generals he liked best, replied succinctly, "Lucky ones." One can see his point. However, he also said that the key to victory is to "plunge into the thick of things, then see what happens," and he attributed his own success to "an eye for chance"—by which he meant the ability to see an opportunity when it presented itself. Luck is nice, but it is not enough.

We are told, probably correctly, that opportunity knocks only once—however, not everybody hears the knock. Not everybody, to put it bluntly, is *listening*. Most people stumble through life in a daze, wondering when Fortune is going to smile on them, without ever realizing that she already did and they walked right by her.

The ability to recognize and seize the moment is so important, because it may indeed occur only once in a lifetime, and then only to those who are *looking* for it. Seizing the moment may only be a matter of asking a question at the right time. I've always liked the story of Robert Syon, head of one of America's largest insurance companies, who began as a clerk doing a menial job, placing papers in color-coded files for storage, in a building the size of the Lakehurst-blimp hangar, along with dozens of other people who were busy doing the same thing. One day, Syon asked his supervisor just what the papers were and why they had to be filed that way. Nobody had ever asked that question before, including the supervisor, who replied, "I don't know, and you don't need to know either, so why don't you just do it."

Syon intuitively concluded that very likely nobody in the whole company knew the reason these papers were being filed. He analyzed the system, invented an alternate, more efficient means of storing the information, and went on from there to become chairman of the board. This was a turning point—a unique opportunity—and all successful careers rest upon just such turning points.

Take Adolph Zukor, the founder of Paramount, a Hun-

PAINTING BY DE ES SCHWERTBERGER

garian-Jewish immigrant who came to this country at the turn of the century, failed in the fur business, and took over a nickelodeon as partial payment on a debt. Before long, he decided there was more money to be made in showing five-minute motion pictures than in selling furs. But he also discovered that his new business had a real problem: After the audience had seen five minutes of Niagara Falls or a lady walking in a garden, what was there left to show them? Nothing. In short, what he had was a device for showing pictures, but no product. Zukor then stumbled onto the idea of making movies himself, but discovered that five minutes was the maximum length of a reel. The nickelodeon was, in effect, a *novelty*—like the Hula-Hoop 50 years later, or home video games today. Unfortunately, once the novelty wore off, you were out of business.

So Zukor went off to see Thomas Edison so he could put the problem to the great American genius, who had invented not only the electric light bulb but also the nickelodeon itself. You have to picture the scene—Zukor, who spoke little or no English, setting off on the trolley to Menlo Park, New Jersey, to confront the legendary Edison. Edison, like most people, assumed five minutes of film was plenty, because he thought his invention was merely a novelty, but Zukor had a vision: If the film were longer, you could charge more. "Who knows?" Zukor suggested. "You could show plays, charge maybe even a quarter!"

Edison considered the problem, then patiently explained that Zukor was dreaming of the impossible. The film could be only so long, because after five minutes it would slip off the reel.

Zukor nodded. He knew that. As it was, it slipped off the reel half the time anyway. But what if it *didn't* slip off the reel? What if something *held* it there?

Edison frowned at his unwelcome visitor, but he was not called the "great inventor" for nothing. If the reels had teeth, he suggested, which somehow held the film—sprocket holes! And, as Zukor concurred, Edison punched a series of holes on either side of a strip of film, and the movie business was born.

In that one moment it all happened, a whole industry and a way of life—all of it born out of Adolph Zukor's intuition that a movie could be longer than five minutes.

I mention this story only because I once asked Zukor, who was then almost 90, what the key moment of his career had been, and to my surprise he mumbled, "sprocket holes"—an answer that puzzled me until he explained, with some difficulty, what he'd meant—which led him to describe that memorable moment when he created the modern motion-picture industry by posing a single question.

Of course, if you're sleepwalking your way through life, you're unlikely to experience a moment of illumination like Zukor's. When Paul DeDomenico visited Hawaii some years ago, he discovered a type of native nut that was being used to feed cattle, and captivated by the ease with which it grew, he set out to introduce America to the macadamia nut.

The point is DeDomenico (who is also the inventor of Rice-A-Roni) was awake to possibility, and willing to take the plunge. Most people would not have noticed the macadamia nuts in the first place, or come up with the brilliant idea of making them an upmarket luxury item by persuading the airlines to give them away with drinks to first-class passengers.

In my own circle of friends, I know an art director who made a fortune as a cooking expert, a journalist who became a success with a chain of gift shops, a counterculture rock singer who made a fortune—in his spare time—buying up the leases of Chinese restaurants, a novelist who became one of the country's largest rare-book dealers, a fashion model who opened a travel agency specializing in safaris, a show jumper who parlayed an interest in motorcycles into one of the biggest courier-and-delivery services in New York, and a banker who turned his wife's interest in crafts into a major jewelry business.

> The American Dream is not dead; opportunities are still available, and the ability to see and exploit them is as rewarding now as ever.

None of these people, let it be said, was necessarily smarter than you or I, but all of them were able to recognize an opportunity when it presented itself—and take advantage of it.

One thing is important to note: At a time when America is mired in economic pessimism and fear (except in the White House) and when most people have concluded that the American Dream is dead—to the extent that the American Dream consists of success, innovation, and wealth—there are still a lot of men and women out there making a fortune in new ways, undisturbed by the media's picture of this country as a society on the brink of collapse.

The American Dream is not dead; opportunities are still available, and the ability to see and exploit it is as important and rewarding now as it has ever been.

It still holds true that for the person who knows how to succeed, everything represents an opportunity, even situations that at first appear to be negative. For example, I would never have gone into book publishing if I hadn't been fired from CBS, and I wouldn't have gone to CBS in the first place if I hadn't failed as a waterskiing instructor. People are afraid of failure, but failure is perfectly all right, even healthy, as long as it is regarded as a temporary condition or a learning experience. The trick is to seize an opportunity and act on it. It is better to be noticed and fail than never to be noticed at all. Business is full of people who have failed their way to the top. It's just a question of turning adversity into advantage.

That's why I like the story of my friend Lawrence Prince, who was called in by his boss and told he was being fired when business in the advertising agency he worked for went sour. Prince's boss, like most relatively human bosses, felt obliged to explain how bad things were as a preamble to firing him. Prince, however, saw an opportunity in this lengthy analysis of the company's problems and argued that if times were bad, he was just the person the company needed. He emerged from the interview with a new job as a coordinator and departmental cost-cutter, having promised that he would make his boss look good by reducing costs. He now runs the agency.

Even being fired can present an opportunity—if you're quick enough to take advantage of it—partly because those in whom the success ethic is deeply ingrained are invariably inspired by change of any kind and are bored with the status quo. It is not just that they respond to challenge—they respond to *change,* even if it's *unwelcome* change (which, by the way, explains why very ambitious people often make their fellow workers uncomfortable). Most people crave peace and quiet, perhaps at best an orderly upward progress, but achievers like crises, confrontations, and the smell of battle. "They also serve, who only stand and wait" is not the sort of sentiment that appeals to them.

There is much about the old-fashioned American success ethic that seems quaint and even ridiculous today, in an age when we are relentlessly slipping behind the Japanese. No doubt out there in polyesterland there are people who still run success seminars and shout "Jesus wants you to be rich!" (I kid you not, I've heard it with my own ears) or urge their followers to say "I'm No. 1!" into their shaving mirrors every morning. I don't know that you can "pray your way to success" in business or real estate, and if Jesus in fact wants you to be rich I have yet to see scriptural evidence for it. The truth is, you're on your own—and recognizing that fact is the first step you take toward getting there.

When it came to careers, Machiavelli was a better teacher than the New Testament's disciples. Men, he instructed, are ruled by fear, ambition, and greed; every step forward you make is at the expense of someone else, who is more than likely to become your enemy as a result. It is not true that "nice guys finish last," but it is

CONTINUED ON PAGE 164

TEDDIE

SOFT TOUCH

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
SUZE RANDALL

There may be a war in the Middle East, but although sloe-eyed Teddie Treacher claims both Israeli and Lebanese descent, she's at peace with herself and her world. Now living with her sister in Chicago, she recently bid an unfond farewell to Detroit. Too many lines there, for one thing: checkout lines, unemployment lines, and a constant barrage of lines from a steady stream of men. The newest thing on her program is computer-programming school.

"I want to be self-sufficient," adds this swarthy soft touch. "When you live with a man it's domestic bliss for him, but a lot of work for the girl. I don't do windows, but I do know how to have a good time."

A tale of modern lust.

URBAN RENEWAL

FICTION BY REYNOLDS DODSON

"Target heading west on West Eighty-ninth Street. Dark-brown hair, navy-blue sport jacket. About five foot seven, one hundred and twenty pounds. Background unknown, possibly of Semitic origin."

Don Pelligrew paused until the woman was well past him.

PAINTING BY ERIC SCOTT

He was hidden from view on the south side of the street. She was on the north side, heading toward Columbus, and there was a line of parked cars that prevented her from seeing him. He lowered the antenna on his walkie-talkie and crossed the street behind a Boar's Head meat truck. The girl rounded the corner and disappeared from view. Taking giant strides, he hurried to catch up with her.

Ever since he had been a kid in Hagerstown, Maryland, Pelligrew's main ambition had been to be a detective. Or, if not a detective, something equally clandestine—a CIA agent, a narc, an intelligence officer. As a kid, he had sported a long black cape that his grandmother had made out of leftover chair upholstery. It had a collar that could either lie flat like Captain Marvel's or, if stays were inserted, stand up like a Dracula outfit. Wearing a Lone Ranger's mask, a pair of black gym shoes, and carrying a mail-order replica of a German Luger, he would creep through the streets with his billowing black cape on, collecting secret information against the enemies of democracy. In the fifth and sixth grades he had headed the Detective Club. It was not a big club, having only one member, but through it he learned about fingerprints and lie detection and acquired an astonishing knowledge of forensic pathology. On occasion he put his expertise to practice. Once ninety-three cents had been stolen from the "treasury"—a cigar box kept in the teacher's top desk drawer in which moneys were accumulated for field trips and birthday parties. Pelligrew was on the scene. They were dealing with a felony. Donning his crusader's cape and his black Lone Ranger's mask, he took a solemn oath to bring the culprit to justice. "Truth will out," he swore, "or else I am not—*The Black Phantom!*"

"Hello, Jerry?" he said.

"This is Jerry's mother."

"Is Jerry home?"

"Who's calling, please?"

"Tell him it's a friend. It's very important. It involves a certain matter concerning Mrs. Ashton's class treasury."

Shades drawn, room cast in darkness, the Phantom sat hunched over his parents' extension phone. The mouthpiece was covered with a Boy Scout neckerchief, which would give his voice a muffled, unreal quality.

"Hello?"

"Is this Jerry Bixton?"

"Yeah—who's this?"

"It's . . . the Bla-a-a-ck Phantom!"

"The *who?*"

"The Bla-a-a-ck Phantom! The Avenger of Truth and Democratic Principles!"

When the Phantom spoke, it was with the resonance of authority—a husky growl on the lower edge of alto. He pointed his Luger at the holes in the mouthpiece and hunched up in his long, flowing cloak to conceal his identity.

"Pelligrew, is that you?"

"It's the Bla-a-a-ck Phantom! Put back the money or face the consequences! The Phantom knows! You cannot escape! Pay ninety-three cents, or you shall pay—with your blood!"

And with that he hung up and lay back on the bed. Downstairs he could hear his parents watching television. He would wait five minutes, then call again. The Phantom was nothing if not inexorable.

Unfortunately, fate has a way of thwarting superheroes. It was Pelligrew's misfortune to have been born into affluence. His parents, rather than setting him up with a detective license, had compromised his principles and sent him to Yale and Georgetown. It was a political expedient for which he had never forgiven them. They had deprived the world of its last chance for purity. He had repaid them for it by getting mediocre grades and running off to Canada with a girl named Jennifer.

Now, at thirty-nine, divorced, near bankruptcy, he was finally getting a chance to fulfill his destiny. He raised the antenna on his walkie-talkie and radioed his position to Control, at Headquarters.

"Target pausing, stopping near bookstore. Make a note: This could be the rendezvous. If she chooses Sartre, we're in like Flynn. If it's Krantz or Michener, no sense pursuing it."

He lowered the antenna and approached nonchalantly. The "target" was perusing a stall full of paperbacks. He picked up a book at the other end of the stall and leafed through the pages with studied casualness.

Pelligrew was the master of innocuous come-ons. Indeed, since his divorce he had made something of a science out of them. He hit swiftly, subtly, unexpectedly, ensnaring his victim before she knew what was happening to her. He would approach his objectives in the most unlikely locations—in the middle of a crosswalk, on a bus, in a subway station—coming on with a line so seductively natural that only a hopeless paranoid could take any offense at it. He might say, "Pardon me, but where did you get that jacket? I've been thinking of getting one like it for my fiancée. The trouble is, I probably can't afford it. I saw one at Bendel's, but I was afraid to even ask about it." To which the victim might reply that she had bought it at Alexander's, or Wilson's House of Leather, or on the Lower East Side somewhere, and he would say, "Really? They had one just like it at Bendel's. At least it looked sort of like it. Maybe not quite so understated."

At that point, most men would have reached an impasse. She had answered his question and she had acknowledged the compliment. And she had certainly caught the fact that he was involved with somebody, which meant (a) that he was a winner, and (b) she was probably safe with him. The problem is, where do you go from there? How do you keep the conversation rolling? It was at this stage that Pelligrew bordered on the brilliant, coming in with what he called the old "down-and-out-slider pitch."

"My jacket was free."

"Pardon?" she would say.

"It didn't cost anything. I found it in a rag pile."

"Uh-huh," she would say.

"The label says PAUL STUART, but I didn't get it there. I didn't pay anything for it."

Notice the subtlety, the elided non sequitur. One, he is implying that he may have no money. Two, he is name-dropping a prestigious haberdashery frequented by men who are in social ascendancy. Is he rich or impoverished? Is he a bum or an eccentric? And, most important, why is he saying this? Why is he divulging such a personal irrelevancy to a woman he met only fifteen seconds ago?

"You're lucky," she would say, and she would keep on walking.

"I know. It looks new. Only it's not, it's used. I get all my stuff from secondhand stores. I don't believe in clothes. I don't find them interesting."

And all the while he would continue to keep pace with her, a gem of casualness in his pleated tweed slacks, with his Ivy League cap perched jauntily on one brow and his lapel turned up as if he had dressed in a hurry that morning. The overall effect was of a daguerreotype hero—a Stephen Dedalus, with Bolshevik overtones. Someone, in other words, different, mysterious, not quite what one finds among the usual cookie molds.

"Wanna coffee?" he would say.

She would hesitate, vacillating.

"One cup," he would say. "I just feel like talking. There are so few women in this city you can talk to. I mean, not about deep things. I mean little things, silly stuff." Spoken, of course, in a Maryland accent—flat, unthreatening, with a trace of Southernness; an accent that said, "As unpredictable as I seem, I am one of the very few men in this world who are trustworthy." And persistent, too, because he was still at her elbow, although not in any way that would seem pesty or annoying, but more like someone who just happens to be moving parallel, and if she would like to cross over, that would be her decision.

There's no need to guess how these episodes turned out. What had she to lose? A cup of coffee, for God's sake! Was she so closed-minded that even this was forbidden to her? Was a Nedick's or a Squire's such a compromise of principles? So of course she would accede, and he would buy her a coffee, and the coffee would lead to a first-name acquaintance, and the acquaintance would lead to an exchange of phone numbers, and the phone numbers would lead, inevitably, to intercourse. By Pelligrew's reckoning, in the year since his divorce he had succeeded in bedding more than six dozen women, all of them strangers, all of them different, a few of them even tolerable. He had his preferences. He liked Jewish girls best, followed by Italians and Greeks. At the low end of the scale he put Irish girls and Latins, and at the very low end he put white Protestants like himself. He was particularly adept at the "BBQ" trade, girls who commuted from the Bronx, Brooklyn, and Queens, whom he would meet on the streets, seduce, take to bed, and provide subway fare home on the E or the LL lines. Sometimes, if pressed, he would travel to their turf. He would walk along the streets of Forest Hills or Kew Gardens. He would make love to a housewife while the planes roared into Kennedy or to a young divorcée while her son was watching television.

It was a doomed existence, and he hated himself for it—who would have thought the Phantom could ever sink to such depravity?—but he did it anyway. It was the only life he had, and he pursued it loathsomely, continuously, voraciously.

"Target has just entered bookstore," he muttered. "I'll wait two minutes, then follow discreetly. Upon closer examination, have reason to suspect rhinoplasty. This could confirm our previous assessment."

Bookstores, of course, are an ideal meeting place—he would put them right up there with museums and supermarkets. They provided the prey with a false security. In bookstores, girls talk. They exchange information. They'll discuss the vagaries of a Bellow or Auchincloss. You can trap them with ideas, with logic, with enthusiasm, and they'll surrender willingly, never questioning their destinies. Bars are less fruitful. They are the refuge of losers, and the girls who frequent them are defensive and neurosis-prone. Which is not to say that he didn't go to bars, but usually only later, when he had exhausted the other veins.

It was a typical bookstore, overcrowded by half, the center aisle filled with best-sellers and paperbacks, the walls piled high with art books and classics, the usual illiterate clerk at the cash register. He took his time. His prey was in the back. She was engrossed in something from the cooking section. This was perfect. He would pull the old pesto bit. "Pardon me, but do they have any books here with pesto recipes?"

The girl moved on. Suddenly she was in science. That was annoying, because he had barely passed chemistry. "Excuse me, but could you tell me the structure of hydrocarbons and how they relate to Friedrich Kekulé's ring hypothesis?" He would have to resort to a more personal approach. He would smile, say "hello"—then drop something on her. He would steal her purse, then claim he had found it. He would read her statistics from the revised *Baseball Almanac.*

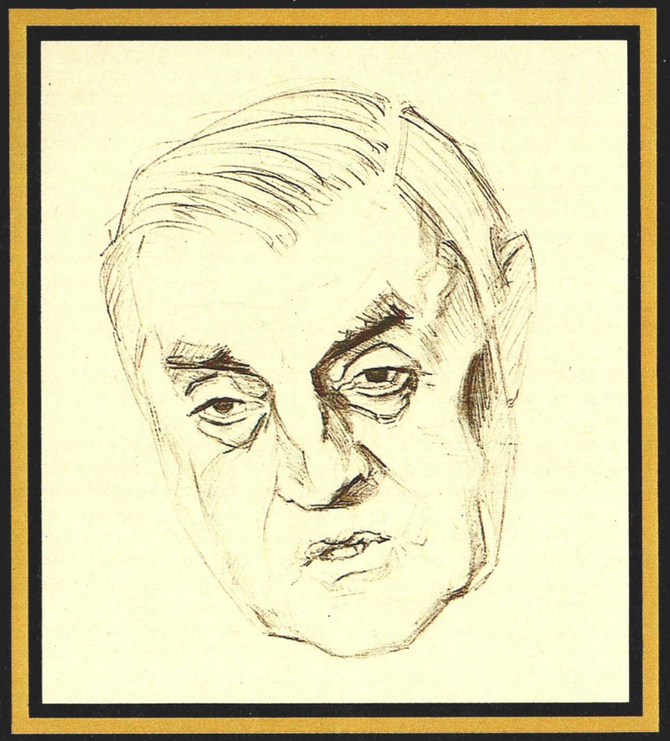
As he stood there deciding what course to take, leafing disinterestedly through one of Anaïs Nin's diaries, the girl moved on through art and literature and came to light in the puzzle-and-humor section. His mind skipped frantically. He knew nothing about crosswords and had no interest at all in "Garfield" or "Doonesbury." Maybe he should just go right up and tell her that if

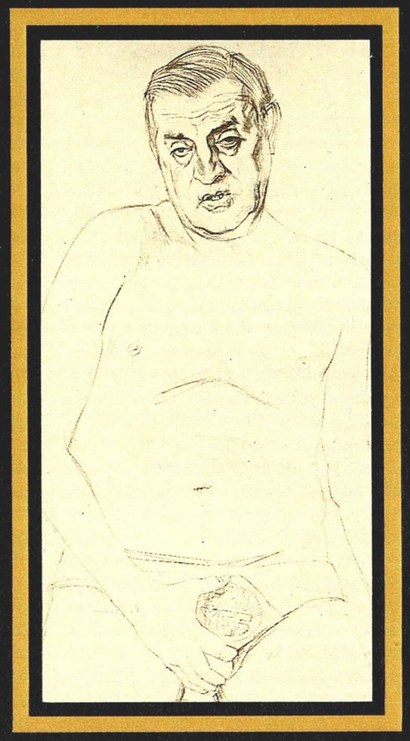
CONTINUED ON PAGE 166

"Good night, and thank you for letting me come in your living room."

"Bless you, my child, for you have sinned."

PAINTING COURTESY OF NICHOLAS THEAKWELL GALLERIES

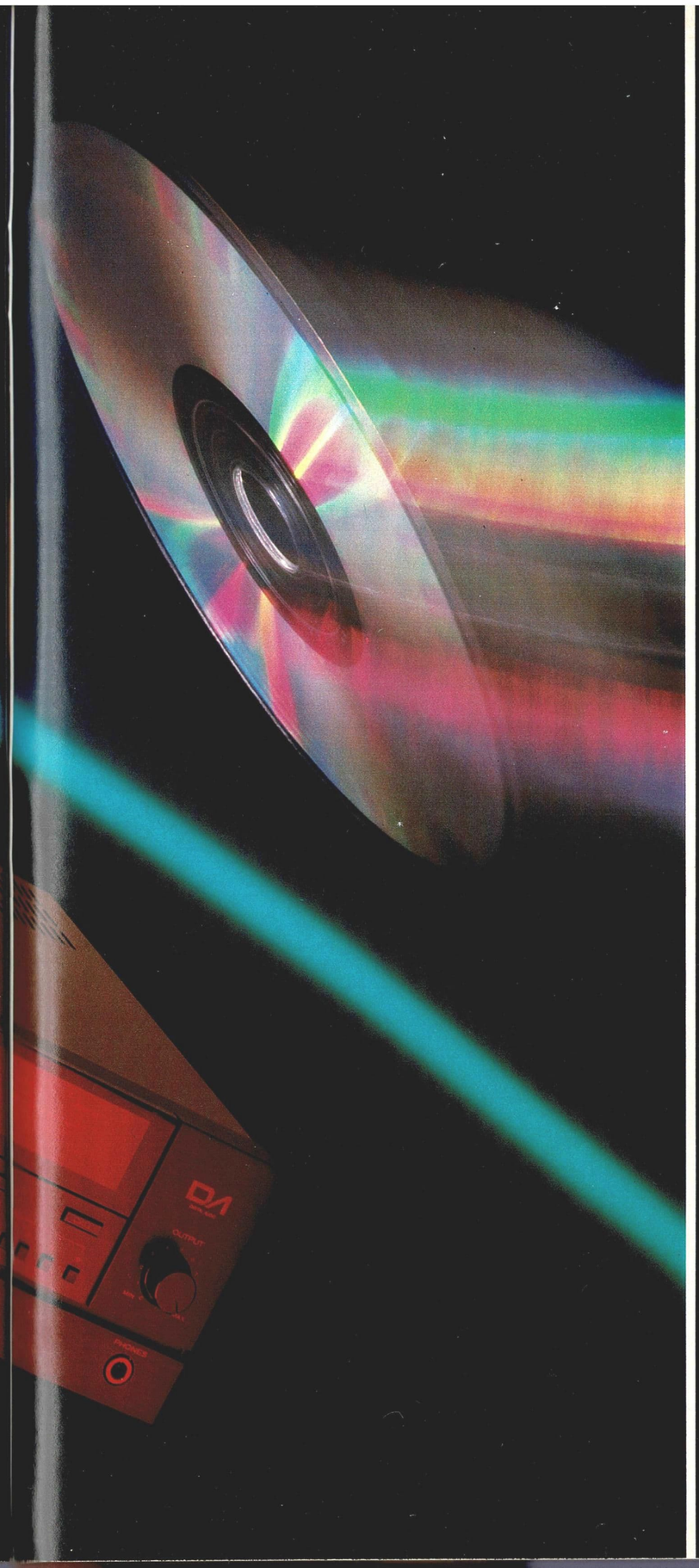




HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE:

FOLK HEROES, PART 14

On foreign affairs he's a bore
Domestically, you've heard it before . . .
So to prove he's not fluff
Fritzie tries to be tough
But he'd much rather make love than war.



Compact-disc players have revolutionized the audio industry, delivering home sound with concert-hall quality.

CD BLAST-OFF

BY CRAIG STARK

It's a thin, plastic-coated disc a little less than four and three quarter inches across, whose aluminized surface reflects iridescently, as if to hint at the glittering sound it can produce. It's called the compact disc (CD) or digital audio disc (DAD), and it's the digital-age successor to the stereo LP, whose 25-year reign over the world of high fidelity is drawing to a close.

If it seems rather sudden or startling to speak of the sonic obsolescence of the LP, it's probably only because, like many American music lovers, you haven't yet heard your first CD. In Europe, however, Philips of the Netherlands (inventor of both the compact cassette and now, in conjunction with Sony, of the compact disc) demonstrated the CD system to the audio press in 1979, and a quarter of a million players have been sold there already.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC MEOLA

High-end, first-generation CD players, which cost about $1,000, were officially introduced into the United States a year ago at the Consumer Electronics Show, in Chicago. At this January's CES, held in Las Vegas, a second generation of more popularly priced models—some selling for as low as $500—made its appearance.

We've checked out a number of these units, which are sonically every bit as good as their more expensive predecessors, and have listed some of their more important features in the accompanying table. Moreover, by the end of this month approximately 1,000 titles should be available in the compact-disc format. For many people, the sonic quality and longevity of digital audio discs alone would justify their current $20 average price. For others, it's good news to hear that CD prices are expected to fall in the latter half of the year, as sales increase and as two new U.S. disc-pressing plants come on-line.

But what's really so new and different about compact discs? What do they offer to justify buying an additional player and starting a new collection of high-priced discs? Could the digital audio disc simply be another industry-hyped fad? While only your own ears can be the final judge, to answer these questions we must look at the fundamental differences between digital and analog (normal) recording.

ANALOG VERSUS DIGITAL

From Edison's 1887 tinfoil cylinders to the modern stereo LP, sound waves have been captured and stored using analog technology. The aim of an analog system, as its name implies, is to create an analog—a likeness or a replica—of something. The more perfect the correspondence between the original and the copy, the better the analogy or, as we say in audio, the higher the fidelity.

In making an LP, sound waves are the original. Electrical signals (from a microphone, for example) and mechanical motions (e.g., of a stylus in a moving groove) are what we use as likenesses. And since sound waves vary continuously in an analog recording, the voltages and mechanical motions vary continuously.

As every writer knows, the trouble with analogies is that they are never perfect. The problems with the conventional analog LP as compared with CD's are in the areas of dynamic range, frequency response, wow and flutter, and disc wear. The CD either eliminates or drastically reduces every one of these defects.

Digital recording abandons the analog attempt to mirror directly the continuous changes of the original sound waves. The digital process is essentially discontinuous: It does not flow from one point to another; it jumps in discrete steps instead.

As an example, when you look at a motion picture on the screen, what you see is continuous, not jerky, movement. If you examine the film, however, you find that it is made up entirely of still, fixed frames. So it is with digital recording: It takes fixed snapshots or samples of the sound at precise intervals, but when those snapshots are presented in rapid succession you *hear* what seems to be continuous sound.

To represent the sound waves accurately, you must have at least twice as many samples (snapshots) as the highest frequency contained in the music. To ensure frequency response to 20,000 Hz (the conventional upper limit for human hearing), the sampling rate used by the compact disc system is 44,100 Hz.

Each sample consists of a number that represents the amplitude (strength) of the sound wave at that time. Since digital signals are manipulated by computer operations, the numbers are expressed in the 1's and 0's of the binary system. By using groups of 16 1's and 0's (16-bit words in computerese) the CD system can handle a loud-to-soft ratio of more than 90 db's, with comparably small distortion.

The binary 1's and 0's are stored on the CD as "pits." In the player they are "read" by a low-power, solid-state laser system with a sophisticated servomechanism that keeps it moving along the two-and-a-half-mile-long, 1.6-micrometer-wide spiral track of the disc. Since some "bit errors" are inevitable, every player incorporates sophisticated error-correction circuits, but while all are highly effective, some (see table) might be slightly better than others.

The digital pulses are converted into voltages by clocking them into a 16-bit digital-to-analog converter. They are clocked with controlled regularity, so wow and flutter cannot arise. The resulting voltages are then filtered to remove any ultrasonic components and to reconstitute the continuously varying analog signal needed by the conventional audio equipment, to which the player is attached.

Putting it all together, how do CD recordings sound? In a word, awesome. CD's give you, as LP's do not, the full, uncompressed, and unrestricted dynamic range of the music. Notes, no matter how loud, emerge from a background of complete silence. This silence extends "behind" the music, so that there is a stunning clarity that cannot be matched by any analog technique. From the lowest organ fundamental to the highest overtone of a piano top note, all the frequencies of the live performance are there, in their full power and perspective, without the distortion of bass and treble that one often hears on LP's. The power of digital recording to preserve spatial relationships in the sound field is so great that if you close your eyes, you may find that you can hear just where the recording engineer located his microphones. And when properly recorded, the true reverberation of the concert hall can be heard, without hiss or rumble.

CD's are the greatest step forward since the invention of the LP itself. Listen for yourself, and we think you'll welcome music's digital future.

MODEL	ERROR CORRECTION		LEVEL CONTROL	AUDIBLE SEARCH	TIME DISPLAY	CUING SPEED**
	INNER*	OUTER*				
DENON DCD-1800	B	A	yes	yes	yes	5 seconds
HITACHI DA-800	B	A	yes	yes	yes	5 seconds
KYOCERA DA-01	C	C	yes	no	yes	12 seconds
MAGNAVOX	A	A	no	no	no	17 seconds
MARANTZ CD-54	A	A	no	no	yes	8 seconds
PHASE LINEAR 9500	A	B	yes	no	yes	12 seconds
PIONEER P-D70	B	A	no	yes	yes	5 seconds
SANSUI PC-V1000	A	C	no	yes	yes	6 seconds
SANYO CP-200	A	A	no	no	no	20 seconds
SONY CDP-200	A	A	no	yes	yes	6 seconds
TECHNICS SL-P8	A	A	no	yes	yes	4 seconds
YAMAHA CD-X1	A	A	no	yes	yes	6 seconds

Compact-disc players cost between $500 and $1,000.

**The letter grades in the two columns for error correction reflect the player's ability to continue playing properly in the presence of damage to the inner, signal-carrying surface (pits) and to the outer protective coating of the disc: A=excellent performance, B=very good, C=good. Testing was done using a Philips TS IV A test disc.*

***Cuing speed indicates the amount of time it takes to go from the beginning of the side to Track 15 of the test disc.*

BARBIE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

Barbie network as a sub-source. It appeared to me that he could work from his present address in Kempten, so I decided to leave him behind. "We better get started," I told them. "It is about a one-hour ride, and you will need some time to get settled into your new house."

After we had stored six or seven suitcases and several heavy boxes on the floor of the truck, Barbie got into the front of the cab with me. Merk and his mistress climbed in the back.

It should be made clear that none of these well-paid informants were under American military surveillance. They were as free as any German living in the occupied zone. They could come and go as they pleased. A few days after our arrival in Augsburg, Barbie visited his family in Trier for a long weekend. In addition to a generous assortment of benefits—including free housing, supplies, and money, which added up to about $2,000 a month overall—they also enjoyed the protection of the American Army. For a bunch of war criminals on the wanted list, this was a pretty nice arrangement.

I suggested to Merk that our operation would have a more professional appearance if we worked out of an office instead of my coming to their house. We found, in a big building that contained the municipal swimming pool, three large offices that would serve our purposes. We decided that Merk's job would be to penetrate illegal Soviet organizations in the American zone and generally keep tabs on all French activities. Four of the network's sub-sources lived in the French-occupied zone and had good connections with French intelligence. Barbie was given the mission of penetrating the Communist party in Bavaria.

Both objectives met with remarkable results. In August 1948, I was informed by Lieutenant Lavoie that the "Petersen Network"—as the network was known, named after Merk's code name—had proved to be one of the most fruitful sources of information for Region IV.

Not long after we began work, Barbie saw on a street in Augsburg a former Communist who had been an inmate in a concentration camp for ten years. The inmate had survived by functioning as a stool pigeon for the SS. Barbie and I arranged to meet this former Communist to try to get him to work for the Americans. We had recently received instructions from headquarters to make every effort to penetrate the Communist party in Bavaria. We had learned that Communists were instigating labor strikes throughout the occupied zone, and this Augsburg Communist could help us verify those allegations.

I interrogated the man without Barbie present. He did not hesitate to tell me his entire story. "Soon after Hitler seized power in 1933," he said, "I was among the first Communists sent to the concentration camp at Dachau. After several years of mistreatment, abuse, and torture, I was approached by one of the SS guards to become a camp stool pigeon. The guard made it perfectly clear that if I refused, the lives of my wife and children would be in danger. I'm not proud of what I did, but I'm convinced that because of my collaboration, my whole family is alive today."

I listened to the man's story and then said, "I can certainly understand your motives and I am glad that your wife and children survived. However, if you were willing to help the Nazis, it shouldn't be so difficult for you to help the Americans now. All you have to do is take my friend Barbie and me to your next Communist meeting and introduce us to your friends as good Communists from out of town. I can assure you that no one will ever learn that you were at one time a stoolie for the SS."

He realized that he was in a bind and unhesitatingly agreed to our plan. Barbie and I attended the next meeting of the Communist party in Augsburg along with our new informant. To make me look more like a real German, Barbie had suggested that I wear a suit made by a German tailor, which I did. It was made of poor-quality

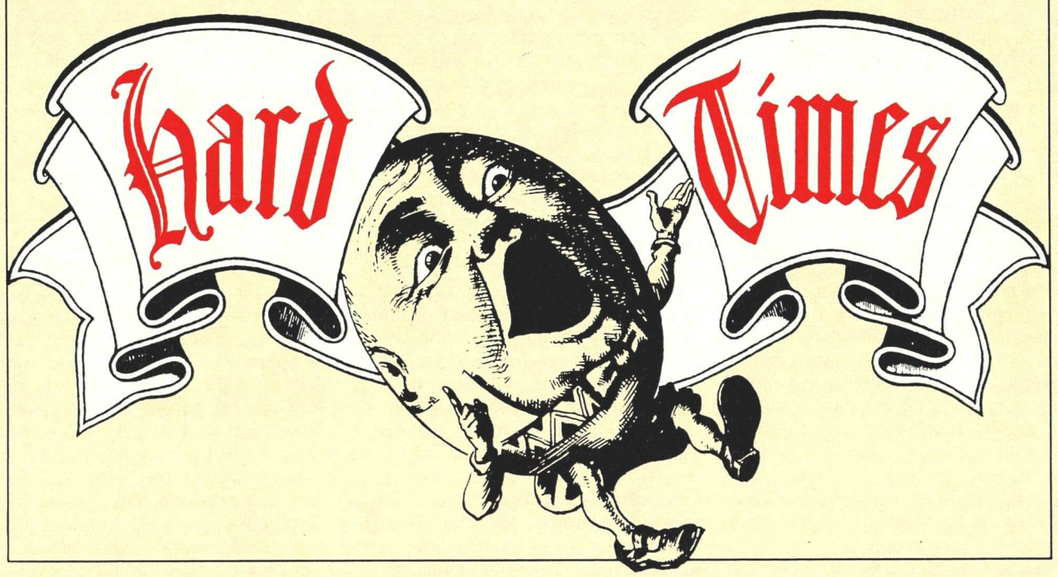
CONTINUED ON PAGE 137

"We're going 'co-op.' Pass it on."

EXTRA

A compendium of bizarre, idiotic,
lurid, and ofttimes witless driblets of information
culled from the nation's press

EXTRA



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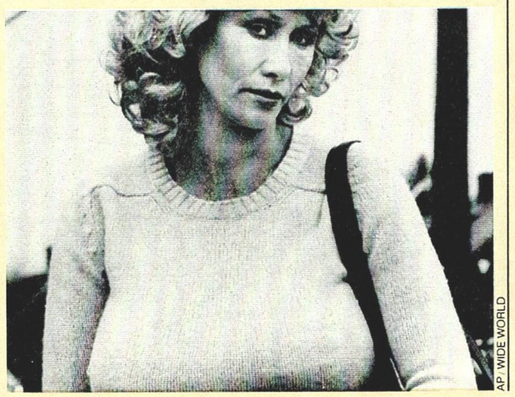
SHE'S FOR DEREGULATION

Too much government intervention has gotten in the way of Chesty Morgan's act at Alex's Lounge in Stoughton, Massachusetts. The highlight of her act was allowing the patrons to touch her 73-inch bosom. But a local ordinance now forbids this. Chesty went to court, claiming it was her constitutional right to be touched. The judge asked, "Are you serious?"–and ruled against her. Despite this loss of personal contact with her fans, Chesty still performs at Alex's. (*San Francisco Chronicle*–submitted by Paul Ray Angus, Vacaville, Calif.)

Do faith healers have this problem with the laying on of hands?–Editor



AP/WIDE WORLD

OHIO'S JACK THE SNIPPER

AP/WIDE WORLD

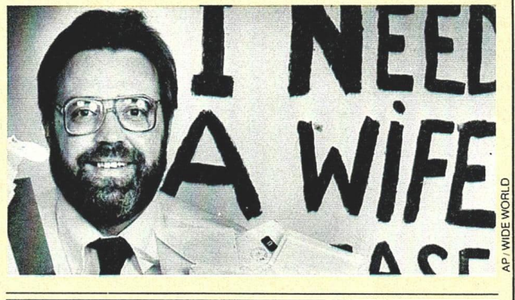
A weirdo has struck twice at an Ohio shopping mall. Both times his victims have been long-haired women. Both times his crime has been unauthorized barbering. The first woman didn't even know her hip-length hair had been shortened until she got home. The second victim saw the man holding ten inches of her hair and chased him through the mall and out into the parking lot, where he got away. (*New York Post*–submitted by Brian Graifman, New York, N.Y.)

Does he belong to the Hair Club for Men?–Editor

WIFE WANTED –NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY

Pity poor Barry Butkus, a correction officer in North Easton, Massachusetts. After trying a computer-dating service (which paired him with a woman who was "almost a midget and wouldn't talk"), a phony marriage broker, and the singles' bar scene, Barry decided to look in his own front yard. He put up two red-and-white signs: I NEED A WIFE. PLEASE. CAN YOU HELP? and WIFE WANTED BY UNHAPPY BACHELOR. Still no luck. Said Barry, "I've had a couple of girls drive by slowly and wave, but they didn't stop." (New York *Daily News*)

Barry, we've got a short, deaf friend who wants the midget's phone number.–Editor

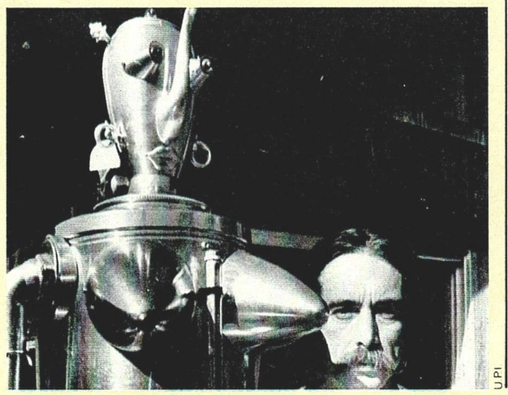


AP/WIDE WORLD

Tempest in a–Coffeepot?

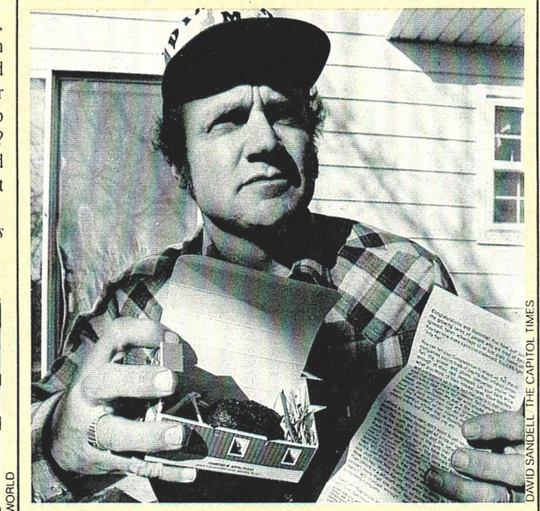
She made a great cup of coffee, but Sweetheart was rejected from the University of California science display because she was "inappropriate, grotesque, and sexist." Sweetheart, whose breasts formerly adorned a 1952 Cadillac, wore a ballerina's tutu over her coffee-urn-shaped body. The creator, Clayton Bailey, said, "This is my idea of what a pretty female robot should look like." (*Milwaukee Journal*–submitted by John Reblin, Cedarburg, Wis.)

But she's no fun to chase around a desk.–Editor



UPI

NOW-WE'VE-SEEN-EVERYTHING DEPARTMENT



DAVID SANDELL/THE CAPITOL TIMES

For the low, low price of $3.95, you can own your very own premium, polyurethaned horseshit. The "Horse Apple" is packed in straw in its own gift box, which is shaped like a barn with a horse's south end featured on both sides. This is the brainchild of Michael and Mary Gallagher of Fitchburg, Wisconsin. This decorator item is perfect for giving or getting and should appeal to all the same idiots who bought "pet rocks" a few years ago. (*The Capital Times*–submitted by Mark Williams, Madison, Wis.)

Of course, if you own a rifle, you can always take it out and shoot the shit.–Editor

NIX ON NIXON'S TREE

In Eden Park's Presidential Grove, the thirty-seventh president's tree is dead–again. This park, which is outside of Cincinnati, has a tree planted for each president. So far, the only failure has been the bald-cypress tree planted for Richard Nixon. The first tree was struck by lightning, the second died in 1979, and the third has just died. So far, the causes of death of the second and third trees are still unknown. (*Cincinnati Post*–submitted by N. Bachman, Ft. Thomas, Ky.)

No comment.–Editor

EDITOR'S NOTE:

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BARBIE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 133

cloth laced with cellulose, like most German suits at that time.

At the Augsburg city-clerk's office, I had an identification card made. I used the name "Richard Holthof." My ID card showed that I was born in Essen, which I could get away with because of the way I spoke German—the moment I opened my mouth to speak, my accent would place me in the Rhenish-Westphalian region. For my occupation, I had written "laboratory assistant." The clerk stamped in big block letters across the front of the ID card that I had been denazified.

Barbie went with me to the town hall because he also needed a new ID card. He had used the aliases "Becker," "Mertens," and "Spehr." Now he wanted an ID card bearing the name "Klaus Holzer." He examined my card to make sure it was properly filled out, and that the photo and stamps were in the right places. He then asked me to remind the clerk not to forget the denazification stamp on his new card. He complained that on his previous ID card they forgot to put the big red stamp across the front cover. He almost got arrested in Munich when a policeman pointed out to him that the stamp was mandatory. The absence of the stamp implied that he had not properly passed the denazification court.

On July 20, 1948, I accompanied Barbie to my first Communist-party meeting. The meeting was held in the back room of a beer garden on the edge of Augsburg. Our new Communist informant introduced us to the chairman of the meeting. We were given a pleasant welcome and took our seats in the middle of a long table.

I was very nervous at the beginning and nearly blew my cover. I put out a cigarette in an ashtray in front of me and left the butt there, instead of putting it in my pocket the way everyone else did. There were plenty of ashtrays on the table, but although many of the members were smoking, there wasn't a single cigarette butt in them. Germany was still a cigarette-butt economy and Barbie quickly poked me in the ribs and glanced at the ashtray where my cigarette butt was still faintly smoldering. Realizing my mistake, I reached for the cigarette and rubbed the burning end until the fire was totally extinguished. I then carefully put it back into my coat pocket.

After an hour and a half, the meeting was adjourned without much fanfare. Barbie and I both promised to return for the next meeting if we were still in town. From that day on our new Communist informant kept us abreast of all activities and plans of the Communist cell in Augsburg.

Merk and Barbie took on the new missions I was asked to assign them. These missions often included sending sub-sources to contact friends in the Soviet zone, Czechoslovakia, and Romania. During this time, both Merk and Barbie complained that they weren't receiving enough money. "In order to operate the network as efficiently as you demand, we need the equivalent of $2,000 to $2,500 per month," Merk argued.

Barbie said that instead of deutsche marks, ration cards, and cigarettes, he would prefer to have American dollars. He pointed out that several of his informants were living outside of Germany, where only dollars could be exchanged for local currency. He insisted that he lost much valuable time and occasionally had to use personal couriers to sell his cigarettes and supplies on the black market in Munich in order to obtain American dollars. He could not understand why CIC couldn't pay the network in American currency.

One day, he said, "Dabringhaus, you've got to impress upon your supervisors that I need more money, especially real dollars, to operate efficiently. I really do believe I'm worth more money than I'm getting. I can barely take care of my subsources."

Money played an important role in Barbie's life, and serious arguments developed between Merk and Barbie concerning the division of their funds. When Barbie was sent to ECIC (European Command Intelligence Center) for two weeks of further interrogation in July 1948, Merk took me aside and confided, "You should know that Barbie's work is

CONTINUED ON PAGE 174

"Would you like me to 'turn around and spread 'em'?"

PSYCHOGRAPHIC SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

DO YOU THINK BIG?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Most of us don't make the big score in life simply because we don't think big enough. For the average person, it's the classic case of not seeing the forest for the trees: We get so wrapped up in the mundane details of surviving from one day to the next that we never step back to see what life might be like outside our own rut.

Those who do succeed tend to think differently from other people. They see the proverbial "big picture." They conceptualize what life at the top is like and envision the route that will take them there.

Thinking big doesn't necessarily mean taking foolhardy chances. Most highly successful men are moderate risk-takers. They wait until the odds are in their favor before they make their move. In fact, remaining "average" often involves more risk than seeking to be outstanding. In his classic little book, *The Magic of Thinking Big,* University of Georgia professor David Schwartz noted that jobs at the low end of the salary spectrum attract 50 to 250 times more applicants than jobs paying $50,000 or more a year. Under those circumstances, the odds against getting the lousy, low-paying jobs are a lot higher than those of winning the best jobs.

Deep down, most of us are afraid of life at the top. We may covet the fast cars, beautiful women, chic parties, and luxurious homes that go with success, but when we actually start thinking about what we'd have to do to attain them we get nervous. We fear that thinking big will expose us to the ridicule of friends; that it will make us "different" from the people we grew up with; that it will force us to stand out from the crowd. Remaining average, on the other hand, may be imprisoning, but it has a comfortable familiarity about it.

In order to break out of the crowd we have to remember what Ralph Waldo Emerson said: "Great men are those who see that thoughts rule the world." Big thoughts. If you really answer the following questions honestly, you may find out whether or not your mind is big enough to change your world.

1. With which of the following statements would you be more likely to agree?
   (a) I like to make decisions in consultation with others. Ideally, I prefer to be part of a team.
   (b) I prefer to make decisions that are entirely my responsibility.

2. Stop for a second and imagine what it would be like to have an important, highly paid job. Which of the following images comes closer to describing what flashed into your mind first?
   (a) The perks: travel in private jets, eating in the best restaurants, knowing famous people.
   (b) The power: the ability to make things work, to change events, to make and break people.

3. Do you have a good memory for people's names?
   (a) yes, very good
   (b) average
   (c) no

4. How do you feel about this statement: "As a rule, it's dumb to do more work than you're paid to do."
   (a) agree
   (b) disagree

5. Is your work important?
   (a) yes
   (b) no
   (c) It's in between. It's not worthless, but it's not of earthshaking importance, either.

6. Are you an *active* member of any clubs, civic associations, fraternal organizations, political parties, etc.?
   (a) no
   (b) I'm a member of at least one group, but I don't volunteer for anything.
   (c) I'm active in one such group.
   (d) I'm an active member of more than one such group.

7. Are you a good listener?
   (a) yes
   (b) about average, I guess
   (c) no

8. Which of the following statements comes closer to describing your attitude toward the organization or school you belong to?
   (a) I'm always curious about how the organization I work for functions. I'm eager to learn things about it even if they don't directly affect me.
   (b) I just do my work and get out.

9. How important to you is it that a company you work for have good benefits (vacation, pension plan, medical insurance, etc.)?
   (a) Very important. I wouldn't take the job without them.
   (b) Quite important. I'd take a job I didn't really like if it had great benefits.
   (c) Somewhat important. But benefits would play only a minor role in whether or not I took a job.
   (d) Not important at all. If a company has good benefits, fine, but benefits would not be part of the equation when I was deciding whether or not to take a job.

10. When you enter an empty classroom or meeting room, are you more likely to sit:
    (a) near the front
    (b) in the middle
    (c) near the back

11. Do you have trouble maintaining eye contact with people when you're having a conversation with them?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

12. When you are afraid of something, how are you more likely to react?
    (a) I put off confronting it as long as possible.
    (b) I go after it right away. If I confront it immediately, at least the worst is over with.

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"Deep down, most of us are afraid that thinking big will force us to stand out from the crowd."

PSYCHOGRAPH

13. When you are involved in a group discussion, such as a business meeting, how are you most likely to act?
(a) I say as little as I possibly can.
(b) If possible, I wait until everybody else has spoken so that I know which way the wind is blowing.
(c) I speak up whenever I think I have something that should be said.
(d) I speak up early and often. The person who talks most is the one who controls things.

14. How do you feel about giving a speech in front of a large group?
(a) I hate it.
(b) I don't particularly like it, but I know it's something you have to do sometimes.
(c) I may be nervous, but I figure it's usually an opportunity that shouldn't be wasted, so I really try to give an interesting presentation.
(d) I really enjoy it.

15. Do you tend to give up if something you want doesn't come easily to you?
(a) yes
(b) Sometimes, but on the whole I'm fairly stubborn about going after something I want.
(c) I never give up.

16. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "No matter what people say about America being a classless society, you really can't rise too much above the class you're born into."
(a) agree
(b) disagree

17. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "To really succeed you have to be lucky; you have to know the right people."
(a) agree
(b) disagree

18. As people get older are they less likely to accomplish new things or have original ideas?
(a) yes
(b) no
(c) That may be generally true in our society, but it doesn't have to be that way.

19. Do you agree or disagree: "Young people usually aren't ready to handle a lot of responsibility."
(a) agree
(b) disagree
(c) I agree that in our society that's often the case, but there's no intrinsic reason it should be.

20. When you've failed at something in the past, has there usually been a valid reason for your failure (such as the jealousy of your peers, the obtuseness of superiors, bad luck, or outside responsibilities that distracted you)?
(a) yes
(b) No, when I've failed it's usually been my fault. I just blew it.

21. Do you feel that most people who achieve extraordinary success are much smarter or more talented than you?
(a) yes
(b) no

22. Have you ever walked into a business establishment with no introduction and asked for a job? (Going to a personnel or placement department does not count; you must have directly approached someone in authority who had the power to hire and fire.)
(a) yes
(b) no

23. Does it bother you if people think you're "different" or unusual?
(a) yes, a lot
(b) somewhat
(c) a little
(d) No, I like to stand out from the crowd.

24. Which of the following statements expresses your attitudes?
(a) If I were being really honest, I'd have to say that my tastes and ideas are pretty average.
(b) My tastes and attitudes are similar to those of a lot of other people—which is precisely what make them valuable.
(c) My tastes and ideas are very different from other people's.

25. If someone gave you $100,000 and said you had to invest it in real estate, would you be more likely to:
(a) Use it to buy a mortgage-free home for yourself.
(b) Leverage it, using it as a down payment for a substantial office building or apartment house.

SCORING
All possible answers have been assigned point values, which are listed below. To find your score, add up the point values of the answers you chose. The highest possible score is 125; the lowest, 25.

1. a-1, b-5
2. a-1, b-5
3. a-5, b-3, c-1
4. a-1, b-5
5. a-5, b-1, c-3
6. a-1, b-2, c-4, d-5
7. a-5, b-3, c-1
8. a-5, b-1
9. a-1, b-2, c-4, d-5
10. a-5, b-2, c-1
11. a-1, b-5
12. a-1, b-5
13. a-1, b-3, c-5, d-2
14. a-1, b-3, c-5, d-5
15. a-1, b-3, c-5
16. a-1, b-5
17. a-1, b-5
18. a-1, b-5, c-4
19. a-1, b-5, c-4
20. a-1, b-5
21. a-1, b-5
22. a-5, b-1
23. a-1, b-2, c-4, d-5
24. a-1, b-5, c-3
25. a-1, b-5

If you scored 92 to 125 points:
You have the psychological characteristics of a big thinker. You've got the broad vision necessary for outstanding accomplishments. The thought of success and of venturing into unfamiliar worlds doesn't intimidate you. A lively sense of curiosity is probably one of your strongest assets; you're not afraid to follow it into new areas of knowledge and experience.

59 to 91 points:
You probably have the psychological capacity for thinking big, but you're afraid to use it. You let your thinking be circumscribed by familiar routines and clichés. If you would occasionally take time to step back and think about your life—to see what you really want and to set long-range goals—you'd probably discover opportunities that you had never noticed before.

25 to 58 points:
You think small. The details of everyday life dominate your thinking. In general, you're satisfied with conventional wisdom and with accepted patterns of thought and behavior. As far as you're concerned, other people can do the innovating. You'd probably be the first to admit that you're in a mental rut, but you're also probably pretty comfortable in it. Still, you should occasionally do something you've never done before, or try to think about a problem from an angle you've never previously considered. You may discover that there's an interesting world out there. The change may be refreshing.

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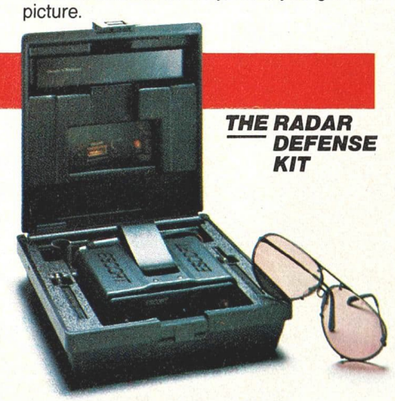

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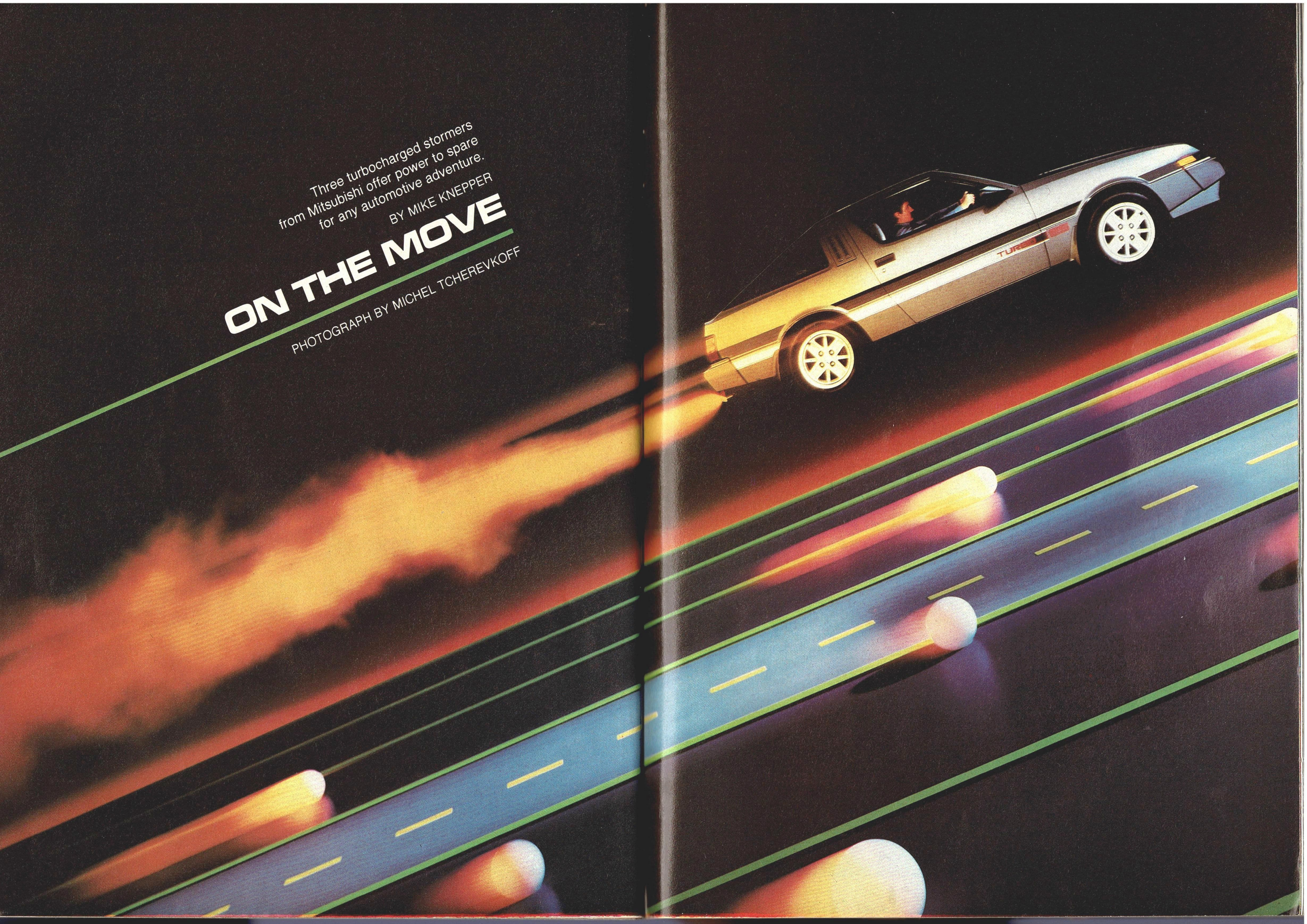
Three turbocharged stormers from Mitsubishi offer power to spare for any automotive adventure.

BY MIKE KNEPPER

ON THE MOVE

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHEL TCHEREVKOFF



Turbocharging isn't new—automotive engineers have known about it for years. But with big V-8 engines and plenty of fuel to feed them, cars used to have horsepower dripping out of their tail pipes, and turbocharging was relegated to diesel trucks and a few race cars. However, when our friends in OPEC and everybody's favorite clergyman and all-around fun guy, the ayatollah, began screwing up the oil situation, those V-8's disappeared faster than you could say "fuel shortage." They were replaced by economical but boring anemic four- and six-bangers. Suddenly turbocharging, which can increase an engine's power output by 40 percent or more with little or no penalty in fuel consumption, started to make good sense. Now turbochargers are breathing new life into just about everything on four wheels—from Buicks to Volkswagens. Carmakers worldwide are jumping on the turbo wagon. That, of course, includes the Japanese—and no one offers as wide a variety of turbo-powered vehicles as Mitsubishi.

You've been seeing Mitsubishi cars in this country for years—Mitsubishi built all those Colts, Sapporos, and Challengers for Chrysler—but last year it established a small toehold in this country and began selling cars under its own logo. The Tredia sedan, the Cordia sports coupé, and the high-performance Starion sports car quickly established themselves as serious contenders in their respective categories.

Last year, only the Starion was turbo-equipped, but this season Mitsubishi has put a blower on special versions of the Tredia and the Cordia, and "good" has gotten a whole lot better.

Mechanically, the Tredia sedan and the Cordia sports coupé are identical. They have the same independent suspension front and rear, the same disc-front and drum-rear brakes, the same rack-and-pinion steering system, and the same five-speed manual transmission. Both get their power from the same turbocharged 1.8-liter, four-cylinder engine that drives the front wheels. In its usual aspirated form—that's engineer talk for non-turbocharged—the engine makes an unexceptional 82 horsepower. But bolt on the turbocharger and the horsepower jumps to 116. That's an increase of 41 percent, which, you don't have to be told, is a lot.

And, because the Tredia and Cordia are twins under the skin and weigh almost exactly the same—the sedan is just a touch heavier—they are twins in performance as well. Despite the Cordia's go-fast look, it's actually no faster than the Tredia. But don't think that what we have here is a slow sports coupé. What we have is a quick four-door sedan.

The Tredia sedan does traditional sedan stuff with ease. It holds four comfortably, and a third backseat passenger can fit if everybody's friendly. Even the least domestic among us has to transport a bag of groceries from time to time, and the Tredia's trunk can swallow it easily.

The Tredia turbo, which has a surprisingly low base price of $8,989, is outfitted rather lavishly with a houndstooth pattern on the seats and door panels, and it has such goodies as remote-control mirrors, AM/FM stereo, underseat storage box, and remote trunk release. The instrument panel, as befits a vehicle of sporty endeavor, is awash with gauges for all the vital internal functions, including turbo boost.

On the outside, the Tredia turbo is distinguished from its non-turbo siblings by black trim—the others wear chrome—cast-alloy wheels with fatter tires, an extended front air dam. The cosmetics work. The Tredia turbo looks mean and to the manner born.

It not only looks like a sport sedan, it also acts like one. The suspension is firm, with the right amount of road feel coming through the unusual single-spoked steering wheel. The Tredia feels light and nimble, and when you bury your right foot in

> Turbochargers are breathing new life into just about everything on four wheels and no one offers as wide a variety of turbo-powered vehicles as Mitsubishi.

the fire wall, the needle on the turbo gauge swings over to maximum boost, and the tachometer starts its rapid climb toward the red zone. This little sedan moves.

The Cordia turbo ($9,459 base price) has the same mechanics as the sedan, but by wrapping them in a sleek coupé body Mitsubishi created a new vehicle. The Cordia is more than two inches lower than the sedan, but somehow it feels even lower when you climb in. Certainly, much of that sensation comes from the dramatic change in the seats. The upright, sedan seats found in the Tredia have become low, body-contoured buckets in the Cordia, with side supports for thighs and upper body. Large round dials give you mph and rpm; flanking them are small gauges that indicate turbo boost and fuel on one side and oil pressure and water temperature on the other.

The Cordia is a 2 + 2, and sure enough, there is a pair of seats in the back, along with a surprising amount of legroom, but the Cordia turbo's mission is not to go through life hauling passengers. Better that it should have its rear seat folded and that cargo space be devoted to the trappings of the good life: skis, scuba gear, and cases of California cabernet.

While the Starion and Cordia share similarities in overall appearance, they are quite different in many ways.

The Starion has a much larger engine—2.6 liters, 145 horsepower, four cylinders—that drives the rear wheels through a five-speed manual transmission. Nothing Cordia-like in that description. The Starion has four-wheel, ventilated disc brakes instead of the disc-drum setup on the Cordia and Tredia. And there are some significant differences in the suspension. All three have matching independent front suspension, but under the Starion's tail the Tredia-Cordia's less-performance-oriented trailing arms have been replaced by independent MacPherson struts. The Starion also has bigger tires, on wheels that are larger in both diameter and width.

You can have the Starion's performance in any one of three presentations. Mitsubishi calls the $12,509 Starion LS the "affordable sports car." This may or may not agree with your definition of the word "affordable," but its price does make it competitive with Trans-Am's and Z-28's. This LS is no stripper. For that money you get an upgraded interior and a pile of nice things, such as cruise control, power windows, power mirrors, a good sound system, and an adjustable steering column. Spend $14,279 and you can drive off in the luxury Starion, the LE. It has the same mechanical equipment and performance, but with added touches: a six-way power seat, air-conditioning with automatic temperature control, power door locks, a leather-wrapped steering wheel, and much more. These cars are designed for serious driving, and while the LS and LE invite that kind of carrying-on, the top-of-the-line Starion ES seems to demand it. For just $280 more than its luxo brother's price tag, the ES offers a limited-slip differential; wider, lower-profile tires; and an electronically controlled, rear-brake-lock-up system.

The ES package also includes a trip computer that keeps track of average speed, mpg, distance traveled, and a few other things. The LS and ES have a straightforward analog instrument cluster: round dials with needles. But if you go for the luxury LE, you get a combination of gauges and LED graphic displays.

In the ride and handling departments, the Starion lives up to its billing as a true 2+2 sports car. The ride is firm, bordering on harsh on certain surfaces, but that's life with a suspension designed to keep four big patches of rubber on the road at all times. Steering is quick and responsive, with plenty of road feel filtering back through the power-assist. In short, the Starion is a kick in the Calvins.

That goes for the Tredia and Cordia turbos as well. Mitsubishi has given us three kick-in-the-pants turbo stormers. With the 1.8 turbo available in two dramatically different styles and the Starion offered in three versions, there's Mitsubishi turbo power for just about any taste.

FEEDBACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

rank and file of our government officials, saw fit to cover up, to divert and confuse the American people—yet, at the same time, wanting the American people to support its policies and involvement with an "anti-Communist" government that thwarts human rights.

It is sometimes burdensome, even arduous, to exalt this country that I live in, and to appreciate the freedoms I have, which so many aspire to. As a citizen, I was unknowingly responsible for the acts in El Salvador. Hence, it is difficult to hold my head up proudly.

To question whether these women participated in groups that were pro-Communist and antigovernment and, therefore, to conclude that their destinies were inevitable is ludicrous. To question our government's participation in a cover-up of such an incident is not. I pray only that love throughout the world will prevail over death and war.—*Pamela Minters, Bellune, Wash.*

THE ROLLING STONES

I was very surprised when I read Robert Palmer's column about the Rolling Stones in the "View from the Top—Sounds" section of your March 1984 issue.

I wish Mr. Palmer had listened to the Stones' *Undercover* LP before he wrote about it. His review was very inaccurate.

For one thing, CHOPS didn't play on "Undercover of the Night." They played on the song "Too Much Blood." Mr. Palmer also claimed that "Too Much Blood" was about cannibalism. If he had taken the time to listen to it, he would have known that it was about violence in general, particularly in movies and on television.

He also stated that the songs "Tie You Up (The Pain of Love)" and "Pretty Beat Up" are about bondage. If he hadn't only looked at the title of a song to find out what it was about, he would have known that "Tie You Up" is about the insane things people will do for a little love or sex. He also would have known that "Pretty Beat Up" is about a man's condition after his girlfriend has left him—it is definitely not about bondage.

I thought Mr. Palmer's interview with David Bowie [November 1983] was excellent. I just wish he would get his facts straight before he writes about the world's greatest rock-and-roll band.—*Name and address withheld*

Robert Palmer replies:
Rolling Stones' songs are subject to a variety of interpretations. Your reader's renderings are interesting and he's correct about the CHOPS horns section. It just so happens that I was working with an unlabeled cassette and slipped up.

ZULLO REDUX

I haven't written to you for a while, but your February 1984 cover is one of the most beautiful I've ever seen. Beautiful, because Debbie Zullo, November 1977 Pet of the Month, is its eye-catching attraction.

I've purchased a lot of men's magazines, but Debbie remains one of my favorite ladies. She makes my fantasies run wild.—*Name and address withheld*

I just picked up the February 1984 issue of *Penthouse* and was delighted with the enticing cover shot of Debbie Zullo. It was nice to see an old friend grace your magazine once more. Welcome back, Debbie.—*Marc Ryan, New York, N.Y.*

WELL-TURNED BONERS

Okay, what gives? When my husband first started bringing *Penthouse* home, I wasn't at all fond of the idea. I must admit I wasn't too happy knowing that he was concentrating at least *some* of his sexual attention on the ladies in your magazine.

Then he showed me several of the Earl Miller photo fantasies, and I got just as turned on by them as he did. Those beautiful couples, beautifully photographed, were quite stimulating! The men in the layouts were always gorgeous, and their cocks looked wonderful.

So, *Penthouse,* toss us a well-turned bone every so often.—*Name withheld, Nashville, Tenn.*

Wordpix Winners.

GAMES

BY SCOT MORRIS

Last December, we presented the "College Entrance Exams," a collection of cryptic symbols or "Wordpix" from which you were to guess the hidden word or phrase. For example, the word *man* written with the word *board* below it would translate as "man overboard." One of the exams made the rounds a few years ago as popular xerographic folklore. The other exam was a collection of the best new examples of the puzzle form, most of which appear in my book, *Omni Games* (published by Holt, Rinehart and Winston).

We then launched *Penthouse* Competition No. 2 and asked readers to send in their own original Wordpix. We promised $100 to the grand-prize winner, $25 to each of nine runners-up, and to all of the top-ten winners a one-year subscription to *Penthouse* and a copy of the book *Omni Games.*

From the thousands of entries received, several ideas showed up more than once. Below is a collection of the best of these repeats. Since these tend to be easier than most, they will make a good warm-up quiz for the more difficult items to follow. Try to figure out the most appropriate word or phrase for each item, then check the answers listed on the next page.

The Wordpix from our grand-prize winner and the nine runners-up appear in the lower box below. Honorable mentions are on page 148. The names and hometowns of the entrants accompany the answers, which start on page 148. Many readers who took the "College Entrance Exams" in December told us they enjoyed working on them for several days, even weeks, before looking at the answers. If you wish to do this, write down as many answers as you can on the first run-through, then set the quiz aside and come back to it later. Items that stumped you the first time around can suddenly seem easy.

One reader who took the December quiz wrote: "My wife and I answered most of them but couldn't figure out the meaning of SYMPHON. We played with the letters in every way but got nowhere. We taped a strip of paper over the answers so that we wouldn't glance at them accidentally. Then one day I was in the shower, and suddenly I got it. How easy. I called it out to my wife and she agreed: *Unfinished Symphony,* no doubt about it! In retrospect, it was obvious."

We selected as winners the items we considered the cleverest, most original, and the most obvious. Still, we have to warn you that this is a very difficult quiz. Any reader who correctly answers more than half of the items, even if it takes several days, should consider himself or herself a top-notch word-picker. A score

Warm-Up Quiz

A D O M	B PAID I'M WORKED	C IECEXCEPT	D ankoolger	E va_ders
F bb / bb	G 1	H ROMEO TORN JULIET	I LOV	J PPOD
K FRIENDS	L KRIND NRDIK DNIRK	M TIME ABDEFGH	N WORL	O SKIN SKIN SKIN SKIN

Prizewinners

1 s d cousin	2 1T345	3 JAREPAN	4 EEQ UAL SMC	5 NOW NOW NOW NOW
6 BIRTH 1111 DEATH	7	8 SCORE Roses & lilies 4 Horatio Alger Jr. 0	9 AKDOV H_2O	10

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GAMES

of 30 percent or more is exceptional, and 20 percent or more is a commendable achievement.

COMPETITION NO. 3:
INSULT EXCHANGE

There is a form of humor that has become taboo—the so-called Polack or insult joke. Since these jokes make fun of minority groups, sensitive people refrain from telling them. More's the pity: The jokes are still funny.

The solution seems to be to tell the jokes in pairs, with rival groups putting each other down. For example:

Q: What happened to the Phi Delt who tried to blow up a school bus?
A: He burned his lips on the exhaust pipe.
Q: How do you break a Sigma Chi's finger?
A: Punch him in the nose.

Q: Why don't they celebrate Christmas at Princeton?
A: They can't find three wise men and a virgin.
Q: What is the difference between a Yale student and a bucket of shit?
A: The bucket.

You get the idea. Send us any pair of insults, using one group against another: Arkansans versus Texans, Democrats versus Republicans, Raiders versus Redskins, or whatever. Our grand-prize winner will receive $100 and a one-year subscription to *Penthouse;* runners-up will receive $25 each and a one-year subscription. Postcards are preferred. Send your entry, postmarked no later than July 15, 1984, to Penthouse Competition No. 3, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. All entries will become the property of *Penthouse;* none will be returned.

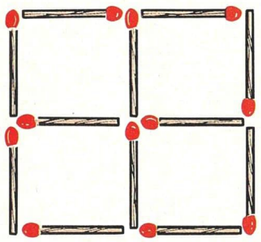
WARM-UP-QUIZ ANSWERS

a. Dominoes.
b. I'm overworked and underpaid.
c. *I* before *e* except after *c*.
d. Look back in anger.
e. Space Invaders.
f. To be or not to be.
g. A hole in one.
h. Torn between two lovers.
i. Endless Love.
j. Two peas in a pod.
k. A small circle of friends.
l. Mixed drinks.
m. Long time no see (no c).
n. World without end.
o. Foreskin.

MATCH WITS

Here are five tricky challenges that involve nothing more than a few matches and a healthy dose of ingenuity.

1. I'll bet that I can pick up three matches all at once with a fourth match.
2. Arrange 12 matches in the design shown below. Can you remove two matches and leave only two squares?
3. From the same starting position as in No. 2, can you make seven squares by moving just two matches?
4. From the same starting arrangement, can you make three squares of the



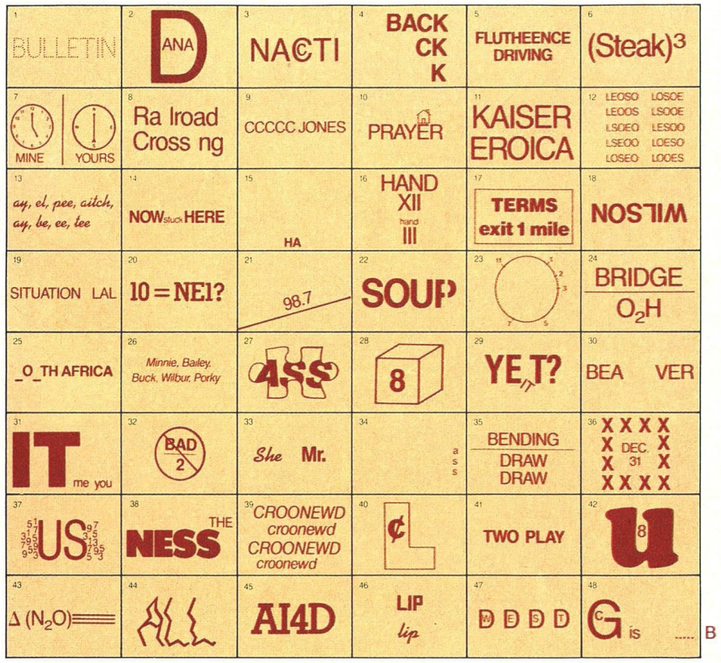
same size by repositioning only three matches and not taking any away?
5. The challenge is to place ten matches on a tabletop in such a way that you can lift them all with the use of just one other match. Can you do it?

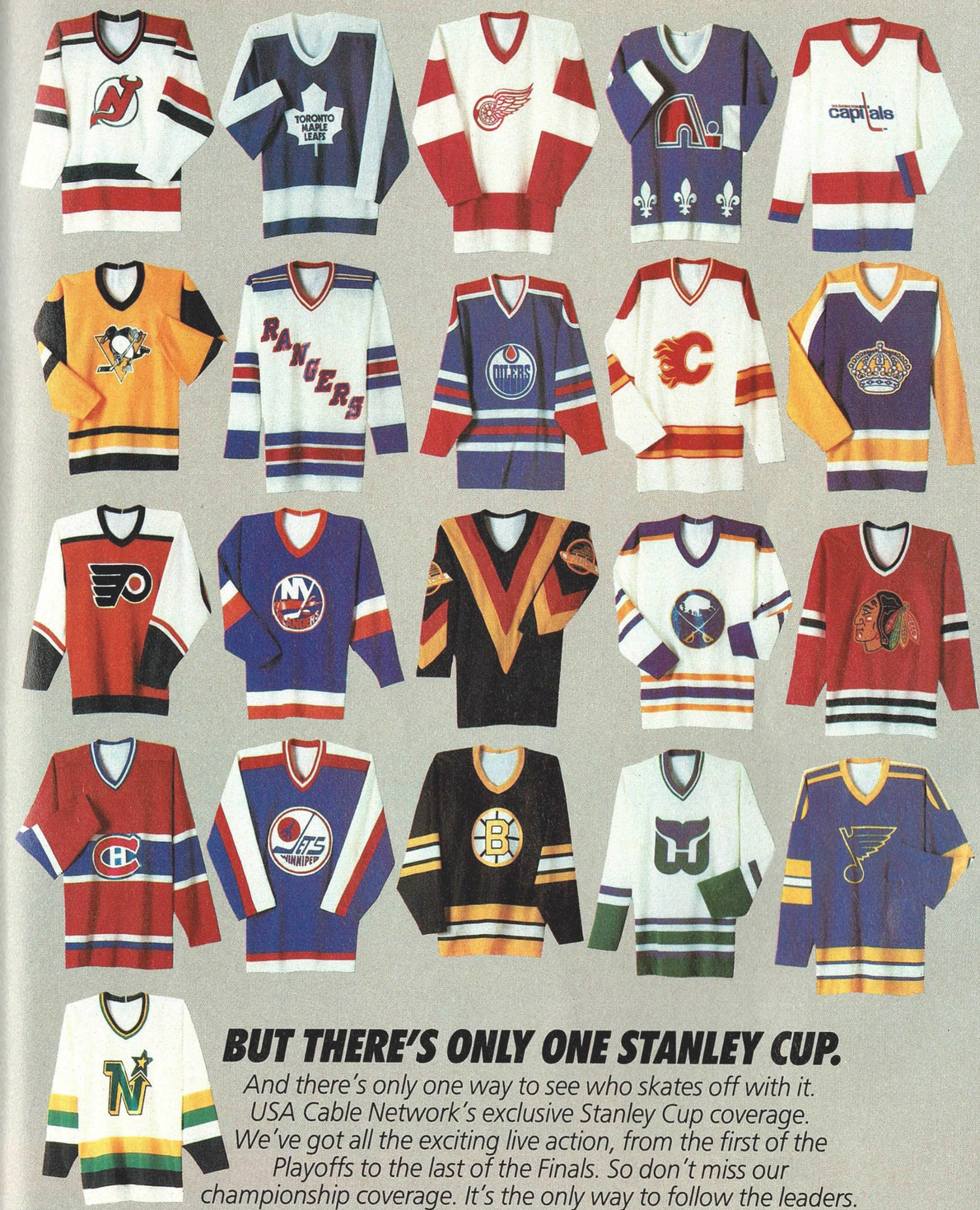
PRIZEWINNERS' ANSWERS

1. Second cousin, once removed (O-N-C-E removed). (Dave Zinzow, San Antonio, Tex.)
2. Tea for two. (M. C. Reed, Carrolltown, Pa.)

CONTINUED ON PAGE 184

Honorable Mention





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CLOWNS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

And yet, there was always the possibility that Hughes's confidants were mistaken, which created an atmosphere of continuing expectation in the offices of Ted Dinkins, in Houston. Dinkins had been appointed "guardian ad litem" by Judge Pat Gregory. In the five years between Hughes's death and the legal determination of his heirs, Dinkins received numerous letters from "sons" or "daughters" of Howard Hughes, each seeking official recognition of his or her paternity. And as the court-appointed attorney representing any unknown heirs, it was Dinkins's responsibility to investigate each claim to his satisfaction.

It was not an unusual occurrence to pick up the telephone in Dinkins's office during this period and have "Howard Hughes III" on the other end of the line. Occasionally, these individuals appeared at Dinkins's offices, much to the amusement of partners and associates, who were accustomed to the routine parade of blue- and gray-suited corporate clients. Among the visitors was a black man who waited patiently for an audience with Dinkins, identifying himself to the receptionist as Howard Hughes III. The fact that Hughes entertained an extreme prejudice against black people did not disturb his fantasy in the slightest.

For all the flurry of correspondence that Dinkins received, no claim of any substance materialized. The crackpot stories and letters that surfaced concerning Hughes's paternity stimulated a great deal of idle gossip and much titillation among the attorneys preparing their client's heirship claims, but fostered little real apprehension. After several years of studying Hughes's life and habits, all were convinced that he had died a divorced and childless man. It was then, right on cue, that Terry Moore joined the cast of characters in the drama to establish Hughes's heirs, ready to collect the estate she considered rightfully hers as the widow of Howard Hughes.

When Terry Moore's name first appeared on pleadings in the Hughes-estate proceedings, most of the lawyers concerned dismissed her as just another fantasizing female, in a category with Alyce Hovsepian Hughes and Alma Hughes. However, it soon developed that Moore's claim differed from the others in several respects that caused attorneys for the distant relatives to take her more seriously. First, Terry Moore was not just another anonymous crank, but a legitimate actress, one of the many glamorous movie starlets of the 1950s. She had even been nominated for an Academy Award (for her role in *Come Back, Little Sheba).* Second, and most important, it soon became clear that she, unlike the other previously unheard of "wives," had actually had a relationship of some sort with Howard Hughes.

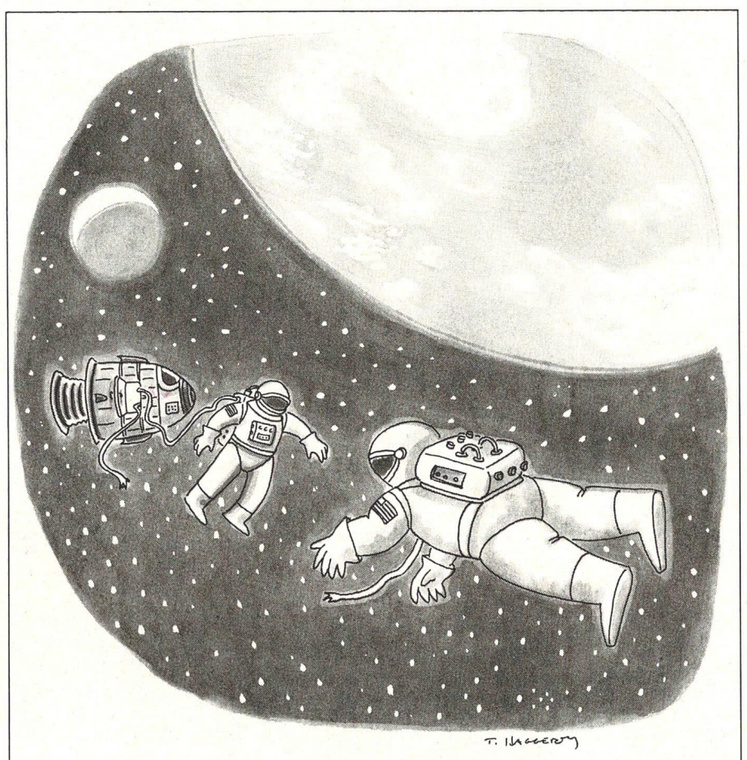
The story that unfolded in the legal effort to determine the nature of this relationship could easily have been the script for one of the famous "screwball" comedies produced at Hughes's RKO studios in the 1940s and made popular on the screen by two of his best friends, Cary Grant and Katharine Hepburn. In this real-life comedy, the leading lady, Miss Moore, was a daffy but lovable actress, impossibly naive, playing opposite Hughes at his madcap best. The plot involved a wedding on the high seas, performed by the ship's captain, but kept secret to protect the heroine's career as an innocent ingenue. The couple never divorced, though each went on to marry again, resulting in hysterical complications when the millionaire hero died without a will and his secret wife showed up to claim his estate.

Here, at last, was a story just zany enough to be true. Whether or not the alleged marriage was legal made millions of dollars worth of difference.

To explore the specifics of Miss Moore's claim, her deposition was taken, in numerous installments, by opposing counsel eager to dispose of her case—or at least determine its legal merit. Although there were generally seven to ten attorneys present during these question-and-answer sessions, they came to provide the setting for a running battle of wills and personalities between Moore's attorney, Arthur Leeds, a quick-witted, fast-talking Los Angeles entertainment lawyer, and Paul Freese, the deliberate and excruciatingly polite attorney representing several grandchildren of the late Rupert Hughes (Howard, Jr.'s uncle, an author). At the center of this group sat Terry Moore. Though now in her mid-fifties, her era in Hollywood a thing of the past, the old star system still lived in Miss Moore. Trained at a time when actors and actresses, who were under contract to a major studio, were fussed over and pampered from dawn to dusk, she still operated accordingly. Every session found her in full makeup, her strawberry-blond pageboy groomed to perfection, every inch the glamour queen.

For most, deposition testimony is a solemn and nervous undertaking: The witness is placed under oath, and a court reporter is present to record the questions and answers. Not so for Moore. Her deposition had the atmosphere of a Mary Kay cosmetics party. Not in the least daunted by the imposing circle of legal talent that surrounded her, firing questions, she prattled on, happily drawing doodles, relaying inside-Hollywood scoops during breaks in her interrogation. Without missing a beat, she would occasionally pull out a makeup mirror, set it up on the conference table, and touch up her face.

As developed through Terry's testimony, the Hughes-Moore relationship began in the late 1940s, during the period when Hughes, in his fashion, was courting Jean



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02	T-Bomb	640 firecrackers	6.40	24 pcl	122.90
03	T-Bomb	1280 firecrackers	11.50	12 pcl	109.90
04	T-Bomb	2000 firecrackers	17.90	8 pcl	99.10
05	Black Cat	480 firecrackers	5.90	32 pcl	126.75
06	Black Cat	1600 firecrackers	18.00	10 pcl	142.60
07	M-60	Box of 72 firecrackers	15.00	20 boxes	239.00
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08	5-Ball Chinese Candle	1 doz.	$4.50		
09	8-Ball Chinese Candle	1 doz.	6.00	12 doz.	$60.00
10	10-Ball Candle w/report	1 doz.	8.50	12 doz.	86.90

		Display Quantity	Display Price
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11	Colored Smoke Balls	6 doz.	$ 9.10
12	Tank w/report	1 doz.	5.50
13	Beehive	4 each	4.00
14	Booby Traps	1 doz. boxes	2.50
15	Auto Foolers w/report	1 doz.	5.90
16	Sky Wheel Parachutes	1 doz.	5.90
17	Red Rat Chaser w/report	144 pieces	7.50
18	Jumping Jacks	576 pieces	11.90
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19	#8 Colored Sparklers	1 doz. boxes	$ 3.60
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45	Whistling Moon Rocket w/report	12 doz.	9.90
46	1 oz. Rocket w/report	1 doz.	3.50
47	Chinese Rocket Assortment	1 doz.	5.40
48	4 oz. Black Cat Rocket w/effect	1 doz.	8.50
49	8 oz. Super Rocket w/effect	1 doz.	11.80
50	8 oz. Black Cat Rocket w/report	1 doz.	13.90
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Peters. Terry had been in show business since she was a child and was struggling for her "big break" into the movies. Howard pursued Moore relentlessly. At the beginning of their romance, Terry was still in her late teens, living at home with her parents, and Hughes was in his mid-forties. Furthermore, Moore was a devout Mormon who prided herself on "holding onto her virtue" with her young swains, despite the almost constant temptation. On one of her early dates with Howard, the couple drove up to Mulholland Drive, a famous lover's lane in the Hollywood Hills. It was there, Moore contends, that she first "married" Howard Hughes.

The ceremony was extremely private, just Hughes and Miss Moore, and it took place alongside their parked car on Mulholland, where Hughes recited a few words of his own composition. He then asked his date to do the same, after which he pronounced them man and wife. Hughes, according to Moore, was not a religious man in the traditional sense, and in his eyes this exchange united them in marriage. "I felt very much married after that," reflects Miss Moore, "very much so. I mean, to me that is when I gave myself to Howard in spirit—whatever you want to call it." She was not convinced to Hughes's complete satisfaction, however. "I didn't think I should go to bed with him [afterward]," she admitted. (According to Moore, Elizabeth Taylor later told her that Hughes once tried the same approach on her, but Taylor apparently saw through it. It would be very interesting to discover how many others "exchanged vows" with Hughes on Mulholland Drive.)

Not long thereafter, in November 1949, Hughes invited Moore aboard his private yacht, and it was there that their "legal" ceremony took place, she claimed. "It was a last-minute thing," Moore volunteered. Hughes apparently phoned her the same morning with an invitation for a short cruise and casually mentioned the idea of a shipboard wedding. Without obtaining a license and asking no further questions, Moore met Hughes later that day, bringing along her mother (as she often did) and Lillian Barclay, who was her best friend and "like another mother" to Terry. "It never occurred to Mother and me to question Howard," she explained. "We didn't question Howard." As his guest, Hughes brought either Lloyd Wright, a friend and one of his stable of attorneys, or Noah Dietrich, his longtime chief executive still in his good graces at the time. (Miss Moore was not sure which.) "I always thought it was Noah Dietrich, and so did my mother," she declared. "Noah said it was him, and then he changed and said he wasn't there, that he thought it was Lloyd. . . . I don't know, I used to get Mr. Dietrich and Mr. Wright mixed up all the time. It was a . . . he was white-haired. I remember that."

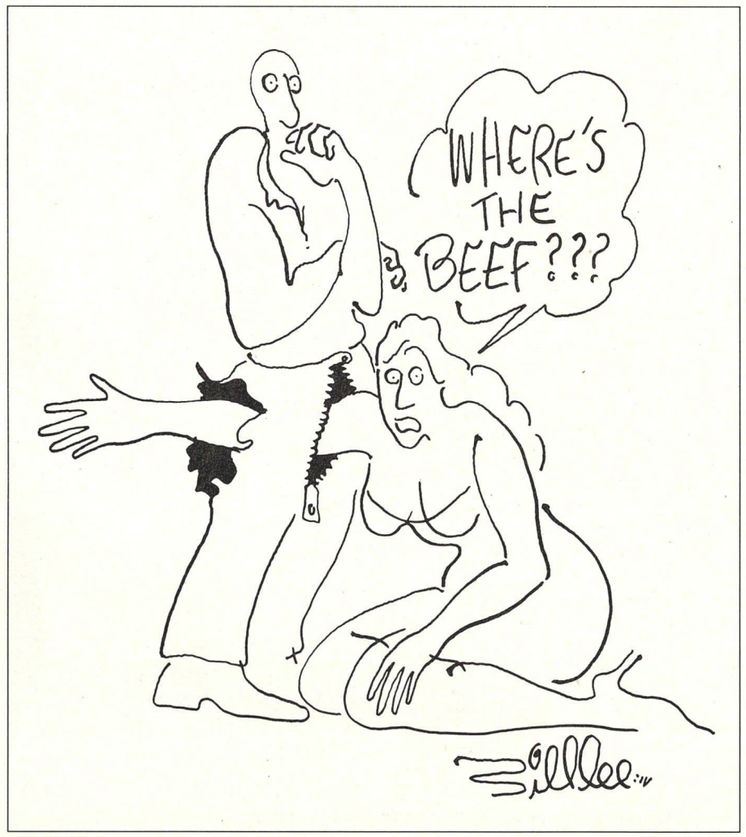
From Los Angeles, the group, whatever its composition, flew to San Diego, where the Hughes yacht was docked. From San Diego, they boarded the yacht and "headed south"—to Mexico, Miss Moore supposed, "because I asked somebody where we were going and they said Mexico." Several hours later—Miss Moore did not know exactly how long or where—the "ceremony" took place, in the main salon, performed by a Captain Flynn, now deceased. "I think it was Psalms or something like that," mused Moore. "He read some very pretty things. It was very beautiful, I know, because I was surprised at how beautiful it was." After this occurred, Terry recalled, "It seems to me Captain Flynn asked if he [Howard] had a ring, and he said, 'No,' and somebody loaned me a ring that we used, and I gave it back, I don't remember who it was. . . . I just used the ring for the ceremony; that was all."

A short time after this event, the party returned to San Diego, within seven or eight hours after they had set sail. There the guests disembarked, leaving Hughes and Terry alone on the yacht overnight. Assured she was now officially Mrs. Hughes, Terry consummated her marriage to Howard while the boat remained docked in the San Diego harbor. Moore had no qualms about the legality of the ceremony, even though she had never received a marriage license, and she had never observed the captain's log recording the event, because she remembered "seeing movies where people were married on shipboard. . . . I knew a sea captain with unlimited master's papers could marry you at sea," she elaborated. "Who told me, I don't remember. But I knew that. I know it now. I knew it then, and I don't know how I knew it. I just knew it—from books, from motion pictures—and I knew it."

During the months immediately following the episode on Hughes's yacht, the pair "moved around a lot," occasionally using pseudonyms, often going as Howard Hughes and Terry Moore, but never as Mr. and Mrs. Hughes. Moore explained, "It was a secret. It was a very secret marriage." According to Terry, the secrecy was for her protection. "I made animal pictures, and I was the eternal virgin," she disclosed. "Howard was a roué and had a reputation for being a roué, and it would have been very harmful to my reputation to be married to him or anybody."

Under any circumstances, the Howard Hughes–Terry Moore friendship, whatever its legal status, continued over the next year. The alleged marriage was certainly never made public, nor was it acknowledged privately by Hughes's friends or aides. Moore did not even inform her father she was married, "because he was so much against it," she asserted. "You know, he just—my father did not care for Mr. Hughes and I just didn't bring the subject up."

About a year into their secret marriage, Moore surprised Hughes at a very awkward moment. "My father hired an ex-FBI agent named Leckie," she revealed, "and



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we caught Howard in Las Vegas with another woman. . . . I was with the detective. I caught him. I confronted him right in front of the woman." Rather than filing for divorce on grounds of adultery, the conventional reaction for a newlywed in her position, Moore decided to follow the maxim, "Don't get mad, get even." She reestablished contact with Glenn Davis, the famous Army halfback whom she had met some months earlier through her friend Elizabeth Taylor, to whom he was then engaged. "In the meantime," she recalled, "they [Davis and Taylor] had broken up. Time elapsed; he asked me out. I always said no to him, but on this particular occasion I said yes." The two made a date to attend the Rose Bowl, on New Year's Day 1951, and their appearance together made quite a splash with the Hollywood gossip columnists. "With Glenn," Terry remembers, "it was suddenly the big-star treatment—everybody was talking about it. Everywhere we went they grabbed pictures."

The popular couple continued to date, and within several weeks they announced their engagement, even though Moore insisted at the deposition she believed she was still married to Hughes. "I just kept going on and on and on until it happened," she tried to explain. "The studio publicity department started pushing this marriage. Everybody did. It flew into a crescendo like a snowball, and I was just too scared to stop it. It just kept, like a snowball, growing bigger and bigger, and I just went along with the people who pushed the hardest." When Moore told her alleged husband of her intention to marry Davis: "He just laughed and said I couldn't marry him." For once, Hughes was evidently wrong, because on February 7, 1951, a month after their first date, Davis and Moore were married in a Mormon church in Glendale, California, Terry's hometown. "I married him because no one was there to stop it," was Moore's explanation. "I thought Howard would stop it. . . . Neither one of us thought I would do it." On her marriage license, Moore stated under oath she had never been married previously. "My fear of telling the truth was far greater than saying I had been denying a marriage," she rationalized. She also told her new husband she was a virgin. "He didn't know I had been married to [Howard], because I couldn't tell him that. I didn't dare."

After Terry's marriage to Davis was a fait accompli, Hughes made no further effort to get his "wife" back, and in fact the two never spoke until, at some point, Terry telephoned Hughes—at the request of her new husband. "I didn't want to call Howard," she says, "and I couldn't imagine why Glenn would want me to. They weren't acquainted at all. Glenn just stood there and made me make the phone call . . . made me call Howard and ask him if he could [get him a job with] Hughes Pipe and Supply Company, and so I did." Apparently, Hughes bore no ill will toward Davis, because "Howard arranged for us to meet the president, whoever that was." According to Terry, "After he made me call Mr. Hughes, the marriage was over as far as I was concerned. . . . I figured he was using me, that he didn't love me." However, she said nothing to Davis. "No, I just telephoned. I didn't tell him how I felt." As usual, fear was her primary motivation. "I was afraid to tell my parents. I was afraid to tell Howard—afraid to tell anybody."

Instead, she returned to Hollywood and moved back in with her parents. "I didn't want to be with either of them at that time," she observed. Before long, it became necessary for her to see Hughes to discuss costume fittings for a movie she was making at Goldwyn studios. "After I saw Howard at Goldwyn," she remembered, "I called up Glenn and then I saw him again. I knew I could never go back. I was just wildly in love with him [Howard], and I called Glenn and told him I wanted a divorce." Although only two years had elapsed since her "secret marriage" to Hughes, Terry claimed her situation had changed and the adverse publicity stemming from a relationship with Hughes no longer concerned her. "I am trying to think"—she paused—"by this time, I don't think I cared as much, because at that time Howard . . . always my career was the most important thing in the whole world to me. At this time Howard became the most important thing in the whole world to me." She went on, "My career was changing. I was beginning to go into sexy roles and different roles. For the first time I was coming out of animal pictures—for the first time."

> Terry Moore's first "marriage ceremony" with Hughes took place next to a parked car on Mulholland. She said Liz Taylor told her that Hughes once tried the same approach on her.

In yet another magnanimous gesture for a man who should have been outraged over his wife's peculiar ménage à trois, Hughes arranged for Terry to meet with attorney Lloyd Wright to discuss divorce proceedings against Davis. The only obstruction to the divorce was Davis's macho attitude. As Terry perceived the problem, "Glenn thought he was married to me, and Howard knew he was married to me."

Eventually, Terry and Glenn filed for divorce, still with no word about Moore's prior marriage to Hughes. As soon as she had made her plans clear to Davis, it was back to Hughes again. "I was still married to Howard," Terry insisted. "I wasn't really—for the *public* we [Moore and Davis] were trying to get a divorce."

Sometime between 1951 and 1952, Moore claimed that she gave birth to Howard's baby. The child was allegedly born prematurely, in Germany, where Terry was then making a movie, and the little girl lived only 12 hours. It was Moore's position that Hughes sent his personal physician (Hughes himself stayed behind in the States), Dr. Verne Mason, to deliver the infant, and that much seems to be true. Although Dr. Mason is deceased, his son recalled Mason flying to Germany during this period to attend to Moore. Nevertheless, her memory of these events was remarkably hazy. She received no prenatal or postnatal care, either in Germany or the United States; she never saw the child; and she played no part in the funeral arrangements. "Dr. Mason took care of all that," she acknowledged, "because I was too sick and too depressed to do anything." When, during her deposition, counsel Freese asked Miss Moore what she and Hughes had named their daughter, she froze for a moment, and then replied, to the astonishment of the attorneys present: "Let me tell you later. I just can't think of it right now. . . . I have gone blank."

Later in her testimony, Moore suddenly blurted, "Our daughter's name was Maria or Marie!"

Terry Moore's divorce from Glenn Davis became official in April 1953.

"I remember when my divorce was final from Glenn Davis," she said, "that I was making a movie in Florida called *Beneath the 12-Mile Reef.* When that [the divorce] became final, Howard and I gave a big yahoo over the telephone." When the yahoos subsided, Moore returned to Hughes, after a fashion. "During that time," she recalled, "if we had fights, I would get mad and go home to my parents. . . . I usually would stay with them if Howard was away or if I had had a fight with him. We were fighting a lot by this time." The problem cited by Moore was "other women." There weren't enough detectives in Las Vegas to keep track of Hughes's infidelities, as Terry had done earlier with the former FBI agent her father had hired. According to Moore, Hughes was seeing both Mitzi Gaynor and Debra Paget in hotels in Las Vegas at the same time, and his romance with Jean Peters hobbled along concurrently with these relationships, not to mention the continuation of his "marriage" to Moore. Still, hope sprang eternal in Terry.

"Well," she reflected, "after my divorce from Glenn Davis became final, we were going to have a marriage and let the entire world know that we were married, and that was to be at Jack Frye's ranch. I was with Howard when he made arrangements with Frye to be married [to Moore] for the third time, the first time being on Mulholland Drive, and the second time being on the boat, and the third time being at Jack Frye's ranch in Tucson, Arizona, or thereabouts." Alas, the Tucson wedding ceremony never materialized, nor did any other. Hughes's philandering continued, and Terry, never one to be left to wither on the vine, met Howard McGrath, soon to be husband No. 2 (or 3), well into 1955. As usual, it happened at the Beverly Hills Hotel. "I remember where I met him," she reminisced. "I met him at the Beverly Hills Hotel. He was lunching with John Wayne, and John Wayne introduced me to him." Still, Hughes and Moore did not divorce. Nevertheless, Terry married McGrath in 1956, never mentioning her liaison with Hughes. In the meantime, Hughes himself had married, and Jean Peters became Mrs. Howard Hughes—publicly and privately—in 1957.

After her marriage to McGrath broke up in 1958, Moore met a wealthy businessman at a party given by Ann Miller. They dated for eight or nine months, then decided to marry. The businessman was Stuart Cramer III, the husband Jean Peters had divorced a year earlier to marry Hughes!

There is little argument that Hughes and Moore were involved, and it may well be that Moore believed they were indeed husband and wife. But the critical question is whether they were legally married, both on Hughes's boat and at the time of his death. As adept as Hughes was at saying what he thought others wanted to hear in order to get what he wanted from them, the wedding ceremony by a sea captain, if it truly happened, may have been nothing more than a contrivance, designed to get his reluctant lady friend into bed.

It was Terry Moore's contention that she and Howard Hughes were legally married by a Captain Flynn aboard Hughes's yacht, in international waters in November 1949. Since they never divorced, she further asserted, her subsequent marriages to Davis, McGrath, and Cramer were bigamous and therefore illegal, as was Hughes's eventual marriage to Jean Peters—all of which made her his lawful widow and sole beneficiary of his estate.

It certainly weakens Miss Moore's legal position that the only witness to her wedding still living is her mother, with the possible exception of Noah Dietrich, who may or may not be the mysterious "white-haired man"—and he denies it. Also damaging is the absence of the ship's logs. Moore insists that they were destroyed—either by Hughes after one of their many rows, or by his associates—to destroy evidence that might endanger the Hughes empire. The fatal flaw from a legal standpoint, however, came out at the trial to determine the merit of her claim. As a testament to the more serious nature of her assertions, Moore's arguments were heard earlier, at a trial separate from the trial of others who claimed inheritances as wives, brothers, sisters, or children. Ultimately, however, her claim fared no better. After hearing the arguments of counsel, Judge Pat Gregory ruled that Terry Moore was not entitled to share in the estate of Howard Hughes. Since she had married three other men subsequent to her alleged marriage to Hughes, he determined that she was legally "estopped" from now claiming to be Hughes's wife, and it was therefore unnecessary for him even to consider the substantive issues in her case.

Since her June 27, 1981, date in court with Judge Gregory, Moore has appealed all the way to the Texas Supreme Court and fought similar battles in California and Nevada, each claiming Hughes as a resident, but all to no avail. Mrs. Howard Hughes is one role the courts have not let her play.

Behind the scenes during her seven-year legal effort to establish her relationship to Hughes, Moore's attorney, Arthur Leeds, made repeated attempts with representatives of Hughes's estate to settle out of court, without success. As recently as February 1983, certain of the maternal heirs joked privately about Terry's claim. One Hughes cousin was heard to remark, "Terry Moore, isn't she the one who says she and Hughes were married on a boat by Errol Flynn?" But on May 24, 1983, Moore called a surprise press conference in Los Angeles. In her best old-Hollywood tradition, she announced triumphantly to the startled assembly of reporters that the Hughes heirs had at last recognized her as Howard Hughes's "widow" and agreed to give her an undisclosed sum of money. "It's more than $100,000 and less than $99 million," she tittered. Leeds was less coy. "It's closer to the first figure," he later acknowledged laughingly. Though the exact amount of the settlement is to remain unpublicized as one of the terms of the agreement, Leeds described it as a "modest sum." (Recent leaks to the press by sources outside the Moore camp put the figure at about $390,000, while press releases on behalf of the actress reported a "reputed" settlement of $10 to $20 million. Asked to comment, Leeds was evasive. "Anyway," he observed, "the way the agreement is worded, it's very difficult to determine exactly how much Terry is getting. It's set up so that she gets her money tax-free.") Whatever the sum, Moore was radiant; the heirs were noticeably silent and their attorneys unavailable for comment. Confidentially they groused about Terry's distorted portrayal of the settlement, and grumbled that she was paid off merely to enable attorneys for the family to "move the ball down the field."

As usual, none of this fazed Moore. For one afternoon she had, as her attorney put it, "her moment in the sun." "It has never been a question of the money for me," she remarked afterward, adding "I . . . enter[ed] into this . . . to defend myself and my integrity." ○+

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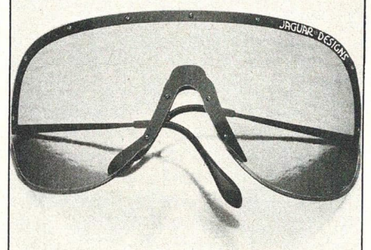

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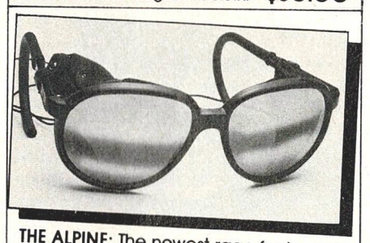

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THE FIRST TIME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

and 64 said they didn't know. This points to a serious gap in communication between men and women. Parenthetically, 50 percent of the men, when asked if their partners had had trouble reaching orgasm, knew enough to reply yes.

The percentage of women unable to achieve orgasm the first time around was troublingly large. This is puzzling when one considers the wealth of sexual information available to them. But what are the implications of this statistic? Are females often too embarrassed to let their partners know their needs? Are they too distracted by their new "partnerships," and by giving pleasure, to concentrate on their own arousal? Or are a substantial number of young men too worried about the mechanics of their own performances to concentrate on the needs of the women they're with? Whatever it reflects, it's no wonder that less than 25 percent of the women polled described their first experience as "fantastic," "beautiful," or "terrific," whereas more than 40 percent of the men did.

Why this discrepancy? First of all, approximately 50 percent of the women in the survey said that prior to their first sexual experience they had never even masturbated to orgasm. If women themselves are in the dark as to how their bodies work, how can they expect men to know how to free them. "I was hesitant to take command of my own pleasure," wrote a home-buying consultant from North Carolina. "Sex was not enjoyable and I was too dumb to know why." She had been persuaded by her boyfriend of two months, and they "did it" in his car. "There was not enough foreplay. The whole thing left me with a ruptured hymen and a complete feeling of disappointment."

In contrast, only 25 percent of the men described their first experience in negative terms. Their No.1 complaint was that there was not enough time; the experience was often interrupted by parents or roommates or restricted by curfews. Their No.2 complaint was that they came too quickly. And the third most commonly mentioned disappointment was that there was not enough emotional content to the relationship. A U.S. Navy man from San Diego who lost his virginity in a brothel at the age of 19 bemoaned the cut-and-dried affair. "Looking back, I wish it had been with the woman I was dating rather than a hooker. I missed the personal, good-hearted feeling that occurs when you know and like someone."

According to the *Penthouse* survey, almost as many men as women, 57 percent and 60 percent respectively, wrote that if they could relive their first sexual experience, they would in fact change it. Women, however, seemed more concerned with changing their environment or "waiting to be with a man I loved," while men simply wished for *different* partners and/or different environments.

Both men and women observed that their first sexual experience was positive in that, beyond its pleasurable physical nature, it brought them closer to their partners. Many men also perceived the first time as a general sexual learning experience, whereas only two female respondents noted that their encounter was educational. Again, this seems to refute the age-old social expectation that men are knowing and sophisticated while women are innocent, passive, and waiting to be "taught."

In answer to the question, "In what way was your first sexual experience a negative one?" 20 percent of the men and 20 percent of the women found nothing at all negative about it. Thirteen percent of the women, however, explained that having sex for the first time (including breaking the hymen) had been so physically painful that it had ruined the encounter for them.

> The girl I lost my virginity to taught me how to please her orally. . . . More than that, even, she gave me my first blowjob. Phenomenal!

Among the women other negatives included lack of orgasm and lack of an experienced partner. The men chose to view as negative aspects their *own* inexperience, their own lack of control, and their own fear that the woman might become pregnant.

When asked later to list the most disappointing thing about their initial experience, 20 percent of the females finally brought up the fact that they hadn't experienced orgasm. Seventeen percent lamented that the entire encounter was too quick. "I couldn't believe it," wrote one 22-year-old waitress from Texas. "I'd waited and thought about it all my life, and then it was over in ten minutes." Men, for their part, found that there had not been enough time; and many also complained that they came too quickly.

It's significant that 75 percent of the female respondents indicated that the qualities they found most important in a first lover were such traits as understanding, gentleness, kindness, love, trust, respect, and patience, whereas only 44 percent of the men listed such qualities. The second quality most frequently mentioned by men was physical beauty, accounting for 12 percent of their responses; only 6 percent of the women surveyed mentioned a man's physique.

Despite all the variables in the male and female responses to the *Penthouse* questionnaire, more often than not their answers tended to correspond. And indeed, responding to the question of what was the most gratifying aspect of their first sexual experience, they both replied with similar frequency and in exactly the same order of importance: "physical pleasure," "it was over with," and "sex with the one I love"—in other words, lust, practicality, and feeling.

Some young men wrote enthusiastically about the first time, when it was with an older woman. A 15-year-old student from Montreal told how his eighth-grade math teacher seduced him in her classroom after school. "She was gorgeous, and she'd always been helpful and pleasant to me," he wrote. "It was incredibly amazing. We saved the big fuck for last. She blew me, and I ate her out. It was really beautiful, and she was really beautiful. If I could change it at all, I would only make the moment last longer so that we both could have had more orgasms and more time together. Because the only disappointing aspect of it was that I never did it with her again."

Will, a marine from Washington, recalled how his mother's best friend introduced him to sex when he was 17. "She would drive by my high school and pick me up," Will wrote. What prompted him to have sex with someone so close to home? "She came on to me. Besides, I think I loved her even before we had sex." As for the act itself, "It was great. The first time I came inside her real fast. The second time she sucked me off, and then we fucked for about 15 minutes before I shot again." The relationship continued for about nine months, and Will is still enthused about it. "I loved this lady very much. We are still good friends but not sexual partners since I am now married. But I learned a lot about life from her. She really made me feel like I was King Stud. I couldn't believe she had picked *me* to have sex with. I really think older women make the first time special. They know how to make you feel ten feet tall."

However, 20-year-old Stephen, a mail clerk from New Jersey, recounted his unpleasant experience with an older woman. "I was 16 at the time, and she was 34 and the mother of my girlfriend," he wrote. "It was midafternoon, I'd come over looking for Mary, and she [Mary's mother] seduced me. And since I was curious and wanted to 'lose it,' I let her. But I had terrible guilt. After all, her daughter was my girlfriend! And I wasn't able to have an orgasm at all. I couldn't even get hard or penetrate her. Sure, she was able to show me basically what to do and how. Otherwise, the whole thing was a total disaster, leaving the permanent scar of guilt and regret on my mind. Also, her husband and my ex-girlfriend found out." It was all so damaging that after the relationship with Mary ended, Stephen went without sex for almost two years. "If I could go back and change things," he said, "without a doubt it would be to make my partner more my age—and single."

Stephen isn't alone in recording an unhappy or unsavory first sexual experience. A small number of readers confessed to having had incestuous first experiences, with brother-sister incest being the most common form. Every one of them wrote candidly—and often regretfully—of their encounters. For instance, Tom, a police officer from New York, described his relationship with his older sister. "We were dancing in the living room one afternoon," he wrote, "and she was showing me how to move slowly to the music. I started holding her tight, and I pushed her housedress off her shoulders until she was bare-breasted. We danced that way for a long time, then we started petting and moved to her bedroom where we laid on the bed, kissing. Then we undressed, and I sucked her breasts. Soon we were fucking. After all, I'd been peeking at her and looking at her and masturbating with her in my mind since I was 13," he said. "It's funny, I was too young to know not to fuck a sibling. When I finally realized it, I felt extreme guilt. I still do."

A young woman named Cynthia wrote poignantly about the experience she had had when she was 12½ years old and her stepfather was 41. "My parents had split up when I was very young, and I desperately needed a father figure to look up to," she explained. "I would have done anything to please him. He convinced me that all little girls 'did it' with their daddies, and if I wanted to be his 'little girl' and 'special girl,' I'd let him do it to me. Being very physically mature for my age, but with the *mind* of a 12-year-old, I believed him. And so it happened in our family room one afternoon while my mother was at work. All I felt was pain, so much so that he had to get up off of me. It was disastrous, yet he continued to make me have sex with him until the courts took me away from home at 14." How did this experience affect Cynthia? "I just didn't trust men and had no use for them," she said. "Until now. I'm 16, and I'm in love with a wonderful older man, and I wish so much my first time could have been with him. The only positive thing I can say about the whole horrible experience with my stepfather is that it didn't last long, thank God."

A few readers were slow starters. Arthur, a data-processing consultant from Indiana, didn't lose his virginity until he was 28. "I had spent the previous year and a half learning to overcome my shyness," Arthur explained. "And so I took a course at a dance studio. And there was this woman who was also learning to dance and who seemed very nice. We knew each other for two weeks before we went out—to a symphony concert. And that night, she initiated me. I'd been masturbating since I was 14, and now that the

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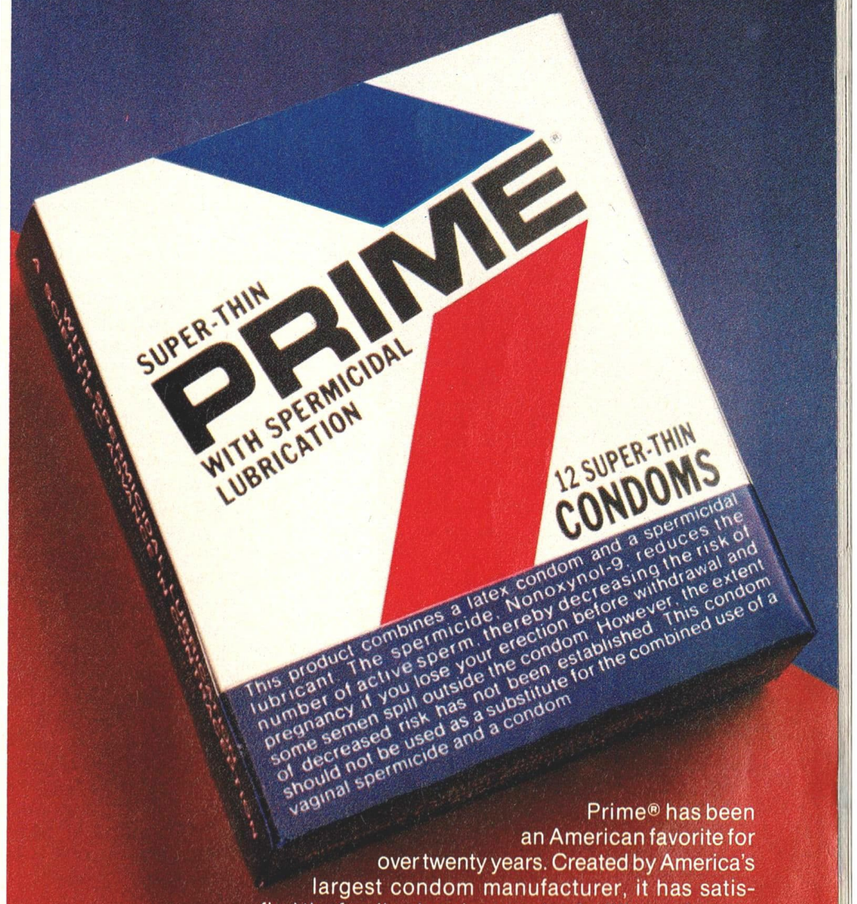

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IN THE JUNE FORUM

STEAM HEAT

Jonathan had a passion: He liked to take photographs of nudes—outdoors at midnight as they gamboled and posed in the misty vapors of sidewalk steam vents and sewers. One evening Eva Girard joined him and a troupe of models for artful revelry on a deserted back street of Philadelphia. "A gust of steam swept us like a warm hand caressing our bodies," she writes. "Oblivious to the click of cameras, I felt myself exploding."

THE MAN WHO LOVED PROSTITUTES

Jeremy Cooper had had obsessive sex with prostitutes since the age of 19, when he was deflowered by a Parisian streetwalker. Though that initial experience was a disaster, his imagination was excited by the utter availability, physical rawness, and illicit aura of sex for hire. In this memoir he recounts his progression from $20 hookers to pricey call girls, from parlor masseuses to high priestesses of kink.

GAYS IN UNIFORM

The American military remains off-limits to gay men and women, just as it used to be racially segregated. This prejudicial policy is based on a double standard. Homosexuals have been known to work in the White House and in the highest ranks of the U.S. government, yet they are not allowed to serve in the trenches. *Forum* investigator Eric Nadler explores the Pentagon's various reasons for this controversial ban, and canvasses presidential candidates and other politicians on their views about lifting it.

ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

actual event was before me, it was a little frightening but quite enjoyable. We both had orgasms. And my partner taught me about giving and receiving oral sex as well." Not only was Arthur unable to list any disappointments about his first experience, but the encounter was so positive that the couple married. "We've been together for two and a quarter years, so far, and though sometimes I wish I'd had more experience with other women, overall I'm satisfied with the way things turned out," he concluded. Waiting was, it seems, worth it.

Jonathan, a 33-year-old lab technician from Vermont, who had his first sex experience last year, agreed. "I met my partner through a dating service," he wrote. "We had corresponded by mail for six months before we met four years ago. Why did we wait so long? Frankly, it took four years for the girl to become willing, and she was the first one with whom I had had a relationship in which I really wanted to make love." The first time they had sex there was "lots of nervousness and fumbling—I didn't even come—but it was a fun and loving time. There were other people in the house, so we hurried, fearing discovery. And she was nervous about getting pregnant, so it was very awkward. We first tried it standing, then doggy-style, and then she stopped me and I masturbated her." Jonathan felt that sex was a giant step forward for him. "It was gratifying that at last I'd lost it! I finally knew what fucking was like! But more than that, it helped me develop a deep closeness with this woman. In fact, our relationship is still going on, and it looks like it has long-term possibilities."

A 39-year-old secretary from Cincinnati wrote that when she lost her virginity two years ago to a man who is now her husband, it was "painful . . . frightening . . . exciting . . . enlightening. It taught me what he liked and didn't like. It also helped me to realize that orgasm is not necessary for satisfaction." Perhaps not necessary, but she later on pointed out that the two most disappointing aspects of the encounter were "the pain involved and the lack of satisfaction. I guess too much was going on." Nevertheless, one would think that this woman's disappointment (like that of so many women who failed to attain orgasm) would in some sense undermine her delight at the intimacy and sensuality of the experience; apparently, however, for some females the two feelings can coexist.

A North Carolina woman waited until she was 25 to lose her virginity. "Because I was so religious, I had been putting it off. But when it finally happened, the whole thing was unreal. It blew my mind. He was six years younger than me, but he knew his business, and he put me through all the positions. Actually, I was a little afraid, especially of oral sex. I felt so strange, strange but tingly, the first time I went down on him. Come to think of it, waiting so long must have made the whole thing more exciting—I came like Niagara Falls. And I saw this boy for over a year—too bad he had to ship out, I've lost track of him."

A less successful encounter was the one experienced by Joe, a 25-year-old computer programmer from Alabama, who wrote candidly: "I'm the kind of guy who can't get a date with any girl. The girls I know wouldn't date me, so when Carol decided to go to bed with me as a birthday present two years ago, I didn't give her a chance to change her mind. Frankly, I was afraid I would never get another." But Joe had trouble reaching orgasm, in part because he was anxious, and in part because Carol had heard that virgins come quickly. "And so she had me wear two condoms at once. And being nervous, I didn't come." In the two years since he first made love, Joe has had sex only twice, and he observed, "Though my methods in bed are still bad, I'm a lot less tense now." Joe regarded his experience as positive in that "it ended all my worries about whether or not I'd ever have sex in my life. But it was still negative in that I felt like a fool not knowing what I was doing. My partner was telling me things like how to eat her right and other details that most boys learn when they are 16 or 17. Being 24 and not knowing things sure hurts one's ego very badly." On a scale of one to ten, Joe gave his first experience a one and his last a three. But considering his dissatisfaction, he was philosophical about it all. "No, it's not a good rating," he said feistily, "but I hear half the fun of sex is learning new things and getting better with experience."

Few men who answered the *Penthouse* questionnaire sounded as regretful as Skip, a 19-year-old college student from Pennsylvania, who wrote of an adventure that took place two years ago when a couple picked him up while he was hitchhiking. "They'd known me less than a half hour when they began asking me sexy questions and talking dirty," he said. "I got a hard-on, and that was it. The guy pulled over to the side of the road, and I lost my virginity as one third of a traveling threesome." How does Skip look back on this experience? "It was very thrilling at the time—a real adventure. I experienced *everything*—sex with a man as well as a woman—although I didn't particularly enjoy it with the guy; I didn't like giving blowjobs or swallowing come." Other problems? "I came too soon. And I began to realize it wasn't really me that they wanted—I was just a body with a cock. And in the long run it would have been nicer to really care about the person or people I was losing my virginity to."

A California hotel clerk, in losing his virginity at 22 to a woman nine years his senior, just narrowly avoided a ménage à trois. "Incredibly, the whole thing began with two older women and myself. It was Thanksgiving Day, and we played footsie all through dinner," said Ralph. "Then, I watched the two of them have sex, blending together in a way that totally mesmerized me. When the younger woman left the room, Sandra and I slowly and romantically made love until I had to get ready for work." Although Ralph never saw Sandra again, fearing discovery by her husband, he remarked that the first time was "a definite 10. I developed patience and 'verbal' guidance. My mouth and tongue were glued to her vagina for over three hours. Oh, I loved it. She would coax and pull my hair; the harder she pulled, the more she came. There were only two problems. One was my regret that she didn't oral-sex me—and I still haven't ejaculated during a blowjob. The other is that I wonder if the pleasure I feel while performing oral sex is a release of 'female tendencies.' Most men I know sound off against it as being unmasculine." Ralph apparently hasn't talked to many women; they would have no problem whatsoever with his "female tendencies."

Offbeat experiences such as those described by Ralph and Skip seem much more prevalent among male readers than female. Many more men also wrote about unusual fantasies, which suggests that either they've nurtured their imaginations to a much greater degree than the young women, or they've felt freer to share and indulge them. One student from Iowa regretted that during his first sexual encounter he and his partner hadn't "dressed up for sex. If I could relive the first time, I would make her wear my clothes and me hers," he said. A black student from West Virginia, who shared his initial experience with a white girl, admitted that prior to the event, which he described as "wonderful," he'd "dreamed of naked white women all the time." A 16-year-old Toronto boy who was seduced by his 42-year-old aunt one frosty January night, exulted, "Thank goodness it's still going on. Partners my own age seem too inexperienced and leave me cold." A 19-year-old college student from Montana confided that the first time "excited me into getting a job as a gigolo working in a classy dating service." And a fellow from Kentucky admitted to having a foot fetish. He wrote that if he could lose his virginity all over again, he would persuade his partner to allow him to tickle her feet.

The women, judging by the general tone of their responses, seemed much less fetishistic and much more pragmatic. They tended to focus on the emotional texture of the moment. One wrote that her first experience, at 17, "was very romantic. We promised each other endless love, and sex expelled my fears of my partner cheating on me. Besides, we started making love in places I'd never dreamed of—an elevator, a golf course, a bathroom floor." An 18-year-old from Philadelphia exclaimed, "It was lovely because he treated me like a *Penthouse* centerfold. He made me feel beautiful." A Massachusetts student complained—atypically—that after she lost her virginity at 18 with "a friend," her partner placed more importance on it than she did. "He saw himself as more 'special' than 'convenient.' I only saw him as being in the right place at the right time."

If this Cambridge woman's attitude seems jauntily modern and relatively emotion-free, it also seems at odds with the majority of female respondents, whose comments indicate that there may be a real gap between modern behavior and traditional desires on the woman's part. Most female responses read like this one from Bette, a California factory worker. "Andy was my first love, I was 17, he was 19. All I did was lay on my back with my legs wide open, thinking to myself, 'When will it end?' There was no foreplay, and sex was so painful that I got blisters, and it turned me off for a long time. I found more pleasure doing it by myself." Lydia, a New Jersey high-school student, echoed Bette's disillusionment. Her first experience, at age 14, was, to put it bluntly, "Disgusting. A big mistake. If I had to do it over again, I'd have waited until I was older and more knowledgeable about sex. And I'd wait for a man who didn't think only of his pleasures. What I experienced was a selfish act with a very young man." It's odd, then, that Lydia remained in this relationship for two years, and even odder since she remarked, "I cannot to this day achieve orgasm with any man—only through self-stimulation."

After collating, sifting, and examining more than 800 questionnaires, it's impossible not to conclude that losing one's virginity in the eighties is often as traumatic and disorienting as it was in the seventies, sixties, or fifties. The first time still seems more traumatic for women than for men, although a substantial number of males indicate discontent and disappointment as well. It all brings to mind that wonderful moment in *A Touch of Class* when George Segal, after making love with Glenda Jackson for the first time, asks her just how good it was. She demurs, obviously not having been swept off her feet. And when he insists on an answer, she explodes, "These things take time. I'm not a bloody machine, you know."

And neither are we. While the instinct for sex is natural, the techniques of sex are learned. What is so encouraging about the virginity-survey sampling is that so many women who'd had initially dissatisfying sexual experiences were, in time, able to turn them around—either with the same man or with someone else. What is dismaying, however, is that in 1983—post-Kinsey, post–Masters and Johnson, post–*The Joy of Sex,* and post–*The Hite Report*—a startling percentage of men are still not sufficiently aware of what arouses and satisfies women. Cultural denial of women's true sexual needs has existed for centuries, and apparently we haven't shaken off some of these traditional tyrannies and mythologies. As Shere Hite points out in *The Hite Report on Male Sexuality,* corroborating findings in the *Penthouse* survey, "Most men were not sure when a woman had an orgasm. . . . In fact,

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most men had great doubts about whether, or how frequently, women had orgasms with them; 61 percent . . . said they usually could not tell when a woman had an orgasm, or could not be sure.'' In addition, claims Hite, ''Most men still . . . lack information about the clitoris. . . . Much of this uncertainty is due to the fact that men have wrongly been taught that women should orgasm from the thrusting of the penis, and have been told very little about clitoral stimulation, and so are looking for women's orgasms at the wrong time. The fact is that only approximately 30 percent of women do orgasm from intercourse itself (usually from pubic-area contact, rather than thrusting per se); on the other hand, most women orgasm easily from more direct clitoral stimulation.'' Education, then, is the key to improving first sexual experiences, and *all* sexual experiences, for that matter.

This observation is not by any means meant as criticism of men's interest in women's sexual needs. Certainly in 1984 women should be responsible for their own pleasure, their own orgasms. And if it means speaking up and acting more assertively in bed, so be it. Sex is a tango that's meant to be danced *à deux*. Women who expect to be whirled through the air weightless are bound to fall.

One of the truths coming to light as a result of our Losing It in the Eighties questionnaire is that a surprising number of respondents of both sexes were completely ignorant sexually when they discovered sex for the first time. They didn't know what to expect of the experience itself, of their own bodies, or of their partners. In their rush to ''lose it'' or ''get rid of it'' or ''get it over with,'' in their haste to cross over into that world of (perceived) adult delights, they lost sight of the real meaning of the act—a joining together in a celebration of physical intimacy, emotional tenderness, and shared generosity and knowledge.

The following is a sampling of reader responses to the *Penthouse* Losing It in the Eighties questionnaire:

1. What prompted you to choose this particular partner at this particular moment in your life? The men answered:

''I felt that whether or not I remained in love with this girl, she was the one I wanted to share this with.''

''I loved her, we had gone together for two years, and she was also a virgin, so I figured we could make fools of ourselves together!''

''She was there, and she was available. And I was dying to lose it.''

''Blind lust.''

''It was one of those love-at-first-sight-type deals. Besides, I wanted someone to keep me company during the summer at a vacation resort where we were working.''

The women answered:

''We were in love with each other and this seemed to be a part of the natural progression of our relationship.''

''I used to get turned on whenever I saw him.''

''I was sick of being a virgin, and I figured that he was tender and caring and would help me through it.''

''My girlfriend told me he was good in bed.''

''He would constantly make innuendos that would get me hot.''

''I was 23, and I wanted to get it off my back, so to speak. And so I met a guy who was a bit of a stud, but I said to myself, 'At least he'll know what to do.' And he did.''

2. In what ways, if any, did your first sexual experience affect your future sexual encounters? The men answered:

''The girl I lost my virginity to was partial to oral sex, something I had never fantasized about before; in fact, something I was a little frightened of. And she taught me how to please her orally, which gave me an incredible sense of power and intimacy. More than that, even, she gave me my first blowjob. Phenomenal!''

> Although Ralph never saw Sandra again, that first time was ''a definite 10. My mouth and tongue were glued to her vagina for over three hours.''

''I was with an older woman who showed me how important it was to take my time and relax during sex instead of rushing it.''

''I never knew how much women liked foreplay until my first sexual experience. I always thought it was a prelude to them letting me 'do it.' Now I see that it's an equal part of 'doing it'—and, sometimes, even more important.''

''The confidence that comes from having done it at least once enabled me to take more chances with other girls. Now I have four girlfriends, and I feel more secure about letting a new acquaintance know what I want to do.''

The women answered:

''I tend to judge all others by my first partner, and although we aren't seeing each other anymore, I still think of him, our relationship, and our great sex at least once a day. In other words, it spoiled me.''

''It lowered my expectations and made me more aware of my partner's needs.''

''In my first encounter, I did the persuading and the seducing, and, well, my partner seemed to like it, so now I am a much more aggressive lover than I ever dreamed I'd be—*or* that I ever dreamed men would like.''

''I lost my virginity in a muddy rut on the side of the road between Baton Rouge and New Orleans, and believe me, nothing is going to get me to have sex in such a location twice!''

''It started me to realize that sex is like potato chips—you can never get enough.''

3. In what ways was your first experience a positive one? The men answered:

''I used to be real shy with women. This gave me more confidence.''

''It removed the 'burden' of virginity from my shoulders and freed me to think about other things from time to time, thank God.''

''It taught me how to please a woman with my tongue as well as my penis.''

''I became less self-conscious about my body. Because my partner was so loving, it became easier for me to undress in front of her—and, later, other girls.''

The women answered:

''I was curious, and I learned a lot about guys. Besides, the orgasms were the best I ever had—better than masturbating.''

''My first lover was 13 years older than I was. And he was so caring, so knowledgeable, that I think I will always look to older men for sexual fulfillment. It thrills me that they are so worldly! I mean, my lover knew more about what might give me pleasure than *I* did!''

''I learned that sex could be good even though I had no orgasms.''

''My first lover, who was also my best friend, taught me that you can have sex *and* have fun at the same time.''

4. In what ways was your first sexual experience a negative one? The men answered:

''She just lay there. She didn't even move, and I got no feedback whatsoever. I mean, as far as she was concerned, I could have been reading a book or watching the tube.''

''I got the clap.''

''I was guilty about having sex with my friend's girlfriend.''

''The woman was too old—she was 24, and I was 17—and it was just a sexual relationship and nothing else.''

''I was so worried that neither of us were using birth control that I kept losing my hard-on.''

The women answered:

''I had tremendous pain and bleeding the first time. If my partner had not been patient and tender, I'm sure there wouldn't have been a second time.''

''My first lover was 52, and I was 19. I wanted to marry him and was shattered when he refused. But he told me there would be other, younger ones, who would blow my mind just as much as he did. And,

believe me, he was right."

"I didn't reach an orgasm, and I was very upset and embarrassed. It was made even worse because my lover was so patient and kept asking me what I'd like. But I was too embarrassed to tell him that I didn't know."

5. What was the most gratifying aspect of your first sexual experience? The men answered:

"That it literally consummated our love and intimacy."

"The feeling of being inside her, the warmth and tightness is something I'll never forget."

"Well, I used to think that I reached orgasm too quickly when I masturbated. But my partner reached her orgasm just as I reached mine, and it reassured me that I didn't jump the gun, so to speak."

"I felt so high without any drugs. In fact, that whole night seemed like one wonderful drug."

The women answered:

"That it didn't hurt."

"I didn't get pregnant."

"I was finally a woman."

"Seeing him orgasm."

"I felt closer to him than ever before."

"To know I enjoyed being completely filled by a thick tool."

"The self-confidence I received as a result of the whole thing."

"I was relieved that I didn't bleed."

6. What was the most disappointing aspect of your first sexual experience? The men answered:

"She was nervous and didn't really get into it."

"I couldn't hold an erection because I was so scared."

"She couldn't orgasm through intercourse, which made me feel inadequate."

"She bit too hard and left marks."

"She couldn't stay all night."

"We had to be quiet so as not to wake anyone in the house. And so we both felt very restricted."

"I had no emotional ties to the girl."

"Her husband and my parents were standing over us the next morning, and her husband knocked the hell out of me the next day."

"Neither of us came."

The women answered:

"I thought it would make him love me, but it didn't."

"He gave me a lot of love. He also gave me cystitis."

"He was married, and I knew I'd never see him again."

"That it had to end."

"The sticky mess he made."

"That it was so quick."

"That I had to go home because I was young and my mother was waiting up."

"That because of my age I couldn't tell my friends."

"We didn't come together."

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SEIZING

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certainly true that those whose first concern it is to be a "nice guy" seldom finish first. To get ahead, you don't necessarily have to be tougher than everybody around you (though it doesn't hurt, as a rule), but you *do* have to have a sharper eye for the main chance, a superior sense of when and how to play your cards.

Many people lack this instinct altogether. Women, for example, are far better than men at recognizing and using mentors, perhaps because women are more used to deferring to older men (and manipulating them) than men are. And yet, having a mentor is a natural and recognized way of getting ahead in corporate life. Senior executives past a certain age generally look for someone to instruct, someone who will admire them and carry on their work, someone to inherit their knowledge and experience—in short, a surrogate son or daughter.

The trouble is that men set such great store by the competitive instinct that they often fail to recognize a potential mentor when they find one—a mistake women rarely make. Men are inclined to feel that being "mentored" is the equivalent of licking ass, of being a yes-man, of becoming a flunky. They'd rather fight than learn. Yet, most people who have made it to the top acknowledge that a mentor played an important part in their careers. In most management situations, having a mentor is the recognized route to the fast track, and so it is important to recognize a mentor's usually subtle overtures.

The chairman and chief executive officer of one major Fortune 500 company told me that the turning point of his career was when he came to the attention of the then-president of the company, who was looking for a bright young man to serve as his executive assistant.

"It was a step down, in some ways," he told me. "I'd always believed the way to the top was through line operation, responsibility for a division or a profit center—producing the numbers. You produced your numbers and you rose or fell by them. Here I was being offered a job that didn't give me responsibility of my own. I was being taken out of the competitive stream. Then it dawned on me that what I was being offered was an opportunity to look at the company *as a whole.* American business today is so big that you can't really *see* it from any one of its parts—which is why guys who can run a division perfectly well, maybe even a division that's worth half a billion dollars a year, can't handle the whole company when the time comes. That takes apprenticeship: learning by listening and watching someone do it, at close quarters, until you've developed a philosophy and a style of your own, along with a real understanding of how things look at the top."

One thing is certain: You need a sense of what works in a company to get ahead in it—some feeling for the "house style." For some reason, many people are unable to accept this idea, or perhaps they aren't equipped to notice. Some companies favor strong, tough-talking, competitive types, guys who use sports metaphors and swear a lot; on the other hand, at IBM or a major bank, these people would never get anywhere. ITT, when the redoubtable Harold S. Geneen was running it, required ruthless, 24-hour-a-day dedication to the bottom line. By contrast, most of the big corporations of the American heartland look for executives who can run things along more relaxed, congenial lines (or appear to do so, anyway). As long as William Paley ran CBS along the lines of his own personal style, much the same as his family had run their cigar business, the house style was in his image: cool, tough, elegant. If you wanted to get ahead at CBS, you wore a conservatively made, tailored, dark-blue suit, shiny black shoes (*not* Gucci loafers, unless you wanted to spend the rest of your career in the L.A. office), a white shirt, and a dark tie. While a WASP name was helpful, the WASP manner was essential—a certain patrician hauteur combined with a single-minded devotion to the bottom line. It didn't hurt if people thought you had gone to Yale. Once you had the right kind of expense account, "21" was where you ate.

> The key to success is excitement and challenge, which is why successful people are invariably more interesting over the long haul than losers.

At NBC, however, the house style was more rumpled and informal. CBS was the palace of cool (at least on the surface—underneath, it seethed with intrigue and blood feuds). NBC was a place where people tried to look as busy as possible. CBS was a place where clean desks were the order of the day. NBC was a place where you were judged by the chaos and confusion on your desk, the prevailing notion being that anybody who had the time to clear his desk probably wasn't working hard enough or doing anything of importance. Both networks did the same job—and people moved from one to the other fairly frequently, because of the volatility and the incestuous quality of the industry—but the point is, the house style of each was *different,* and you had to master the style in order to get either to the top or on the right path.

Success is not likely to be yours if you haven't learned how to detect and adopt the style of your particular corporate world. I myself have nothing against mustaches, for example, or beards, but as a close observer of the American corporate scene, I have noticed very few mustaches and beards on the presidents and chairmen of major corporations. In the movie industry, maybe (but even there, not at the top); in "talent" industries and advertising, yes. But in general, if you're going to make it to the top in corporate life, a razor seems like a pretty good investment. So does a white shirt.

Understand, I'm not urging you to shave your beard and don a white shirt. Maybe you'd rather have a career as a rock singer, or a lifeguard, or try your luck at the great American novel, and maybe I would, too. But if you're going to go into business, you may as well at least *try* to get to the top, where the Learjets, suites, limos, and golden parachutes are.

The important thing is to develop in yourself an understanding of a simple fact: You're not in business (or alive, for that matter) for the purpose of achieving "peace and quiet," even if it were possible to achieve. It can be achieved, in fact, *only* by settling for a passive existence, which is a choice many people (perhaps the majority) make. A successful life, on the contrary, requires a certain amount of angst, or a certain amount of what one Hungarian impresario called "upsies" and "downsies." It is just when things are most difficult and fluid that the big steps to success are made, not in peace and quiet, but in the middle of chaos, personal problems, and instant decisions. In short, the key to success is excitement, drama, and challenge, which is why successful people, whatever their moral failings, are invariably more interesting over the long haul than losers.

Those who seek success are more alive than those who don't, and for a number of reasons, not the least of which is that achievers tend to be more observant than non-achievers. You don't get ahead unless you learn to *notice* things. Your senses have to be attuned to what people around you are saying, thinking, doing. The changing situations of everyday life have to be studied, assessed, and interpreted almost continually. Like a hunter, you have to be aware of every small sign around you, and like an athlete, you need a good sense of timing. When the moment comes, you have to grab it, even if it makes you feel uncomfortable or arouses antagonism.

Years ago, when I was a rising young editor, the editor in chief of the company I worked for moved to another publishing house, vacating his job and his office.

I considered myself next in line for the job, and rather thought that everybody else did, too. But I was dismayed to find that nothing happened. I wasn't promoted. There was even talk about finding a new editor in chief from "outside." It was all very gentlemanly, in the way of book publishing, but I had a sense that the fix was in, and not for me.

When I complained about it, I was offered a polite compromise. I could have the duties of an editor in chief, together with a better title (not editor in chief but executive editor), and, as they say, "We'd see."

In other words, I was on probation, and if the company found an older and more prestigious person, they'd bring him in (there were no "hers" in those days) over my head. If they didn't, they could always give me the title later on.

On the face of it, it wasn't such a bad deal, but I wasn't happy. On the other hand, I didn't want to challenge the decision outright, since I didn't feel I had the weight or authority to bring it off in the crunch.

Instead—a happy inspiration—I asked if I could use the former editor in chief's office for the moment, since my own was too small, and because everybody was embarrassed by the whole situation, they agreed with relief. They thought I'd insist on the title, you see, and were so relieved when I didn't that they gave me the office without a second thought.

But I know office life. Power symbols count. Once I was in the office—and my secretary and I moved in overnight, before anybody could change his mind—I had it painted my favorite color (blue), put my own pictures on the wall, ordered new furniture, and had my name put on the door. Suddenly, the situation had changed, remarkably to my advantage. If I was in the editor in chief's office, from most people's point of view, I *was* the editor in chief. The office makes the man (or woman, these days). Even more important, if the company hired a new editor in chief, it would have had to evict me, which would have been an embarrassment to everybody. Besides, the board of directors, businessmen all, took the fact that I was sitting in the editor in chief's office as a sign that I *belonged* there.

Had I allowed the office to remain vacant, my career would have ended. Instead, the title I wanted followed within a matter of weeks. By preempting the office, I had publicly demonstrated my right to the title.

Even after 20 years I tend to regard this experience as the turning point in my career, the one moment when failure to seize opportunity might have proved disastrous, and when the ability to recognize both the opportunity and the moment was vital. Yes, of course hard work counts; yes, of course contributing to the bottom line matters (business is business, after all); but in achieving success, it is very often the small things that matter—the ability to firmly place yourself in position and to take advantage of the circumstances. It may happen only once, but it *need* happen only once—if you're awake. ○

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URBAN RENEWAL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 127

she was going to buy that stuff he would wash his hands of her.

He was contemplating this when suddenly she turned and, without so much as a glance, walked right out of the store. It happened so quickly, and seemingly on such rash impulse, that for a moment he just stood there, unable to follow her. Outside on the street he looked both ways. Which way had she gone? He seemed to have lost her. Then he saw her crossing Ninety-first Street and heading in the direction of D'Agostino's.

He crossed the street in the shadow of an Itkins van and emerged just in time to see her enter the supermarket. "Now we've got her," he radioed Control—he had earned his black belt in the kosher and Goya departments, and if there was one place even more promising than bookstores, it was that sanctuary of desire, the New York supermarket.

Entering casually, picking up a basket, he scanned the aisles and saw her standing in the yogurt section. A Jewish American Princess who kept slim on Dannon and lolled around in bed reading cookbooks and science manuals! It would not be the first time that he experienced such exotica. One of his first New York conquests had been a Sephardic Valium junkie. She stayed in his apartment for three and a half days, and he finally had no choice but to call the cops on her. Yet, far from feeling disgust or revulsion, the experience had appealed to his sense of adventure. He was finally tasting the ethnicity of Manhattan, the infinite variety of the Naked City!

"Target now proceeding into meat and poultry. Seems to be lingering over Hebrew National. Could cause trouble. Could be too Orthodox. May prefer men who are dentists or chiropractors."

The way Pelligrew figured—and he was experienced in these matters—she would be heading west through detergents and oven cleaners, east through canned goods, west through condiments, and back east again through health aids and paper products. He, meanwhile, would stroll east through baby foods, west through vegetables, doubling back through salad dressings, west through baked goods, east through kitchenware, and they would meet at the spice rack, where he would pull out his shopping list for her.

D'Agostino's at this hour, like most New York supermarkets, was catch-as-catch-can, overcrowded, inadequate. It was as if every item in the gross national product were battling for survival within a six-foot shelf area. He felt vaguely grateful that he did not have to shop there. Think of the poor souls who actually came here for sustenance! As far as Pelligrew was concerned, if it weren't for sex, there would be absolutely no reason to ever set foot in a supermarket.

He spotted his prey rounding the bend at baked beans. God, she looked great! She was even sexier than he had thought. She was wearing those high-heeled shoes below tight French jeans, which pitched her weight slightly forward, as if she were climbing an embankment.

His interest in matters of seduction followed rhythmic patterns, peaking twice a year just after the equinox. The spring was logical, because that's when the sap rose, but the autumn, like now, was more attached to cerebral yearnings. It was the season of football, wool sweaters, and leaf burning. In New York it was also the season for clothes hawking, and there was something exciting about seeing women newly demure who had so recently been braless, suntanned, and raw-looking. He noted that she was wearing a fluffy white turtleneck under a pinch-waisted blazer with patches on the elbows. He would love to disrobe her layer by layer, until he arrived at the last fading glow of her suntan. It was like an autumn perfume that lingered in fantasy—Fire Island, the Hamptons, Puerto Rico, the Rockaways—each according to one's means and social standing, but each deliciously revisited in nudity.

He felt a rush at his temples. Boy, this was terrific! This was the best time he had had since he was a kid back in Hagerstown! This was the best time he had had since he was eleven years old and had crawled through an air duct to spy on girls in the locker room! That, of course, was the Black Phantom's handiwork. It had been done out of necessity and in the service of his country. It was suspected that there might be a spy ring in there that was using the girls' gym facilities as a front for espionage. This had proved untrue. There was nothing in that locker room except a glimpse of underwear and some underdeveloped mammary glands, but it was a daring adventure, dangerous in the extreme, particularly when his Luger got snagged in the ventilator.

The Phantom paused. He was well into baked goods now. If all went well, he would soon meet his quarry. "Pardon me," he would say, pulling out his shopping list, a yellowing piece of paper he had been carrying for months now.

He was anticipating this and examining rye-bread labels when, much to his surprise, he was approached by a presence. He looked up briefly and there, bearing down on him, was none other than the girl who was the object of his surveillance!

"*I don't know quite how to say this, you asshole*"—that was lie number one; she was stating it quite eloquently—"*but if you don't stop following me I'm going to call the manager and they're gonna throw your fuckin' ass in the hoosegow!*"

Pelligrew said nothing. He was too stunned to reply. The rye-bread labels danced crazily in his vision. Was she talking to him? What had he done wrong? He tried to turn away, as if it had no relevance to him.

"You bastard!" she cried. "You're all alike!" She backed up her grocery cart and rammed at his knees with it. A carton of milk hopped out of the basket and fell to the floor, like a thing with white blood in it. "You been followin' me for the past half hour! Don't deny it! I got eyes, I saw it! You followed me in the bookstore, you followed me here. Whaddaya think I am, some goddamned prostitute?"

Pelligrew tried to speak, but nothing came out. The girl was in a rage that bordered on hysteria. She backed up her cart and rammed him again. Her face was red. Her lips had foam on them.

A small crowd had gathered, most were elderly or food-stamp candidates, a few Hispanics with eyes like mud puddles, gawking, curious, absorbing the drama with all the involvement of a cat watching a dog piddle. From the front end of the store a security guard was approaching. He looked like a scarecrow carrying a club in a holster. The eyes of young stock boys peered around cartons of soup cans.

"Y-you got the wrong guy. . . ."

"Like hell, you fucker! He's been followin' me around and talkin' to his hand! He's been holdin' his hand up with his finger stickin' out. What do you think you've got there, a two-way radio?"

He held his hand up. "This?" he said, blushing.

"See, what did I tell you? The guy's a fruitcake! He's been followin' me around, talkin' to the palm of his hand! He thinks he's Dick Tracy! He's a goddamned looney-tune!"

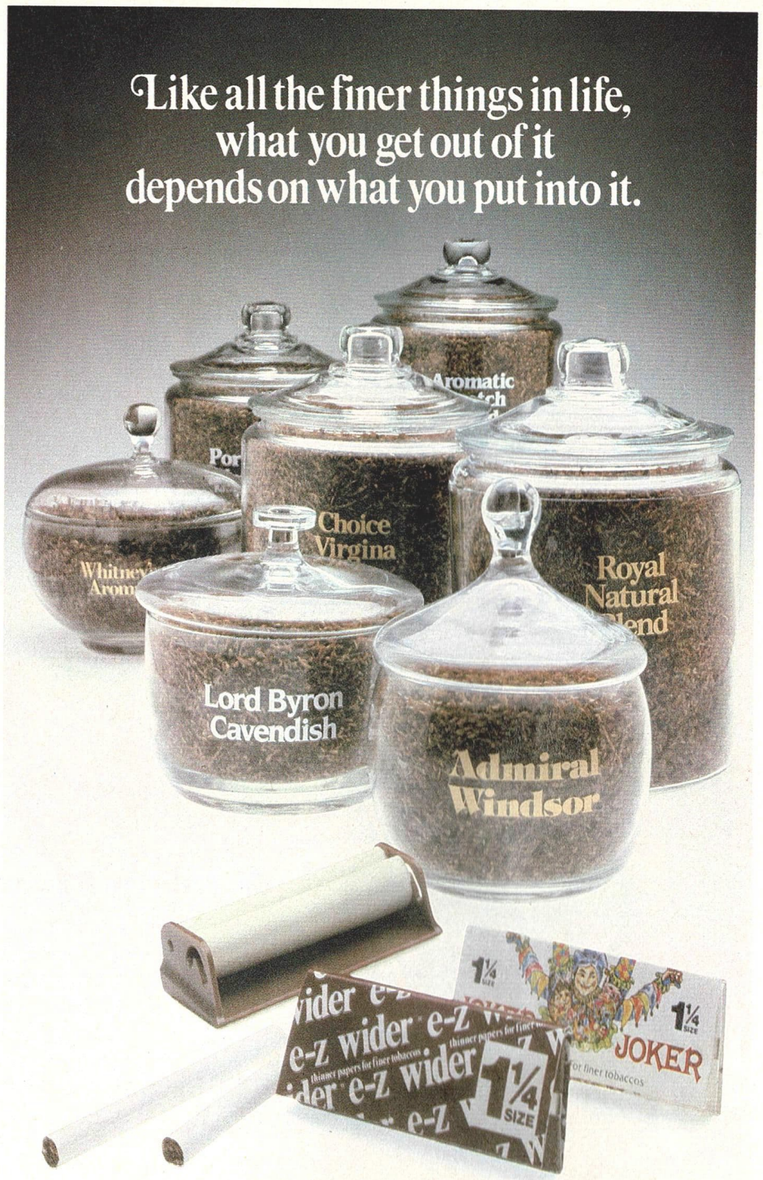
"Okay, break it up." It was the security guard talking. The girl was still using her cart as a battering ram. "Let's all calm down and cool it, shall we? And you," he said, "—out!" He waved his thumb at Pelligrew.

"I want him arrested! I want him in jail!" cried the girl. "He's a menace to women! He's a fucking loony-tune! They're gonna get you!" she shouted. "They're gonna cut your damned balls off! If I ever see you again, you better have a good lawyer with you!"

Pelligrew retreated, pallid, quaking. He stumbled through the express line, dropping his basket on the counter. Now other women were screaming, "*Hey! I was here first! Where d'ya think you're goin'! End of the line, you turkey!*" He took off in a run. The electric door was broken, and he practically ran through the glass in his quest for freedom. He ran out onto the sidewalk. He ran up Columbus. He didn't stop running until he had reached Ninety-seventh Street.

And the thing about it was, the girl was so irrational! So beautiful on the outside and so screwed up internally! Like saying that the next time he'd better have an attorney with him. Hell, that was a laugh! What did she think *he* was?

"Like all the finer things in life, what you get out of it depends on what you put into it."



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Sweet chastity

SWEET CHASTITY HAS FALLEN INTO THE HANDS OF THE TRANSYLVANIAN LIBERATION ARMY—AND AT THIS VERY MOMENT, IN THE ABSENCE OF THEIR LEADER, THEIR MINDS ARE NOT ON THE REVOLUTION.....

I'LL GIVE YOU MY SAUSAGE!

STUFF YOUR SAUSAGE! I SAW HER FIRST!

MOOSE—YOU'RE A REASONABLE MAN!

AM I?

SURE YOU ARE! AND WE'RE OLD FRIENDS—AREN'T WE?

YEAH...I SUPPOSE SO....?

WHAT SAY WE CUT CARDS FOR HER? THAT'S FAIR, ISN'T IT?

YEAH...I SUPPOSE DAT'S FAIR!

by RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE

THREE!

FOUR! YOU LOSE!

BEST OF THREE!

BEST OF THREE!

C'MON, MOOSE—GIMME A BREAK! IF I LIVE TO BE THREE HUNDRED I AIN'T EVER GONNA BE IN THE SAME ROOM AS A GIRL LIKE THAT AGAIN!

AND WHILE CHASTITY'S FATE HANGS SO PRECARIOUSLY IN THE BALANCE, OTTO, VINCENT'S TWIN BROTHER, HAS RETURNED TO CASTLE DREER...

LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT! YOU PRETENDED THAT YOU WERE ME?

NO! I DIDN'T PRETEND ANYTHING—THEY **MISTOOK** ME FOR YOU!

THEY RELEASED ME ON CONDITION THAT I HAD ALL POLITICAL PRISONERS SET FREE AND THAT I MUST APPEAR ON T.V. TO TELL THE WORLD THAT CHASTITY IS A HOSTAGE OF THE TRANSYLVANIAN LIBERATION ARMY!

THE TRANSYLVANIAN GOVERNMENT MUST AGREE TO ALL THEIR DEMANDS..

...OR THEY WILL **KILL HER!**

WHAT? AND YOU MEAN YOU ACTUALLY LEFT HER—IN THE HANDS OF THOSE CRETINS?

OH, GOD—YES! TO MY ETERNAL SHAME I LEFT HER! I HAD NO CHOICE!

YOU HAD NO CHOICE? YOU COULD HAVE DIED ON THE SPOT! YOU COULD HAVE TRIED TO SAVE HER!

YOU LET THAT CHILD SACRIFICE HERSELF FOR YOU?

YES! SOB

WHAT IS THAT SLIMY OBJECT ON THE FLOOR, IGOR?

I SEE NOTHING HUMAN, BARONESS

...JUST SOME SORT OF UNPLEASANT STAIN!

I'M GOING TO CROWN PRINCE BORIS!

THE COUNTRY IS IN PERIL — DUTY CALLS!

BUT BEFORE I GO.....

THIS IS FOR YOU!

OH, NO! NOT THAT!

NOT THE WHITE FEATHER!

HOW WILL I EVER REDEEM MYSELF?

HOW WILL I EVER BE ABLE AGAIN TO LOOK ANOTHER HUMAN BEING IN THE EYE?

THE PALACE OF GRAND DUKE BORIS, CROWN PRINCE AND LORD PROTECTOR OF TRANSYLVANIA.....

A REVOLUTION, BARON — HERE IN TRANSYLVANIA? MUST WE GIVE IN TO THE DEMANDS OF THESE TERRORISTS?

CERTAINLY NOT, SIRE — BUT FOR THE MOMENT WE MUST APPEAR TO!

TORG — DO WE HAVE ANY POLITICAL PRISONERS IN THE DUNGEONS?

WE'VE GOT ALL KINDS OF PRISONERS IN THE DUNGEONS, LORD — BUT I NEVER HEARD OF A POLITICAL PRISONER!

WELL — WE'D BETTER TAKE A LOOK!

PHEW! THEY'RE A PRETTY FOUL LOOKING LOT!

AS YOU CAN SEE, LORD — THEY ARE WELL CARED FOR!

I GIVE THEM MY PERSONAL ATTENTION AT ALL TIMES!

HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN HERE, MY MAN?

ER... ABOUT 40 YEARS ... I THINK?

AND ARE YOU A POLITICAL PRISONER?

EH?

A POLITICAL PRISONER? ER...WHAT ARE YOU IN HERE FOR?

ER...LEMME SEE...ER? I FORGET!

THE MAN'S A COMPLETE IDIOT!

I THINK YOU'D BE DOING YOURSELF A FAVOUR IF YOU GOT RID OF 'EM ALL!

I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT, BARON!

TORG! THROW THEM OUT! THROW THEM ALL OUT!

THAT'S GOODBYE TO MY CAREER! IF ONLY I'D SOLD INSURANCE—I'D BE LOOKIN' FORWARD TO A PENSION NOW!

NO, LORD—PLEASE! I AIN'T GOT NOWHERE ELSE TO GO! THIS IS MY HOME!

I'M SORRY, MY DEAR FELLOW—REALLY I AM—BUT THIS IS OUT OF MY HANDS!

I DON'T SEE THEM AS MUCH OF A THREAT, BARON!

—WELL NOT AS A REVOLUTIONARY ARMY—THAT'S FOR SURE!

I'D BETTER ARRANGE THIS T.V. BROADCAST —THOUGH WHERE THE TERRORISTS WILL FIND A T.V. SET TO WATCH IS BEYOND ME.....

...ONLY TWO PER—CENT OF THE ENTIRE POPULATION OF THIS COUNTRY HAVE GOT ELECTRICITY!

WHASS 'E DOIN' —CHASIN' THAT FELLAH!

DON'T YOU REMEMBER? THAT'S A WOMAN!

WHAT 'RE YA SUPPOSED TO DO WHEN YOU CATCH ONE?

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE TERRORIST'S HIDE OUT.....

FIVE!

SIX!

BEST OF NINE HUNDRED AND THIRTY THREE!

I'VE HAD IT! DERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TA SETTLE DIS, SPECS!

YOU'RE MY GOIL NOW, HONEY POT— AN' WE'RE ALL ALONE!

OH, NO! NOT ANOTHER CLIFF HANGING MONTH TO WAIT! WHERE ARE THOSE TRANQUILLIZERS?

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BARBIE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 137

not worth the money he is receiving. All the fancy reports that we have submitted recently were produced by me and my informants. All he has done this summer is dig up the informant to penetrate the Communist party in Augsburg. You and I have done the real work."

I said, "I believe you, Kurt, but what makes you bring up money at this time?"

Very calmly, Merk continued, "Barbie would work for nothing if you Americans ever found out what he did in France while he was in charge of an SD special commando in Lyons."

I pressed Merk for details. He seemed hesitant to continue the conversation, so I prodded him by saying, "I suspect that Barbie was a brutal interrogator. The SD was known to use force and beat prisoners who wouldn't talk."

"That doesn't even scratch the surface!" Merk continued. "He is high on the wanted list in France for murder. If the French ever find the mass graves for which Barbie is responsible, you will be forced to turn him over to them."

In disbelief and shock, I asked, "How do you know all this if you worked in Dijon and Barbie in Lyons?"

"You can believe me," Merk emphasized. "In 1943 and 1944 I had occasion to work directly with Barbie in Lyons on several espionage cases, and I saw with my own eyes some 200 Resistance fighters that Barbie had ordered strung up by their thumbs in the gestapo headquarters in Fort Montluc. In spite of being tortured, they had all refused to collaborate. Barbie gave orders for them to hang there until they were dead."

"Kurt, are you making this up?" I asked. "If this can be verified, I'm working with a first-class war criminal, and he should be turned over to the French."

"Of course, I am sure," he said. "During our stay in France, I sometimes worked with Barbie personally. I'm very familiar with the brutality he employed. Some of the soldiers in Barbie's SD command told me about the animalistic behavior for which Barbie's unit received several commendations. Please be careful to whom you tell this story. Barbie has strong supporters in your CIC headquarters. Should he ever be confronted with information about these atrocities, he will know immediately that I have talked to you."

I sent Merk's revelations at once to my headquarters, in Munich. I expected the CIC to come to arrest Barbie and turn him over to the French. After hearing nothing for several weeks, I called Lieutenant Lavoie, in Munich, to ask what decision had been reached regarding Barbie's alleged war crimes. The operations officer in Munich who picked up the phone told me that my reports were terrific, but that no decision had been made. "Since you and Barbie are doing such a great job of penetrating the Augsburg Communist party, we feel you should continue working with him. When the time is ripe, we will turn him over to the French."

Being part of a military organization, I had to work within channels. During those times, I had no access to the press, and it was impossible to skip channels and go directly to higher headquarters. Instead of being arrested, Barbie received an additional payment, and on September 5, 1948, I received a promotion. It was obvious that this promotion was not for discovering Barbie's atrocities in France, but was instead for penetrating the Communist party in Augsburg.

Since my regional commander, Lieutenant Colonel Ellington Golden, had assured me that Barbie would be turned over to the French when his value as an informant was exhausted, I continued to work with the Petersen Network. However, I requested transfer to another assignment. I also applied for extended active duty in the army. Since the Berlin airlift was by then in full swing and talk of war with the Russians was widespread, I had reason to believe my application would be approved.

I continued my assignment, but my heart wasn't in it. To come to the office every morning knowing that I was working with a master war criminal dampened my spirits considerably. Barbie, likewise, seemed to have a change of attitude toward me. I also became increasingly aware that Merk and Barbie rarely occupied our offices at the same time. I'm convinced that Barbie learned about Merk's revelations to me and that as a result their friendship began to deteriorate.

There is no doubt that Barbie knew that French agents were on the prowl before this information reached CIC headquarters. He already knew that he was wanted as a witness in the trial of Colonel Rene Hardy in France. (Hardy, a French Resistance fighter, was being prosecuted for alleged collaboration.) After I told Barbie on two separate occasions that French agents had inquired as to his whereabouts, he became quite nervous and suspicious, and very security-minded. Whenever I came to the office a few minutes late, and Barbie and the secretary were already there, he would look at the open door as though he expected that someone would follow me in. He became more relaxed once the door was closed. One day I asked him, "Why are you so fidgety lately, Klaus?"

He replied, "I've got to think about my safety and that of my family. I know that the French have a dragnet out for me. If they ever get me to France, I'll never come back."

I assured him that as long as he was producing good information, he could count on the protection of CIC and the American Army.

In trying to get a new assignment after I learned of Barbie's war crimes, I approached Captain George M. Spiller. I told him what I had learned about Barbie from Kurt Merk and asked him to get me another assignment. Spiller and I had never been very friendly, and he immediately turned me down. The "Report of Efficiency Rating," which was signed by him on September 21, 1948, gave me only an official rating of "good." How I had managed to get a promotion on September 5 with only an average rating remains a mystery to me.

Spiller never liked anyone who spoke a foreign language. When he learned that I had married a girl from Liège, Belgium, he asked me, "How in the hell can you marry a foreigner?" Spiller was a perfect example of an officer misplaced in his assignment. He had had no intelligence training. He never learned a word of German, although he spent years of service in occupied Germany. I don't believe he could even say *gesundheit.*

In the meantime, as my enthusiasm for working with Barbie diminished, our network continued to produce important information. During this period, I was handed a report by Barbie indicating that the Russians had placed a large section of the Soviet zone near the Czech border off-limits. According to the report, the Russians were mining uranium ore in that region.

This was a big scoop, and I impressed upon Barbie the importance of having his informant continue to bring as much information as possible. The United States thus far had a monopoly on the atomic bomb. An active uranium-mining operation would certainly suggest that the Russians anticipated building an atomic bomb themselves.

This kind of hot information certainly boosted Barbie's value in the eyes of my superiors. At that time, nobody at headquarters would have seriously considered turning him over to the French for practical or political reasons.

When CIC learned that I had been called back to active duty, I was finally relieved of my assignment with Merk and Barbie. A sergeant by the name of Herbert Bechtold, who had been at Region IV headquarters, in Munich, was sent to Augsburg to take over my duties. He had been briefed by Lavoie, in Munich, but I was given no opportunity to brief Bechtold regarding my unique experience with the Petersen Network. Barbie was again allowed to look over his new agent to see whether they could work together. Apparently he passed the test. According to Bechtold's recent statements, he had no knowledge that Barbie was a war criminal. It is indeed strange that I, who of all the agents had worked with the network the shortest period of time, was able to learn from Merk the extent of Barbie's atrocities in France.

Captain Eugene Kolb and Bechtold—who have, since I exposed Barbie, admitted publicly that Barbie worked for CIC—have consistently maintained that no one in CIC knew anything about Barbie's war crimes. They even claimed that if they had known about them they would not have employed him. Captain Kolb claimed that he knew that Barbie fought against the French underground but not that he was involved in the deportation of Jews.

In Augsburg I met with Bechtold twice, but we only discussed housekeeping details—not a word was said about the network. After I was assigned to the U.S. Constabulary Forces in Stuttgart as a major, in November 1948, I lost track of Barbie. But I heard of him again in September 1949 when he was still working for the Americans.

On August 17, 1983, the U.S. Justice Department released its findings in a now famous government report, written by Allan A. Ryan, Jr., a justice-department official. The report substantiated my allegations of Barbie's links to American intelligence operations. The United States even saw fit to send an apology to France, stating, "Justice delayed is justice denied." Nevertheless, some of the truth about the Barbie episode was hidden, veiled, or omitted in the *Ryan Report,* and today many former agents attempt to rationalize our mistakes by contending that U.S. personnel during the period lacked the necessary qualifications. Some said that they didn't know the extent of his involvement in war crimes in France. Others claimed that as a trained intelligence officer Barbie was valuable to the Americans.

Barbie had, in fact, become a CIC agent, and no one wanted to sever the relationship with him. If the French had captured him, they would have learned of

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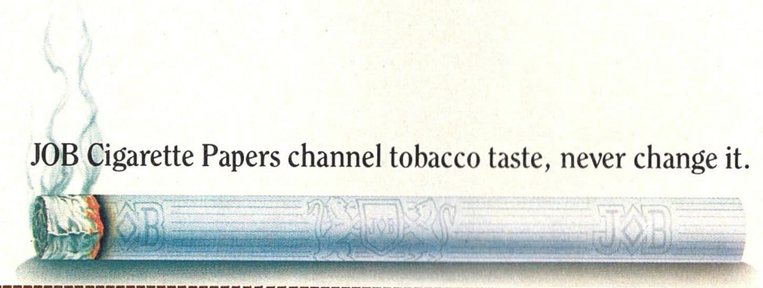

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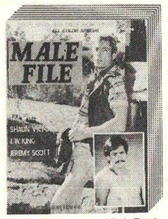

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previous CIC actions against the French, as well as a great deal about CIC's overall operation. The operations officer in Augsburg in 1950 commented that Barbie "knows more about CIC targets, *modus operandi*, and essential elements of information, etc., than most CIC agents."

The *Ryan Report* repeatedly states that CIC officials knew nothing about Barbie's background until May 14, 1949. Ryan writes, "On May 14, 1949—the date CIC officials were later to maintain was their first inkling that Barbie may have been a war criminal—a news item appeared in a Paris newspaper headlined ARREST BARBIE OUR TORTURER!"

My reports were written in 1948. So either Lavoie did not pass my reports on to higher headquarters, or no one in authority believed them. According to the *Ryan Report*, Joseph Vidal, technical specialist at CIC headquarters, and Captain Eugene Kolb stated that as of July 1949 the French had given no indication that Barbie had been involved in war crimes. Up to that time, all requests from the French Sureté had been centered on Barbie as a material witness in the Hardy case.

If my reports had gone to higher headquarters, CIC would certainly have known a year sooner—by the end of August 1948—that they were dealing with a known war criminal. According to the *Ryan Report*, my reports are probably among those that "could not be located and may have been destroyed long ago, perhaps shortly after they were submitted and analyzed."

The *Ryan Report* also states that transcripts of various interrogation reports could not be located in either U.S. or French archives. Some of these undoubtedly are missing, but France has records of Barbie's interrogation by the French concerning the actions of Colonel Hardy—records that are kept in the archives of the Ministry of Justice.

French agents quizzed me twice as to the whereabouts of Barbie. The first time, a hurried meeting followed an urgent phone call from Captain George M. Spiller. With excitement in his voice, he said, "There are two French agents on their way to your office. Get rid of Barbie and Merk and tell the agents that you don't know anything about Barbie!"

The two French agents were very polite. I told them that I didn't even know the name Klaus Barbie and was greatly surprised when they failed to press me for additional information. They gave no hint of what they had in mind or why they were looking for Barbie. We chatted about wine and champagne.

Approximately four weeks later, I was asked to come to Munich. This time two different officers from the French government showed up to ask me whether I knew where Klaus Barbie was. Again, I had been told by Colonel Golden, who was in charge of the region, to say I knew nothing about Klaus Barbie. Again, the French officers did not mention that Barbie was a war criminal or that they were looking for him because of his crimes during his stay in France.

But on January 21, 1949, French officials interrogated Barbie in Munich about the Hardy case, in the presence of CIC officers. The *Ryan Report* specifically states that nothing else was discussed. The French did, however, return on two other occasions in early 1949 to question Barbie in greater detail.

It is obvious from the *Ryan Report* that my two visits from French agents were totally unofficial—that they had not been cleared through our headquarters. It would naturally follow that the French were on Barbie's trail and that they hoped to arrest him and take him to France not only as a witness in the Hardy trial but also to stand trial himself for war crimes.

The fact that the French were sending agents into the American zone to learn the whereabouts of Barbie appears in a footnote on page 69 of the *Ryan Report:*

> During this time, CIC was also concerned and annoyed by the quite separate efforts of the Sureté, the French national police, who were sending "various and sundry individuals" into the U.S. Zone to seek information, from German police and CIC agents in the field, on Barbie's whereabouts. CIC Headquarters was convinced

that the Sureté at that time had been "thoroughly penetrated by communist elements" who wanted to kidnap Barbie, reveal his CIC connections, and thus embarrass the United States. . . .

The basis for the statement that the French Sureté was thoroughly penetrated by Communist elements is not at all clear. What convinced our CIC operations officers that these "various and sundry individuals" came into the American zone to annoy or embarrass the United States? Didn't anybody realize that the French wanted Barbie to face the music for war crimes? I was never told that the French had been authorized to interrogate Barbie in Frankfurt in 1948 concerning the Hardy affair. Barbie apparently had been instructed not to mention it to his American agent.

It was a major blunder for many CIC personnel to forget that France was our ally. To imply that French intelligence forces, if not the entire French government, had been penetrated by Communists was a feeble excuse for the continued use of Barbie. Yet, the belief was widespread. One CIC officer actually remarked on television not long ago that "if we had turned Barbie over to the French, he would have been in Moscow a few days later."

Ryan made this statement in his conclusion: "If a Klaus Barbie was available and effective and loyal and reliable—and those who worked with him found him to be all of those—his employment was in the best interests of the United States at that time."

As one of those who worked with him, I had indeed found him available and effective, but I never found Barbie to be loyal or reliable.

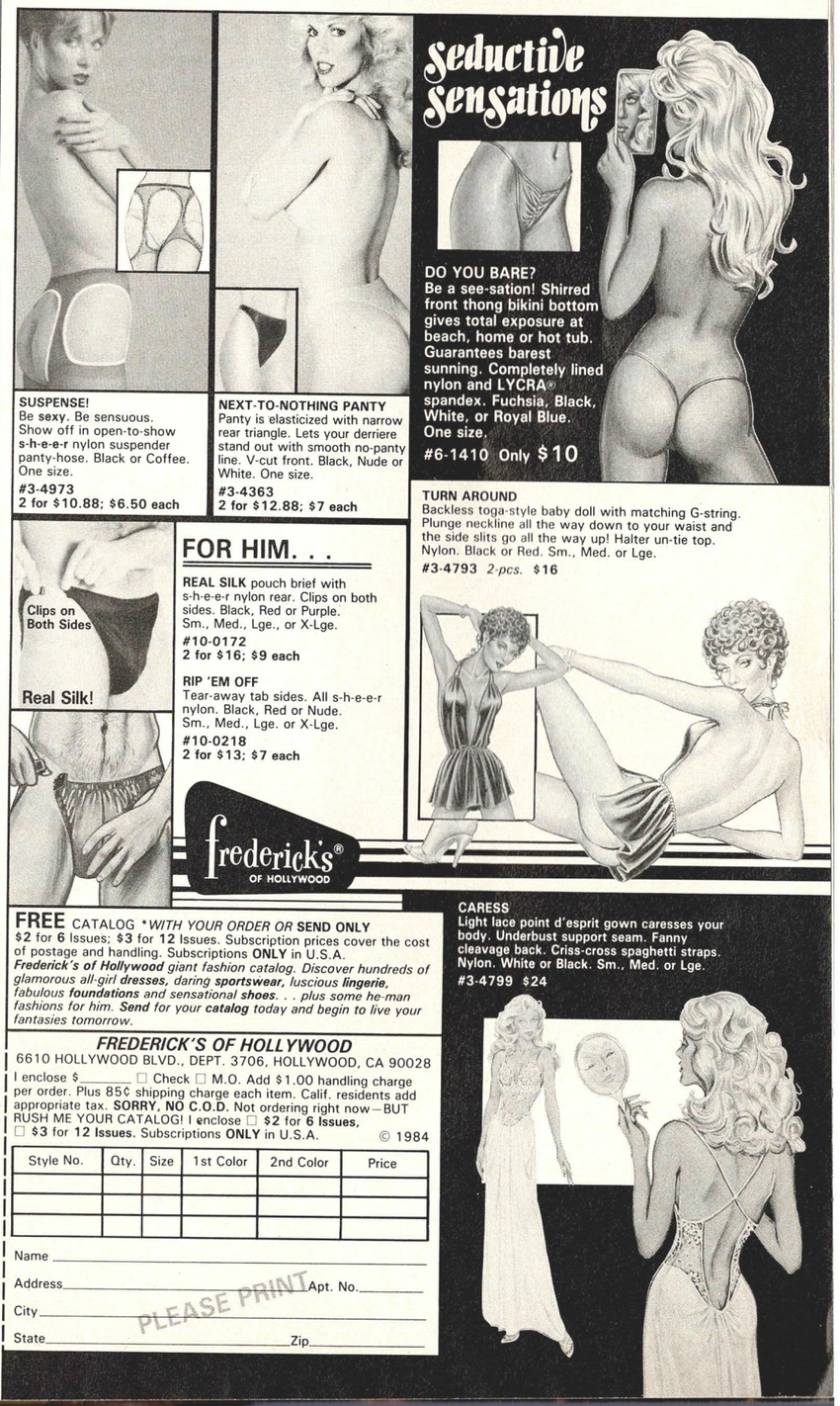
One of the *Ryan Report*'s most glaring omissions is its failure to deal with the disappearance of my reports describing Barbie's war crimes. How could detailed information about Barbie's acts of torture and murder—reliable reports given to me by his close associate, Kurt Merk—not be forwarded to higher headquarters? And how could I have been the only agent handling the Petersen Network to have obtained information about Barbie's monstrous past?

The *Ryan Report* emphasizes the fact that I led the network only from June to October of 1948, and that the other agents worked with Barbie for longer periods of time. Was I a better interrogator than the other agents, or did I have a closer working relationship with Merk and Barbie? Although these factors may have helped determine how much I learned about his past, my suspicion is that all reports about Barbie's crimes were suppressed by enthusiastic technical specialists who wanted to keep Klaus Barbie on board as a key U.S. informant.

If I had not exposed Barbie's involvement with American intelligence, the Justice Department would not have had to carry out its extensive investigation of the affair, nor would an official U.S. apology to France have been necessary. However, when Barbie goes on trial in Lyons, he will probably clarify the extent of his American connection and the fact that CIC helped him get to Bolivia.

Barbie, who knows my name as well as I know his, is likely to cite the names and activities of many former CIC agents. I believe that it is in our best interests to have this information publicly aired before the trial in Lyons. We, in this country, would have been far more shocked had Barbie himself been the one to accuse the United States not only of collaborating with him but also of shipping him off scot-free to a prosperous new life in Bolivia. O+

Next month: American intelligence officers lied to their superiors or withheld information from government agencies. Also, the suspicious death of Barbie's associate, Kurt Merk, and Barbie supplies evidence to Dabringhaus of the innocence of French Resistance fighter, Colonel René Hardy.



INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

Ross I had nothing more to say to him, and my attorney and I walked down a flight of stairs and then down a long hallway—at which point Ross and Ira Silverman (an NBC news producer) came running after us. Ross caught up to me and asked me, "Who is Frank Piccolo?" I'd never heard of Frank Piccolo, and told him so. Ross then said, "Connecticut?" I said, "Yes, I've heard of Connecticut." While Silverman filmed the proceedings, Ross badgered me all the way down the hall, and finally I stopped walking and put my arm on his shoulder. I started to say, "Listen, pal, do me a favor—this is not the place for an interview. If you're so intent on interviewing me, we'll find a room and sit down." Well, I got as far as "Listen, pal, do me a favor," and Ross poked his finger in my chest and shouted, "I'm not doing you any favors! You will answer my questions!" We have this all on outtakes, by the way. The guy was *frantic;* it was like his whole life and career depended on getting that piece of film.

Penthouse: What did you do at that point?

Newton: I just kept walking. When my lawyer and I finally got outside and into my car, Ross came at me again and said, "I want to *know*!" I left with absolutely no idea what all that had been about, but I knew something was up the next day.

Penthouse: Ross tried to see you again?

Newton: No, and that's why I knew something fishy was going on. You see, there are two parts to a Gaming Commission hearing. The second part consists of going before the commission itself, which can override its board's decision on whether or not to license an applicant. Naturally enough, when I showed up for that second hearing the next day, I expected more of the same from Ross and NBC. But there *was* no NBC! Gone! We found out later, through deposition, that Ross and Silverman had left town the night they filmed me and had flown to Burbank to meet with Johnny Carson in his home the next day. They met for over an hour.

Penthouse: Why is that significant?

Newton: Well, as I said earlier, NBC was renegotiating Carson's contract at the time. Ross and Silverman came after me on a Thursday, and the following Monday the first of a three-part NBC news story about me went on the air. NBC said that I got the money to buy the Aladdin Hotel from the Mafia and that a guy named Frank Piccolo—whom I had never met—had told people he was my hidden partner. I was in shock! Ross obviously had come to Carson City to get footage of me being hostile, and NBC edited it in such a way that they put me on the screen next to this Piccolo guy. Then they went through a whole thing about Guido Penosi getting me the money to buy the Aladdin and how Penosi headed up the entertainment and dope end of the Gambino family. I was devastated! I immediately stated that I was going to file suit. I mean, you can't *imagine* the repercussions.

Penthouse: What were they?

Newton: I went from being Mr. Clean to being a hood. I've never been involved with drugs or arrested for drunk driving, and to my knowledge, I'd never been around Mafia figures. I've worked very hard my entire life to maintain a good reputation, and in three two-and-a-half-minute segments, NBC destroyed it to the point where it can never be restored to its original condition. You think people who saw those broadcasts are ever going to forget them? *I* don't. Do you know what it feels like to have parents forbid their kids to play with your daughter because you're a member of the Mafia? Or to receive fan mail that says, "Jeez, we thought you were okay, but now we realize you're successful because you're a member of the Mafia"? It was a nightmare, and a month later it got even worse.

> For years, Johnny Carson used to tell jokes about me on his show, until one day I warned him to cut that shit out.

Penthouse: In what way?

Newton: I got a subpoena to testify before a federal grand jury in Connecticut. The reason I was there is because one of the NBC broadcasts said I'd lied under oath to the Nevada Gaming Commission about my association with Guido Penosi. I promise I'll get to him in a minute, but you have to hear what happened next: NBC reported that I was going to be the government's star witness against the mob. I was sitting at home watching this with my wife, Elaine, and I said, "I'm a dead man." She asked me why NBC would report such a thing, and I told her I didn't know, but that I was a dead man.

Penthouse: Who did you think wanted to kill you?

Newton: The mob.

Penthouse: What logical reason would mobsters have for killing you?

Newton: Those were my exact words to an FBI agent just after he told me a mob informant reported that there was a contract out on my life. Mine was one of five names on a hit list. I said, "Why me? I don't know a fuckin' *thing*!" The FBI agent said, "The problem, Mr. Newton, is that they don't know what you know or *don't* know. Their way of doing things is simply to remove any threat."

Penthouse: Since you're still with us, Wayne, did the FBI give you a bum steer?

Newton: Oh no, that hit list was real. About a week before the FBI talked to me, Frank Piccolo—the guy Brian Ross had asked me about—was blown away with a shotgun, and he was one of the five guys on that list. The FBI told me he'd been killed because he was trafficking in drugs, and the particular Mafia family Piccolo belonged to didn't believe in selling drugs. They felt that what Piccolo was doing by himself would get them into trouble, so they took care of him.

Penthouse: When you learned there was a contract out on your life, what kinds of precautions did you take?

Newton: The FBI asked me if I had my own security people, and when I said yes, one of their agents gave me a bulletproof vest and told me to stay away from my house, because my wife and daughter would be safer that way. The FBI advised me to stay in the hotel, do my shows, and go right back to the hotel room. I did that for a while, and I guess some people finally realized I wasn't going to be a star witness against the mob, especially since I don't know anything about the mob.

Penthouse: You do, however, know an underworld figure whom the FBI usually refers to as Guido "Bull" Penosi.

Newton: I said I'd tell you about him and I will. What would you like to know?

Penthouse: For openers, how did you meet him?

Newton: Very simple. In 1963, while I was working at the Frontier Hotel and Casino in Las Vegas, I entertained at a lunch given for Jackie Gleason, who was about to leave for New York to start a new television show. Mr. Gleason liked me and asked me to be on his show, so I came East. After I got to New York and did the show, Mr. Gleason felt that if I were working in New York I'd be more available to the show—I think he put me on 12 times during its first year. Anyway, he got me an agent who got me a job singing in the lounge of the Copacabana. Well, one night about eight big guys sat down at a front-row table and one of them waved a $100 bill in front of me. He said, "Hey, kid, sing 'You're Nobody 'Til Somebody Loves You'." I said okay and sang the song, but I refused to take his money and the guy was shocked. He pulled the same stunt during my second show that night, and again I sang the song he requested, and again I refused his money. The next night the guy came in by himself and sat in a booth, and when I came offstage he sent a waiter to fetch me. When I sat down, the guy asked why I didn't take his $100. I told him, "Look, I get paid for what I do, which is to sing songs people want to hear. I don't need your money." The guy said, "You know, you're the first entertainer who's ever refused money from me."

That guy was Guido Penosi, and that was the extent of the relationship.

Penthouse: How did that relationship change over the next 15 years?

Newton: It didn't. I didn't see Guido again for another two or three years, when he came to see my show at the Hotel Fontainebleau in Miami. After that I might have seen him at my shows a total of four or five times—it was just that fleeting. There are fans whose first names you remember, and Guido was one of them. Then, in 1978 or 1979, when I was playing the Desert Inn, I got a call in my dressing room, and my secretary said that a man named Guido wanted to talk to me. I'd only met one Guido in my life and it was him on the phone. He told me about his wife dying and that he wanted to get away and come to Las Vegas, and I said, "Of course, come on. What's the problem?" And he said, "Well, I have a record."

Penthouse: Was that the first time you'd heard he'd been in prison?

Newton: Yes, and I said, "So what?" Guido told me that ex-convicts have to register with the sheriff's department when they come to Las Vegas, so I called the sheriff and told him about it. The next night, people from the sheriff's department came to me and said, "Okay, what's this guy's name?" I said, "Well, his first name's Guido, but I really don't know his last name." The next day, Guido came to Las Vegas and registered, and that's when I found out that his last name was Penosi. Guido came out to my house for ten minutes and brought my daughter a child's saddle. And that was the extent of our relationship until I called him for help about a year and a half later.

Penthouse: What kind of help did you ask him for?

Newton: When I tell you this story, you're going to understand why I've spent so much of the last few years wondering what kind of a monster I've created. Several years ago, I invested $125,000 in an entertainment tabloid published by a Las Vegas guy named Ron Delpit. About eight months later he and another man came around asking for more money, and when I told them to forget it, they got abusive. I won't bore you with the details, but it was a bad scene, and I wound up knocking both of them down. Three days after that a couple of guys started calling the dressing room, saying they were going to kill me. I called the police, but I didn't really take it seriously until a writer from Los Angeles showed up with an unpublished 14- or 15-page article that read like a Dick Tracy story. He'd been sitting in a Los Angeles restaurant and overheard two men in the next booth talking about how four or five guys—led by someone named Dapper—were driving to Las Vegas to bump me off. The guys also said certain phone calls had already been made to me, so I called the police yet another time and asked them to visit Delpit and tell him to cut out the crap, which they did.

Well, the next day someone called up our house and said certain people were going to kidnap my daughter, Erin. The

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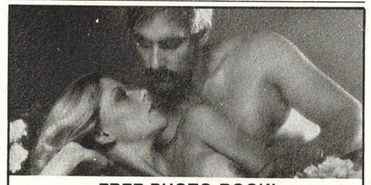

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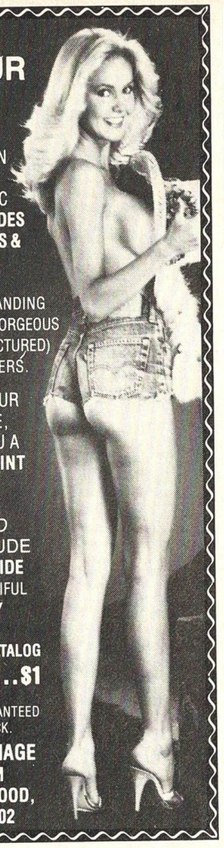

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caller then told me what time she left for school every day, who it was that drove her to school, what classroom she was in, and how they were going to cut off parts of her body and send them back to me in a box. That really shook me: They knew *far* too much. So I called the police again, but I was told there was nothing they could do about it.

Penthouse: Why not?

Newton: According to the police, until somebody actually tries to do something, no crime has been committed. Scary, isn't it? I was kind of at my wit's end, and that's when the beefed-up security first began. I hired bodyguards, and then I thought, "Who do I know in Los Angeles?" I remembered that Guido lived there, and since I knew he'd been in prison, I thought it might be possible he'd know some of these people, so I called him. I told Guido the whole story, and then he got back to me and gave me a telephone number to call. He said, "When the guy answers, just tell him it's Wayne Newton calling, and then tell him what you've told me. I'll be on the line, and I'll let you know I'm there."

The next day, I called the number Guido gave me and a man answered. I said, "Hi, I'm Wayne Newton. Guido asked me to call," and at that point Guido said, "I'm here, Wayne." The other man said, "Tell me what happened," and I did. When I was finished the guy said, "Is that all the information you have?" I said, "That's it." He said, "Okay, one of us will get back to you." Click.

The death threats stopped. I didn't hear back from Guido, I didn't hear back from this other guy. And that was the end of it.

Penthouse: People and *Esquire* magazines, among others, reported that Penosi may have gotten those death threats stopped, but then made threatening phone calls of his own in order to extort money from you. True?

Newton: No, that was all bullshit. The press came out with that only after NBC said Penosi and this Frank Piccolo were going to be arrested and tried for conspiracy to extort part of my ownership in the Aladdin Hotel.

Penthouse: They *were* arrested and tried, weren't they?

Newton: Yeah, and when federal attorneys asked me if I'd testify against Guido I told them, "Look, if you put me on the stand I can only hurt your case, because I've got to tell the truth, and I'm *known* for telling the truth. That man never tried to extort anything from me. He's never asked me for a cent or a comp or anything. To my knowledge, Guido's never been anything at all to me but a fan and a friend. I'm not going to stand up and say anything different in court." At that point I couldn't publicly discuss the case, and neither could the federal people, so the press almost had to repeat what was being said by NBC. Guido was acquitted, and now it's a totally different ball game.

Penthouse: This vendetta between you and NBC seems to involve Johnny Carson. Doesn't it seem a bit odd that he'd be vindictive just because you got ownership of a hotel he wanted?

Newton: Oh, Johnny Carson and I go back a lot farther than that. For years, Carson used to tell jokes about me on his show, until one day I warned him to cut that shit out.

Penthouse: Exactly what happened between the two of you?

Newton: Let me back up a little so that I can put it in perspective for you. Remember I mentioned the job I got singing at the Copacabana in 1963? Well, the late Bobby Darin saw me singing there one night, introduced himself, and became my mentor—and my record producer. It was Bobby's idea for me to record "Danke Schoen," and I remember the first time I heard it on the radio. I was in Los Angeles and a disc jockey on KFWB—I still can recall the station—said, "Here's a brand-new record that's an absolute smash, and it's supposedly being sung by a guy named Wayne Newton, but I happen to know it's Margaret Whiting recording under a different name." That broke my heart, and I can't begin to tell you the kind of rejection I then went through at the hands of the entertainment industry. I had the No. 1 hit record in the country, I had Michael Jackson's voice—I was a boy soprano—but back then, all it brought me was attacks of vitriolic humor. Until Tiny Tim came along, I was the joke of the industry.

Penthouse: What effect did that have on you?

Newton: I was miserable for a lot of years, and I think that out of pure frustration I became terribly heavy—I ate my way up to almost 300 pounds. In those days I was still performing with my brother Jerry, and our act consisted of me singing and Jerry doing fat jokes about me and making cracks about how high my voice was.

Penthouse: Didn't *that* bother you?

Newton: I didn't realize how much it hurt me until I finally started being honest with myself. Fifteen years ago, just after Elaine and I had gotten married, we went to dinner with my manager, Jay Stream, and at some point in the evening he just turned to me and asked, "What do you want to be when you grow up?" I was 26. I told him that I *was* grown up, and that I was doing what I wanted to do. And he said, "Look, if you want to be an entertainer, don't you think it's time you started to *look* like one? If you want to be a bartender, then quit conning yourself."

Penthouse: Were you drinking a lot?

Newton: No, but I looked like a bartender or maybe a bouncer—I was six foot three and *very* heavy. By then I'd been through every motivational speech about losing weight that every fat person has ever heard, but when Jay said that to me, it was the straw that broke the camel's back. It was like "okay, enough, I've had it." I decided to straighten out my life in every way. I went home that night, stopped stuffing myself with junk food, and in the next four months I lost 60 pounds and eventually lost 40 more.

Penthouse: Is that when you started taking karate lessons?

Newton: Yes, and I did it because I was angry and hostile. I studied karate every day for three years until I got my black belt, because there was one person I wanted to kill with my bare hands.

Penthouse: Would you tell us who that person was?

Newton: It was my brother.

Penthouse: You wanted to kill your *brother*? Why?

Newton: I suppose a kind of change was going on, and all brothers are rivals anyway, but before the karate my brother and I would get into fistfights, and he broke my ribs two or three different times. It also seemed that the more okay I became—not the okay-let-me-go-out-and-sing fat kid, but an individual wanting to take control of his own destiny—the more I seemed to be moving in on his territory, and the more we crashed head-on. I think the fistfights lasted until we finally broke up the act 14 years ago. It's easier now to look back on that period of my life and say I'm sorry I had to go through all that, but I believe that the preparation and the fire, if you will, that I went through have had a great many more positive than negative effects on me.

Penthouse: Such as?

Newton: To start with, I never knew how much money I made, and it didn't matter to me because people were taking care of me. Boy, were they taking care of me! When I split up with my brother, I gave him whatever we had—and then I discovered I was $3 million in debt. I found out that of all my earnings I was taking home just 9 percent of what I made. I had business managers putting me into tax shelters that sounded romantic. I owned two oil wells in Oklahoma, and once when I was singing there, I actually went to visit them. One of them turned out to be about 30 feet deep, and the other was just a shallow hole. You see, performers are artists with blinders on; they'd rather sing and dance than worry about money, so they let somebody else take care of their finances. There are an awful lot of people willing to do that for them.

Penthouse: You don't have a high opinion of entertainers' business managers?

Newton: There are exceptions to every rule, but I happen to believe that most of them are the leeches of society. I'm not saying "Woe is me," or "How can all these bad people take advantage of us." The truth of the matter is that performers tend to live in vacuums of their own making; we're sitting ducks because we don't know enough to realize when we're being helped or when we're being screwed.

Penthouse: You know the difference now?

Newton: Yes, I do. After I split with my

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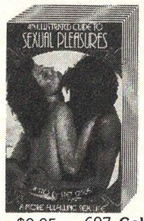

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brother and lost all that weight, I think that learning to handle my own money was one of two things that changed my life very quickly.

Penthouse: What was the other?

Newton: I decided I'd had it with being a joke, and that's when I confronted Johnny Carson. Wherever I went, I used to hear that Carson was telling fag jokes about me. Then one night, about 11 years ago, I was watching his show and during his monologue he said, "I saw Wayne Newton and Liberace together in a pink bathtub. What do you think that meant?" I didn't find any humor in that, and then I got so incensed that I decided to do something about it.

Penthouse: What did you do?

Newton: I went to see him the next day. I was in Los Angeles, cutting a religious album that afternoon, and all during the recording session Carson's remark was still bugging me. So I told the record producer to lay the music down on tape, and I'd come back and do the vocals later. I told my manager, Jay, I was going over to Carson's office, and he said he wanted to come along, so we hopped into my car and went over to the NBC studios in Burbank. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon, and I didn't call to see if Carson was there, I just went.

Penthouse: What kind of emotional state were you in?

Newton: *Cold.* When I get angry I tend to be like the calm before the storm, and this thing had been building for a long time. When I walked into Carson's outer office, his secretary said, "Can I help you?" I said, "No, thank you, I think *he* can." I walked right past her and into Carson's office. Freddy de Cordova, his producer, was in there with him and I'd known Freddy through Jack Benny—he'd been Mr. Benny's friend, and Freddy used to come and see us when we were on tour together. I said to him, "Will you excuse us, please?"—and Freddy was so shocked that he just left.

Penthouse: What was Carson's reaction?

Newton: He was even *more* shocked. I remember what I told him almost verbatim. I said, "I am here because I'm going through a personal dilemma in my life. I want to know what child of yours I've killed. I want to know what food of yours I've taken out of your mouth. I want to know what I've done that's so devastating to you that you persist in doing fag jokes about me." Carson's face went white.

Penthouse: What did he say?

Newton: He said, "Well, Wayne, I don't write these things." I told him I'd feel better if he did, and he asked me why. I said, "Because at least it would mean that you're not the puppet I think you are, and that you aren't just reading some malicious lines written by some writer who crawled out from under a rock. I'm telling you right now: It better fuckin' stop, or I'll knock you on your ass." I get angry all over just *thinking* about it!

Penthouse: Did Carson get angry as well?

Newton: No. He said, "I promise you, nothing was ever intended in a malicious way. I've always been a big fan." And then he went through all this bullshit about how much he likes me. He just kept talking, and it was obviously a nervous apology—but he never again told Wayne Newton jokes. In fact, I even did his show after that.

Penthouse: That doesn't sound like it could have been too much fun. Was it?

Newton: No, it wasn't. When I was on his show and talking to him, Carson would be looking past me at Freddy de Cordova; we had no eye contact at all.

Penthouse: You think you scared him that day in his office?

Newton: In retrospect, I guess I did. And after that, the couple of times I went on his show when he was the host, I felt so uncomfortable that I told my manager I wouldn't do *The Tonight Show* anymore unless there was a guest host on. Since then I've been on the show when he was gone, by my choice, and I've even hosted it a couple of times.

Penthouse: Aside from your infrequent visits to *The Tonight Show*, you rarely appear on television. Any particular reason why?

Newton: Probably because I've never been able to deal with the fact that for TV you really have to perform for the camera. I keep telling myself not to, but if there are four people in a TV audience I'll perform for them, not for that little red eye. I think high-powered, animated performers like Sammy Davis, Jr., are very difficult to capture on TV because they're oriented to dealing with audiences. I think the same thing is probably applicable to recordings. I know that when I'm recording I sing differently from the way I sing before an audience.

Penthouse: How so?

Newton: The energy's different, and so is the motivation. When you record, you are not motivated to reach inside yourself to create performances that work visually as well as vocally. Recording is also much more mechanical than performing for a crowd: After you run through a song or part of a song, your record producer will say, "Wonderful, now let's do it over." I don't like to do that, because I think singing is a little like sex: Once you reach a climax, you'd like to rest before you go again. I just can't create that moment time after time without it becoming mechanical.

Penthouse: And you're never mechanical before an audience?

Newton: No, and I think it's because there must be a basic insecurity within me that keeps making me want to work that much harder and have that audience enjoy me that much more. It could have come from my early years in the business, when I sang in lounges where people could buy a 50-cent drink and sit down, and if they got up and left, you were out of work. Even now, whenever I'm singing, if I see anybody get up to go to the bathroom, I still start to think, "Oh, shit, they're walking out on me." I'm really not insecure that way, but for a moment . . . I guess I am.

Penthouse: You, Frank Sinatra, and Elvis Presley became institutions in Las Vegas—mostly because of the ability to sell out any hotel show—but in watching you work, you seem much more in touch with your audiences than Sinatra is or Elvis was. Do you think that's the case?

Newton: Well, with Frank, I guess the way to say it is that Frank's one of those rare human beings who'd rather fail than think he had to kiss anybody's ass. And I believe that that's what probably makes it work for him—that arrogance, that ability to kind of say, "Hey, listen, I'm giving, but I'm gonna do it *my* way." I think that, in addition to his singing, that's why people go to see him.

Penthouse: And Elvis? During the last five years of his life, he seemed to almost tune *out* his audiences.

Newton: I believe you're correct, but I think that when Elvis first came to Las Vegas, he cared, and it showed in everything he did. But he started to care less and less as his personal life deteriorated, and any time a guy is hurting he does one of two things: He either opens up and tells you about it, or he withdraws and puts up a facade because he doesn't want anyone to think he's vulnerable. Elvis did that.

Penthouse: Did you know Presley well?

Newton: Yes, we were good friends, and in addition to that, we truly had professional respect for each other. We used to come to each other's shows at least once a year, and Elvis would walk out at the start of his show and say, "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. My name is Wayne Newton." I loved Elvis, and we stayed close up until he really started having drug problems. The next-to-last time I ever saw him perform came three years before he died. Watching him that night, I got so depressed that I sat there and cried.

Penthouse: What made you react that way?

Newton: His total deterioration. *Total.* Elvis probably had been the handsomest man I'd ever seen, but that night he looked like a total bloat. You could barely see his eyes; he must have weighed a good 280 pounds. He phoned in his act that night—he seemed completely indifferent to the audience and didn't care, or wasn't able to care, about his work at that point. And then, when I went backstage, he spent more than two hours being concerned about me—what was I doing, was I healthy, was I working too hard? I understood about every third word. When we left, I told my wife I wasn't ever going to see Elvis perform again.

Penthouse: What made you change your mind about that?

Newton: A call I got from Elvis. The last time he sang in Las Vegas, he telephoned and said, "You haven't been over, chief," so I said okay and went to see his show. It

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turned out to be the saddest thing I've ever seen on a stage. It was obvious to me that this was Elvis's swan song, because practically every song he sang was a way of saying good-bye: "My Way," "Lord, This Time You Gave Me a Mountain," "Just a Closer Walk With Thee," and on and on and on. Anybody who was tuned in had to realize he'd had it. I don't think Elvis saw anything in his future that would bring him happiness, and I believe the drugs were just a way out. Instead of putting a gun in his mouth, he did it the slow way. His father called me the night Elvis died, and very sobbingly said, "Wayne, I'm so sorry that we kept you away from Elvis the last year or two, because he loved you and you're one of the people who might have been able to change all this." I didn't answer him. It was too late.

Penthouse: Do you ever worry that, like Presley, you also might lose your taste for performing?

Newton: Yes, it concerns me. I find that there are more and more times when I don't really want to go out there. Once I'm onstage I'm fine, though. I've never noticed it when I'm out there.

Penthouse: But some warning lights are starting to flash?

Newton: Yes, definitely. I don't know if it's just a phase I'm going through right now. I like to think that's all it is.

Penthouse: And if it's not?

Newton: If I don't feel like performing anymore, I won't. The whole key for me—at least I hope it is—is my diverse interests. I'm very interested in the business aspect of show business. I've started a corporation called Wayne Newton International Resorts, and I envision probably ten major resorts throughout the world. I'm interested in my horses. I breed Arabians, the oldest and only pure-blooded breed of horse in the world. They're endurance horses and brighter than any other breed, and they're also the most gorgeous animals you've ever laid eyes on. Arabians are simply a work of art.

Penthouse: How many do you have?

Newton: I have 200; there are only about 300,000 registered Arabian horses in the world. I've exported and imported Arabians to and from a lot of countries, but the business aspect of it evolved only because of my love for the animals—I ended up with too many horses to care for properly. Even so, my herd's been valued as one of the top-five herds in the world. I'm also interested in helicopters, and I'm not sure if that will evolve into a business, but I sure like to fly my chopper around the desert. I mean, it's much more fun than a fixed-wing aircraft. When you fly a helicopter, you're like a hummingbird and can do any goddamned thing you want. You want to sit it down on top of a mountain, you can. Anyway, I think I have enough interests not to worry about what I'll do with myself if I should ever decide not to sing anymore.

Penthouse: A few minutes ago, you alluded to the fact that Presley led a very isolated existence. Don't you think the same thing can be said of you?

Newton: Yeah, and one reason for it can be traced back to those death threats we discussed earlier: They led to other death threats. Sometimes I think every scumbag in the world has thought, "Well, if these other guys could get to him, maybe I can, too." There have been threats made on my life almost constantly since then, and by now it's something I've almost learned to put up with. And yes, that has caused me to become more isolated than I'd like to be. When I look at people I've had tremendous respect for—Presley and Howard Hughes were two of them—I see how isolated those men were. And I see the terrible things that can happen to you as a result of that isolation, regardless of how it comes about or why. I'm convinced there's a happy medium somewhere, but they didn't reach it, and I haven't reached it, either.

Penthouse: How does this affect you?

Newton: Oh, I find it's having a definite psychological effect on me. I now tend to want to go to fewer places, and it's something I readily accept. When you first become successful in this industry there's a certain security you get every time you go out in public—you're recognized and you enjoy it. But by now it's to a point where I can't even go to a restaurant anymore. Last summer I had a business meeting in Atlantic City, and at one point my associates and I walked out on the boardwalk for a total of maybe 30 seconds. The next day, stories appeared in four newspapers—and I got calls from five others—speculating about what I was doing in Atlantic City. And during those 30 seconds, maybe 50 people came up and wanted autographs. Now nobody bothered me in any way, but the fact is you have to be *on* in those situations, and if you don't sign 50 autographs, people will walk away thinking you're an asshole. It's an untenable position because I don't *want* to sign 50 autographs. But getting back to my insecurity again, I don't want people walking away with the wrong impression, either. And they will if I say I don't have time to sign my name for them.

Penthouse: So you wind up cloistered?

Newton: Exactly.

Penthouse: That doesn't sound very healthy.

Newton: All I can tell you is that if I ever get on the road to total self-destruction, I believe there are enough people around me who'll do something about it. I think people who work for me and care about me wouldn't worry about their own financial well-being but would instead step up and say, "Wayne, I'm gonna kick you in the ass if you don't get this straightened out. I'm taking you to a hospital right now."

Penthouse: You really think they would?

Newton: I sure hope so, but I don't ever want to put it to a test. Before I get into that kind of spot, believe me, I'll see it coming and I'll change what I'm doing. I've paid all the dues I intend to pay.

GAMES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 148

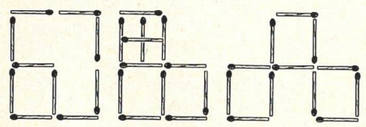
3. Reincarnation. (Kyle Jones, Circleville, Ohio)
4. $E = mc^2$. (Patrick Stonner, Warrensburg, Mo.)
5. Alternating current. (Steven E. Hunegs, New Hope, Minn.)
6. For once in a lifetime (four ones . . .). (Tilda Kaplan, Atlanta, Ga.)
7. The check is in the mail (male). (Terri Vasquez, Converse, Tex.)
8. *Flowers for Algernon.* (E. Nelson Birdwell, New York, N.Y.)
9. Vodka straight up with a little water on the side. (Jim Grundhoefer, Birmingham, Ala.)
10. *Penthouse.* (John R. Ginocchio, New York, N.Y.)

HONORABLE-MENTION ANSWERS

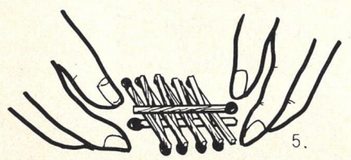
1. All-points bulletin. (Eric M. Yee, Briarwood, N.Y.)
2. Indiana. (David Zinzow, San Antonio, Tex.)
3. Cincinnati (C in C in NATI). (James W. Bissett, Kettering, Ohio)
4. Fullback, halfback, quarterback. (Jane and George Ruston, Callander, Ontario, Canada)
5. Driving under the influence. (Robert Pinna, Port Jefferson Station, N.Y.)
6. Cube steak. (Ralph Olsen, Jr., Kent, Wash.)
7. Time is on my side. (Doug Shikano, Fremont, Calif.)
8. Blind railroad crossing. (Gary Williams, Terre Haute, Ind.)
9. Quincy Jones. (Richard Crockett, Rochester, N.Y.)
10. *Little House on the Prairie* (prayer E). (Harry Gilbert, Croydon, Pa.)
11. "Roll Over Beethoven." (Kenton, no first name or address given)
12. *Every Which Way But Loose.* (Douglas McCain, Vinton, Va.)
13. Phonetic alphabet. (James P. Dunn, Clifton Park, N.Y.)
14. Stuck in the middle of nowhere. (Karen Reeves, Tustin, Calif.)
15. Aloha. (James Hunegs, Golden Valley, Minn.)
16. Three o'clock (the big hand is on the twelve and the little hand is on the three). (Willie Kang, Fullerton, Calif.)
17. Coming to terms. (Ted Lysiak, Niagara Falls, Ontario, Canada)
18. Flip Wilson. (Sherryl Crockett, Rochester, N.Y.)
19. Situation normal, all fucked up. (Eddie Johnson, Albuquerque, N.M.)
20. Tennis, anyone? (Cheryl Covert, Citrus Heights, Calif.)
21. Low grade of fever. (Gayle Williams, Houston, Tex.)
22. Split-pea soup. (Gregory T. Ira, Gainesville, Fla.)
23. Prime time. (Ernie Radel, Oakland, Calif.)
24. Bridge over troubled water. (R. S. Morton, Rockaway, N.J.)
25. U.S. out of South Africa. (Jim Newton, Rio Del Mar, Calif.)
26. Pearls before swine. (Dan S. Smith, El Cerrito, Calif.)
27. A piece of ass. (Steve Peratt, Santa Barbara, Calif.)
28. Incubate. (Dan Bishop, Martinez, Calif.)
29. Is it in yet? (Jim Wells, Caballo, N.M.)
30. Split beaver. (Robert Bredt, St. Louis, Mo.)
31. It's bigger than both of us. (Frances Pyne Beal, Chevy Chase, Md.)
32. Not half bad. (Dave and Cheri Helgeson, Seattle, Wash.)
33. She missed her period. (Bob Martin, College Station, Tex.)
34. A little ass on the side. (Larry Heiserman, Toledo, Ohio)
35. Bending over backwards. (Paul F. Boyle, Columbia, Md.)
36. New Year's Eve in Times Square. (William Gaus, no address given)
37. The odds are stacked against us. (Mike Carron, Riverdale, N.Y.)
38. The power of darkness. (E. Nelson Birdwell, New York, N.Y.)
39. There's one in every crowd. (Chris Kirby, Radford, Va.)
40. Sentinel. (Anita L. Jackson, Baltimore, Md.)
41. Premature ejaculation. (Brian Johnson, Frankfurt, West Germany)
42. Infatuate. (Nicholas Berkoff, Iowa City, Iowa)
43. Delta Airlines. (Ron Earl, no address given)
44. All bent out of shape. (Dennis Sabo, Bellevue, Ohio)
45. Foreign aid. (Dave Gibson, St. Maries, Idaho)
46. A stiff upper lip. (Joanne Lysiak, Niagara Falls, Ontario, Canada)
47. West Indies. (David Bredt, Princeton, N.J.)
48. Seeing is believing (C in G, B leaving). (Chris Brien, Brossard, Quebec, Canada)

MATCH-WITS ANSWERS

1. Arrange three matches in a pyramid, with their heads touching each other at the top. With the fourth match, set these matches on fire, then blow all the matches out. The three match heads will fuse together, and you can lift all three of the matches with the fourth match.



2. 3. 4.



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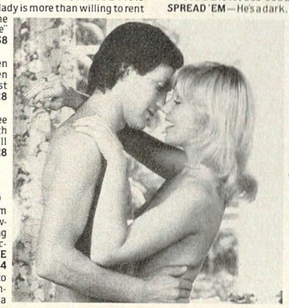

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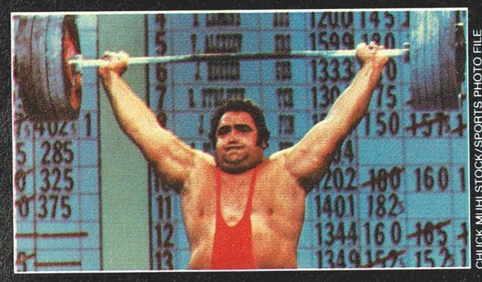
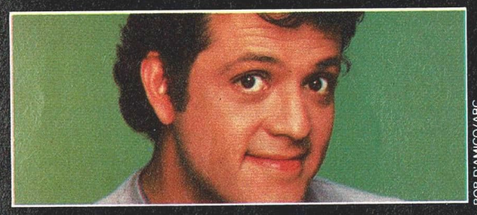


CHUCK MUHLSTOCK/SPORTS PHOTO FILE

THE RUSSIANS' SECRET OLYMPIC WEAPON

As the world gets ready to enjoy the 1984 Olympic Games in Los Angeles, Dr. Gregory Raiport, former sports psychologist for the Soviet Olympic team, issues a blunt warning to all Americans: "Time is running out for the U.S. Olympic team." Dr. Raiport explains how sports psychology, which is little known in the West, enables the Russians to predict with 96 percent certainty how their athletes will perform. In the Soviet Union, he writes, "the mental element in athletic competition is a subject of constant, intensive, and widespread research, massively funded by the state." This important and timely article is a must read for the thousands of Olympic participants—and the millions of viewers who will be watching them.



BOB D'AMICO/ABC

PAUL RODRIGUEZ

He's young, Chicano, very funny—and 1984 ("I'm a George Orwell comedian") seems to be his year. He costarred in the movie *D.C. Cab* and headlines a new TV show, produced by Norman Lear, called *a.k.a. Pablo,* which premiered in March. In this exclusive freewheeling interview with *Penthouse* Contributing Editor Allan Sonnenschein, Rodriguez discusses his childhood in the barrio, his new-found female admirers, and some of the more interesting ways in which fame has changed his life.

HILO GHEN

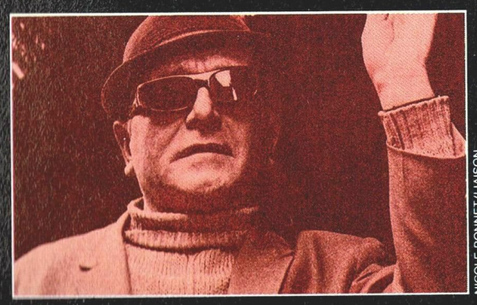
STRIPTEASING

Ever since Adam and Eve got eighty-sixed from the Garden of Eden, people have made much of taking off their clothes. It is, you see, not through our bare flesh that the animal impulse is most powerfully conveyed, but through our garments. In a historical overview, Nick Tosches takes us from Salome to Little Egypt and beyond, to show exactly why stripping is one of the most powerfully erotic of all acts.

EIJI MIYAZAWA/BLACKSTAR

WHAT WE SHOULDN'T LEARN FROM THE JAPANESE

Despite the talk of a Japanese economic miracle, and despite the experts who tell us that the way to national salvation is to follow Japanese management techniques, such advice might lead to disaster. So warns Jared Taylor, a management consultant who has lived in Japan for many years and whose recent book, *Shadows of the Rising Sun,* was critically acclaimed. In a provocative "Advise & Dissent," Taylor shows how "we are fooling ourselves if we think we can solve our problems by using techniques that are already losing ground in Japan."



NICOLE BONNET/LIAISON

THE BARBIE WHITEWASH

American intelligence officers who employed Klaus Barbie after World War II helped to cover up the former Nazi's war crimes. Erhard Dabringhaus, whose story, "Klaus Barbie Worked For Me," begins in this issue, shows next month how American intelligence officers lied to their superiors or withheld information from government agencies. Dabringhaus also details the relationship between Barbie and fellow agent Kurt Merk, as well as the circumstances of Merk's death, which may have been orchestrated by Barbie. These exclusive excerpts from Dabringhaus's explosive new book, *Klaus Barbie* (Acropolis Books), provide new insight into one of the more shameful episodes of recent history—as Barbie himself awaits trial in France.

The trophies are few and the purses small, but the reason to run in the Glendevon sheepdog trials is as old as the Scottish hills themselves. Sooner or later, every dog has his day. The good things in life stay that way.

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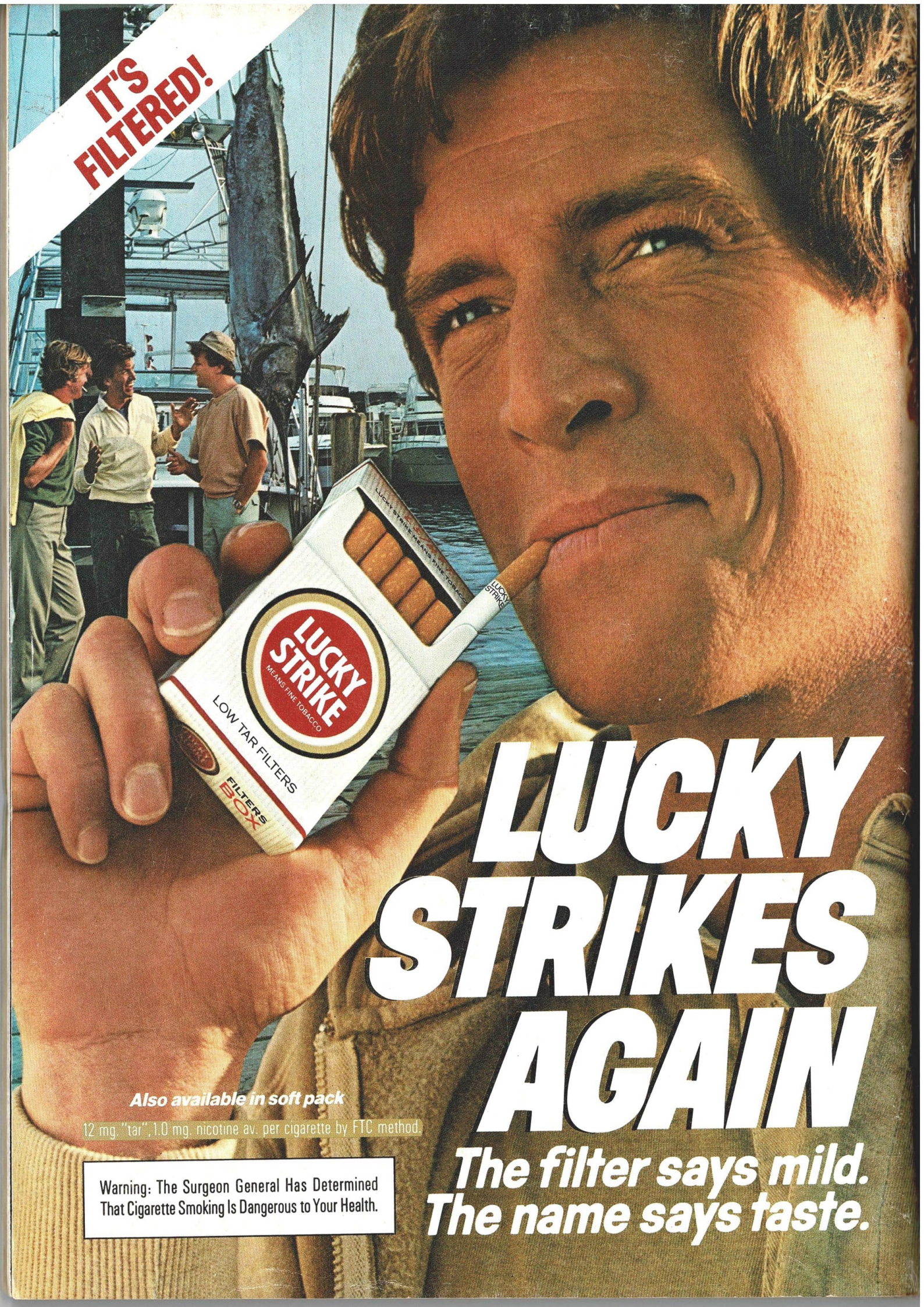
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